

CONFERENCE

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parentheses indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Baby Hood

WITH the coming of warm weather thin caps will be needed for the babies. Many mothers, we feel sure, will enjoy copying this lacey one of hairpin braid and crocheted wheels.

The hairpin braid or Maltese lace as it is also called, is made on a large wire hairpin or a staple of wire shaped like a hairpin.

Tie a loop in the thread and slip on one prong, holding the pin in the left hand, and so there will be a right and left prong.

Turn towards you from right to left, thus winding the thread around the opposite prong. Insert the hook under the loop, draw up a loop and make 1 s. c. Make 2 more s. c., turn and make 3 s. c. and so on.

Keep the stitches in the center, repeat until the pin is full, slip all the work excepting one loop off, then roll up and tie.

Proceed in this way until you have a piece the desired length.

Crocheted Wheels

Wind No. 70 thread ten times around a small lead pencil or crochet hook. Make 24 s. c. in this ring.

2nd row.—1 s. c. on stitch.

3rd row.—Ch. 3, skip 1, 1 s. c., s. c. in next, repeat all around.

How to Make the Hood

Begin with a small wheel in the center back, then a row of hairpin lace around it, catching about eight or ten loops of the braid together (enough and not too many to keep the work flat). Crochet braid and wheel together like this: Fasten ten loops together with the thread, ch. 1, s. c. in ch. 3 of the wheel, ch. 3, fasten ten loops together again with a s. c. Repeat till around.

4th row.—Fasten 3 loops together, ch 3, * fasten with a s. c. in loop of ch. 3, ch. 3, s. c. in next loop of ch. 3, ch. 3, s. c. in next 3 loops, ch. 3, skip 1 loop of ch. 3 (the 2 loops before that having been fastened on other wheel; these wheels are all crocheted together while making the last row), continue from * till around.

5th row.—Same as 4th row, only catch 7 loops together and crochet ch. 4 between instead of 2.

6th row.—Fasten 3 loops together with thread, ch. 3, * fasten in next 3 loops, ch. 3, and repeat from * till around. Make two more rows like this, fastening the last on the braid, always catching 3 loops together. This braid should not go all around this row. Leave about 14 loops of ch. 5 for the bottom.

9th row.—Like 6th row only catching 4 loops together.

10th row.—Like 9th row.

11th row.—Same as last two. Finish with a row of rings at the bottom, joining them so as to keep the work in good shape—not drawn in too tight around the neck.

ANNIE WAND.

Knitted Shell Lace

Cast on 28 stitches and knit across plain. 1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, o., n., k. 6, turn. Cast on 8 on right-hand needle, turn again.

K. 8, o. n., k. 2, o. n., o. twice, n. k. 1.

2nd row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 4, o. n., p. 20, k. 2, o. n., k. 1.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. n., k. 4, n., k. 8, sl. 1, k. 1, pass slipped st. over, k. 6, o. n., k. 2, o. n., k. 1, o. twice, n. k. 1.

4th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 4, o. n., p. 3, p. 2, tog., p. 8, p. 2, tog., p. 3, k. 2, o. n., k. 1.

5th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. n., k. 2, n., k. 8, sl. 1, k. 1, pass slipped st. over, k. 4, o. n., k. 2, o. n., k. 2, o. twice, n. k. 1.

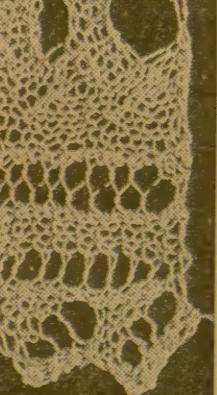
6th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 3, p. 1, k. 4, o. n., p. 1, p. 2, tog., p. 8, p. 2, tog., p. 1, k. 2, o. n., k. 1.

7th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o. n., p. 12, k. 2, o. n., k. 2, o. n., k. 6.

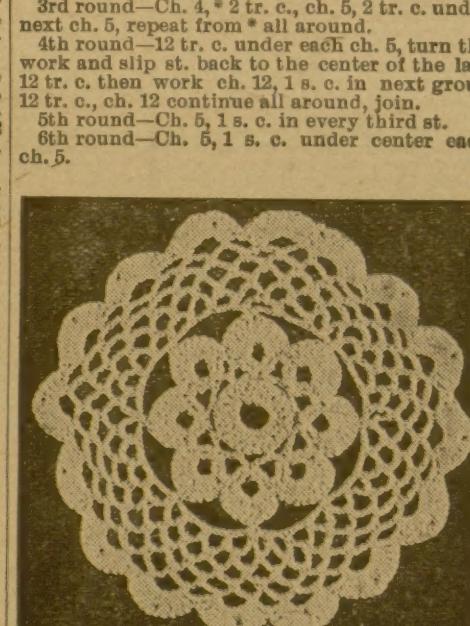
8th row.—Bind off 3, k. 3, p. 1, k. 4, o. n., k. 14, o. n., k. 1.

Repeat from beginning.

MISS FRANCES LEWIS.



SHELL LACE.



SHAMROCK WHEEL.

Next four rows the same.
Last round—12 tr. c. under ch. 5, 1 s. c. under next ch. 5, repeat, making 16 scallops of 12 tr. c.

Crocheted Turnover Collar

This handsome and serviceable collar is a combination of several crochet stitches. It may be made up of either silk or cotton.

About two spools of silk finished cotton or crochet silk will be needed. When laundering press on a thick soft flannel then the work will stand out well.

The collar is a continuation of round rings covered with plain and relief crochet, without

cutting the thread. The large rings are wound first and covered half in working forward and finished in going back, then the small rings are wound and covered half and joined to the large ones and finished on outside last.

Start by winding the thread 15 times over two fingers of the left hand, slip off and fill a quarter full of double crochets, now 3 roll stitches o. 15. (Make these a little different from the ordinary ones, after throwing the threads 15 times over the needle, bring up a loop through the ring and take it right through the coil; this is not very easy at first. This makes the roll lay around the ring.) Work a quarter full again then wind a ring again, close up to last stitch and treat the same way with the exception that you fasten twice at second stitches. When you have 12 half rings finish with same number of stitches.

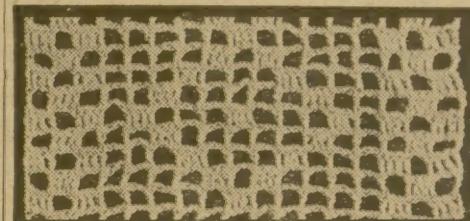
For the small rings wind 15 times over fore-

I have been making a bureau scarf edged with these wheels and it is so pretty, wanted some one else to have it.

MARIA N. HOLMES.

Diamond Insertion

Make a chain of 60 stitches turn.
1st row.—17 sps. (each made by making ch. 3 and 1 d. c. in every 4th stitch), ch. 5 and turn.
2nd row.—1 sp. 1 blk. (a block is made by



DIAMOND INSERTION.

working 1 d. c. in each stitch), 13 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp. ch. 5 and turn.

3rd row.—1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., ch. 5 and turn.

4th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 5 and turn.

5th row.—1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., ch. 5 and turn.

6th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 5 and turn.

7th row.—1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., ch. 5 and turn.

8th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 5 and turn.

9th row.—1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 5 and turn.

10th row.—1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 5 and turn.

11th row.—1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., ch. 5 and turn.

Repeat from 3rd row.

Torchon Lace

Cast on 15 stitches.

1st row.—K. 3, o. n., k. 3, o. k. 1, o. k. 6.

8th round.—1 tr. c. in every other st. of last row, with ch. 2 between each tr.

9th round.—Work this over a padding cord and also the chain. Make 1 tr. c. on each tr. c. and 4 tr. c. under each ch. 2 and the padding cord. Join by 1 s. c., 3 s. c., over the cord alone.

10th round.—Ch. 3, 1 tr. c. in every other st., ch. 3, 1 tr. c., repeat around ending with ch. 3.

11th round.—6 tr. c. under padding cord and each ch. 3. Cut the cord just before finishing this row.

12th round.—Turn the work and make 48 tr. c., 1 in each st. of previous row, then finish this round with quarter-inch knot sts., 1 in every sixth tr. c., join to first of the group of 48 tr. c., then turn the work and make second row of knot sts. Join to first knot st., turn work and make third row of knot sts.

Repeat from the beginning for the opposite side, place the two together and crochet 2 rows of ch. 5, 1 tr. c. around to form the top. Break thread. Slip-stitch down the side about 2 inches,



HANDKERCHIEF BAG.

then in the next knot st. make shell of 5 d. c. with ch. 5 between each, ch. 5, 1 shell continue making 15 shells in all. These are worked through the knot stitches of both sides of the bag and serve to hold it together. Slip-stitch 2 inches up this side of the bag, join securely and break thread.

To finish the top crochet 1 row of chains 5, 1 s. c. next 1 row of scallops of 5 d. c. under each ch. 5, finish with ch. 7, 1 s. c. in top of each scallop. Next 2 rows ch. 2, 1 d. c., 3 rows of ch. 5 with s. c. in each ch. 5.

Finish with the pointed Irish edging made as follows, ch. 6, 1 s. c.

2nd row.—6 s. c. picot of ch. 3, 5 s. c., all under ch. 6, 5 s. c. under next ch. 6, ch. 6, 1 s. c. in 4 s. c., 5 s. c., 1 p. 5 s. c. under ch. 6, 5 s. c. under second ch. 6, this completes one point.

The center of the bottom and the sides of the bag are finished with roses and balls.

To Make Rose

Ch. 6, join in ring.
2nd round.—Ch. 5, 1 d. c. in ring repeat 4 times.

3rd round.—Turn, 1 s. c., 6 d. c., 1 s. c. under each ch. 5.

4th round.—Ch. 6, 1 s. c. in each d. c., or five chs. of 6 sts. in all.

5th round.—1 s. c., 9 d. c., 1 s. c. under each ch. 6.

To Make the Balls

Ch. 4, join in ring.

Do not join as the balls are worked by going round and round, both threads of each st. being taken up.

2nd round.—Put 2 s. c. in each st. of previous round.

3rd round.—2 s. c. in first st., 1 s. c. in next 3 sts., repeat making 20 sts. in all.

Make 6 rounds 20 sts., then 2 rounds skipping every third st. Fill with cotton and work round skipping every other st. until only one remains, ch. 10 or 12 sts. and fasten off.

Place a rose and three balls together and sew into place. Line the bag with white wash silk and finish with running ribbons.

Crocheted Belt

The newest belt is crocheted in flax-thread of an Arabic tint, and in an openwork design to admit of the running through of a handsome black satin ribbon. These belts may also be crocheted in heavy silks, say black, and have a white, a black, or a colored satin belt ribbon run through them.

Lace for Edging Ruffles

Cast on seventeen stitches. Knit across plain.

1st row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2, o., n., o. 3 times, n., k. 1, o., n., k. 1.

2nd row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 6, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3.

3rd row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3, o., n., o., n., k. 4, n., o., k. 2.

4th row.—O. 2, p. 2, tog., k. 13, o. 2, p. 2, tog., k. 3.

5th row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4, o., n., o., n., k. 3, n., o., k. 2.

6th row.—O. 2, p. 2, tog., k. 5, o., n., o., n., k. 2.

7th row.—K. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 6, o., n., o., n., k. 2, n., o., n., k. 2.

8th row.—O. 2, p. 2, tog., k. 13, o. 2, p. 2, tog., k. 3.

9th row.—K. 3

A Few Words by the Editor

JUST a word of warning to you all these hot summer days. Hundreds of people die yearly, die in frightful agonies, die the most horrible and awful deaths, from hydrophobia. You all of course have heard of hydrophobia, or rabies, which is another name science has given to the disease which causes dogs to go mad. Probably, however, you have not the slightest conception of the frightful sacrifice of human life that is yearly caused in these United States from the bites of rabid dogs.

By wise legislation, by permitting no dog to land, or be brought into the United Kingdom, until it has been for some months under observation, and by insisting that every dog that runs at large be muzzled, England has practically stamped out hydrophobia. Nothing has been done in America along these lines. Most people love dogs, and dogs have many splendid qualities, but sensible people are beginning to realize that a dog, being an animal, should be kept strictly in its place. The barn and not the house is the proper place for a dog, and the city is no place for a dog at all. No dog should be allowed in a city; it is cruelty to a dog to confine it in an apartment house, flat or other cramped quarters. No wonder the poor animals constantly go mad, leaving a terrible trail of suffering and death behind them.

Now, what the writer wishes to impress upon you all is this: You don't have to be bitten by a mad dog or any dog to die of hydrophobia. Most of you are in the habit of letting a dog lick your hands or face, particularly your hands. When you do this you are running a terrible risk. A man in New York City allowed his dog to lick his hands. Some four months later the animal acted queerly; it was destroyed and found to have rabies. The dog's owner at once took the Pasteur treatment, but it was of no avail, he died a terrible death. Rabies in a dog does not always develop in a day. The disease may be months in developing. It is infinitely better to be bitten by a mad dog, than to be licked by a dog which to all appearances is not suffering from any disorder. If you are bitten by a mad dog, and immediately take the Pasteur treatment, there is a chance that your life may be saved. If you are licked by an apparently healthy dog that has the disease germs in him, and you have the slightest abrasion on your skin, though madness in the dog may not develop for months, yet, if that dog does eventually go mad, nothing can save you.

It is a pity that all those who own dogs, and are in the habit of fondling them, allowing them to lie in their laps, and lick their hands and faces, could not witness the death agonies of some poor soul who has been afflicted with rabies. If they only could do this, the dog would be relegated to the place where the dog belongs, the kennel, barn, outhouse or stable.

It is a great pity that dogs are afflicted with this terrible disease, but they are, and it is no use trying to side step the fact. Remember when you have a dog in the house, you are running a terrible danger from a horrible death, for there is no telling at what moment your dog may go mad, for thousands of dogs yearly do go mad, and hundreds of people's lives are sacrificed in consequence.

Don't let your dog lick your hands or face, and above all, see that it does not lick the hands or face of your children, the fact that people will not attempt to address envelopes

and don't permit it to run out and bark at every stranger that passes by as many dogs do. Bull dogs, mastiffs and other vicious canines, which are in the habit of attacking human beings and terribly mangling them, refusing to let go their hold, until they are either strangled, shot, or their jaws pried apart, should be exterminated. These dogs are not domestic animals, but wild and dangerous beasts. The bull dog may be a pet for a few people that it knows, but it is a menace and terror to the rest of the neighborhood. Far better keep a grizzly bear chained up in your back yard, a tiger or a lion, than have a bull dog running loose. You are comparatively safe with caged animals, but no one can feel entirely safe from the unchained bull dog. The hot days of summer will soon be here. Your lives may depend on the way you take this warning to heart, so heed it and pay attention to it.

No dog should ever be made a house pet or handled by the family. Rabies or hydrophobia is not the only dangerous dog disease to which human beings are subject and which is frequently caught from dogs; there are many others. Dogs are peculiarly susceptible to mange, ringworm and other highly contagious skin diseases with which they infect humanity. Serious inflammation of the eyes is also caught from dogs. Dogs, because of their filthy habits and the unspeakably filthy things that they hunt up and eat, are much infested with tape-worms and other intestinal worms and parasites, and many a human victim of these disorders has caught them from the dog. The dog is about the filthiest of all animals. He delights to devour and to roll in carrion and other loathsome and disease-breeding filth; his hair is always the resting place of millions of disease germs, some more dangerous and others less so. Then the dog comes into the house and scratches and shakes himself throwing the disease germs, with which his coat is loaded, into the air to be breathed and to get into the food and onto the dishes. He rubs them into the carpets, rugs and furniture and onto the clothing of the family; but worst of all men, women and children handle the dirty dog and then handle food and dishes and even put their hands to their own mouths without washing.

There are far too many useless dogs kept. Under some circumstances it may be desirable to keep a dog to tend the sheep or cattle or possibly for a watch dog, but most families are better off without a dog. If you must have one of these naturally and inevitably dirty, dirt-seeking, disease-carrying animals about, do keep him in his proper place and never let him into the house.

* * * * *

It will interest our readers to know that on Dec. 29, 1911, no less than 175,000 postal cards, bearing Christmas greetings, were destroyed at the Dead Letter Office in Washington, D. C. It will still further astonish our readers to know that this enormous amount of mail was not the accumulation of a year, but the accumulation of a single day. It appears that the Dead Letter Division of the Post Office at Washington is swamped with unmailable postal cards daily. It is also swamped, though in a lesser degree, with other matter, which the postal authorities all over the country have been unable to deliver owing to

clearly and distinctly. Most of the cards that found their way to the Dead Letter Office contained mica or tinsel as a part of the decorative scheme. These cards can only be mailed in sealed envelopes. A postal clerk contracted blood poisoning while handling this variety of card and Uncle Sam, to protect his employes, ruled that hereafter, such articles could pass through the mail only in sealed envelopes.

We cannot too strongly impress upon our readers the necessity for using extreme care when despatching matter through the mail. If people would address all matter mailed, carefully, giving the street number when letters are going to cities of any size, the county and rural route when letters are addressed to small villages, and would see that the proper postage goes on every letter and package, few pieces of mail would go astray, and a general acceleration in the handling of mails, and the saving of much mental anguish on the part of postal officials would result.

Remember, a two-cent stamp will only carry an ounce letter. If your letter is a fraction over an ounce, if it tips the scales at an ounce, another two-cent stamp must be placed upon it, and not a one-cent stamp as some people fondly imagine.

In mailing newspapers, magazines and periodicals, you can only mail four ounces for one cent, though tens of thousands of people daily attempt to mail four and five times as much as the postal laws allow.

Always bear in mind those 175,000 postal cards, carrying greetings of love to dear ones scattered broadcast all over our great land, cards that cost good money to buy, good money to mail and considerable trouble in many instances to despatch, finding their way, not into the homes of distant friends, but into a government furnace. That surely ought to give you some food for thought.

Another illustration of how necessary it is when living in a small town or country village to name the county when giving your address is this: In many states there are numbers of towns and villages having the same name. For instance in the State of New York there are five towns and villages having the name of Summit. One of our wheel chairs was held for many days because the party to whom the chair was to be sent did not mention which Summit in the State of New York she lived in. It was necessary to write to every Summit in the State before we could locate the young lady for whom the chair was intended.

Take care, too, when sending coin in the mail. To put coin loose in a flimsy envelope as many do is not only carelessness, but puts temptation in the way of others. Such coins of their own weight frequently work through the corner of an envelope, and if they do not work through of their own accord, the least encouragement by human hands will cause them to do so. Use the same care in the despatching of mail, and even more care than you exercise in your other daily duties, and the public business will not only be expedited but those you correspond with will be spared many a heart pang, and you and those you do business with, will be saved both worry, trouble and loss.

Comfort's Editor.

Kidnapped in the Park

A Thrilling Tale of Mystery
By August Vetterlein

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CHAPTER I.

THE course of study which I was pursuing took me to M—— last summer to enjoy the benefit of its excellent public library.

Although only twenty-eight years of age I had become somewhat of a recluse in my habits even to the extent that my friends, as I knew, spoke of me as odd. I had no acquaintances in M—— and I sought to make none. I was deeply absorbed in my work and all days were alike to me, devoting the working hours to study and taking an early morning and an evening walk in the beautiful city park for exercise and recreation. It was my special delight on bright mornings to get to the park in time to see the sun rise and there, under the inspiring influence of the morning air and the sweet music of the wild birds, think out my problems undisturbed by human intruders.

But on one fine morning my solitude was broken by a very strange and exciting incident. Arriving earlier than usual I had walked to the farther end of the park and was seated on a bench near the main drive but partly hidden from it by intervening shrubs and trees. As the road made a sharp turn at this point I could see much of it in both directions between the trees from where I was seated. Directly opposite me on the other side of the drive and in full view of it was another bench.

I had been there but a short time and the June sun was less than an hour high when I was startled from my reverie by a child's voice, and looking in the direction of the sound I caught a glimpse through the shrubbery of an elegantly dressed gentleman accompanied by a pretty little girl about three years old, walking along the drive toward me. As they approached I got a better view of them. I was impressed with a feeling of strong dislike for the man who, in spite of his exquisite attire, polished manners and finely modulated voice, bore a sinister expression that aroused suspicion of an evil character; with a long black beard, hollow cheeks, and bushy eyebrows meeting over deep set, small black eyes, his face would have made an ideal mask for a stage villain. Perhaps he was worthy of the trusting love of the golden-haired, angelic little being that held his hand and beaming with smiles poured forth her childish prattle, but I felt an instinctive pity for her and I would have given much to have been able to claim her for my own.

While I was thus musing they seated themselves on the bench across the drive; but soon the little one slid down, walked some twenty yards over the grass and then knelt down to examine something that I could not distinguish at the distance; there she remained at play while the man interested himself in a newspaper.

The sound of an approaching automobile at that early hour gave me a second surprise, but the man on the bench was so absorbed in his reading that he gave no heed and did not look up from his paper even when it came in full view around the near bend in the road. It was one of the finest cars I ever saw and beside the chauffeur sat an elegantly dressed and beautiful young woman; the light colored cloak which gracefully draped her slender figure contrasted with the red leather cushions, and the white veil which waved from her hat ornamented a well-poised head and harmonized with the rare beauty of a face that expressed intelligence and refinement.

As I followed this apparition of loveliness with

my eyes expecting it to roll out of sight at the same speed at which it had come upon the scene I was not a little surprised to see the car suddenly stop just after passing me.

Instantly the lady sprang to the ground with agility that would have done credit to a circus rider, and ran nimbly to the child which she took in her arms and started to carry to the car. Evidently they were not strangers for the little fairy made no outcry but clasped her arms about the lady's neck. Her utmost endeavor at haste failed to bring her and her precious burden unhampered to the car, for the halting of the auto attracted the notice of the dark visaged man who dropped his paper and with a loud exclamation and brandishing his heavy cane rushed after the fleeing woman. As he almost reached her she turned upon him, and holding the child in her left arm she thrust her right arm toward him, the glistening thing in her hand almost touching his breast. A flash; a puff of smoke; a pistol shot broke the stillness of the morning air. The man threw up his arms and with a groan sank lifeless to the ground. The woman resumed her flight and in a moment was seated with the child on the rear seat of the car which started instantly and making a quick turn sped away in the direction whence it had come.

All this happened in such an incredibly short time, so suddenly and altogether unexpectedly, that I had no opportunity to interfere or attempt to prevent the tragedy. And when it was over I was so shocked that I completely lost my presence of mind, which was never my strong point, and I made a thorough fool of myself.

Instead of going to the man, who had been shot down, and offering him assistance if still alive,

I seemed to feel it my duty to catch the perpetrator of the double crime of murder and kidnaping and to hand her over to the police, and so, yelling loudly, I ran like a crazy man after the retreating automobile.

The excitement gave me unwanted strength and speed, and for a few minutes I kept close behind the car and I hoped that I might be able to keep within sight of it until I could attract the attention of an officer or obtain other assistance to capture the fleeing criminal.

I had scarcely begun my mad chase when she turned in her seat and looking back discovered that she was followed. I got a full and near view of her face, a face that impressed me as the most bewitchingly beautiful that I had ever seen in spite of my horror of her as a murderer. With her hand she waved me back while uttering some words which I could not distinctly hear for the noise of the motor, but I understood the imploring look of her large lustrous eyes which carried an appeal stronger than any words and almost shook my resolution; nevertheless my sense of duty prevailed and I continued my pursuit. The car speeded up soon, leaving me far behind, and completely exhausted by my violent exertion I was about to abandon the hopeless race when I made a misstep and fell with a sprained ankle. The pain was so severe that at first I thought I had broken a bone, but an examination showed me that it was only a bad sprain. I crawled into the bushes beside the drive to bandage my injured limb, which, thanks to my medical studies, I knew how to do very well.

As I attended to my lame foot my mind reverted to the man who had been shot down, and I cursed myself for a fool for having left him without timely help, perhaps to die for lack of assistance that I might have given him. I had to thank only my own idiotic conduct for my accident and painful injury which would have been avoided if I had gone to the man's relief

at once. In considering how futile had been my efforts I was further chagrined to think that in my utter confusion of mind I had neglected to note and remember the number of the automobile.

After I had fixed my ankle up the best I could I retraced my steps, limping painfully. It seemed a long distance and it was some time before I came in sight of the bench on which I had sat a witness to the tragedy; a few steps more would bring me in view of the spot where the man had fallen and I now expected to find him a corpse. I shuddered at the terrible sight that awaited me and I shut my eyes while I mustered up courage to look upon it; but when I opened them and gazed at the scene of the recent crime I saw no corpse, no man, nothing but the natural objects of the landscape. Had the victim been found by others? or had it been possible for him to get away by himself? Sure enough he was no longer there or anywhere in sight. I searched the bushes thereabout thinking he might have crawled there and died, but found no trace of him. I called aloud, but received no reply. I hunted for blood stains on the gravel road but found none. All traces of the crime had so completely vanished that, if it had not been for the painful evidence of my sprained ankle, I might have thought I had fallen asleep on the bench and dreamed it all.

I started for the nearest street car, intending to go to Police Headquarters and report what I had seen, but as I limped across the park all kinds of doubts and scruples as to my duty in this regard came over me. The face of the beautiful unknown came clear to my memory and her imploring look had a much different effect on me now than at first. How could I know which was in the wrong? Maybe the black bearded man had received what was justly due him; maybe it was the desperate act of an unhappy mother who had risked all to recover her stolen baby. I remembered the sinister expression of the man's face which had made me pity the little girl for being in his company. Comparing the face of the young woman with that of the black beard I could have no doubt on which side was the real wickedness that lay at the root of the tragedy. Why should I meddle? Why should I help to bring more trouble to this woman? If the man was dead nothing could bring him to life again, and if the pistol ball had only wounded him he surely would do the prosecuting himself. I confess that this logic did not seem free from objection, and I struggled with myself; but over and above all there was a voice in my heart which loudly persuaded me not to mix up in this affair, at least not at the present, but rather to wait and see what the newspapers had to say about it. It would be time enough then for me to decide whether conscience and the interests of public justice required that I should come forward and offer myself as a witness. My sympathies were so strongly with her that I now began to hope she would succeed in avoiding detection and escape arrest.

By the time I reached the street my mind was made up. I called a cab and drove directly to my boarding place. I summoned a doctor at once, and he told me that I must remain quiet in the house and not step on my foot for the next three weeks. I said nothing about what I had seen in the park, but all day I was at a high pitch of excitement over it and I was impatient for the evening papers which I had no doubt would give a long account of the crime with appropriate scare head lines. I trembled all over as the papers at last were handed me and my eyes raced over their columns for the expected news item, but not one of them mentioned the

affair. Surely the morning papers will give it, I said to myself, and I spent a sleepless night in which the beautiful face of the murderer haunted my waking dreams and conjured up all manner of fantastic imaginations in my overwrought brain. But the morning papers were equally disappointing; not a word about the tragedy. I was amazed, dumfounded, and almost insane because my crippled foot prevented me from getting out and doing some quiet detective work on my own account.

Here was mystery on mystery. There seemed to be but one plausible explanation: the pistol ball could not have killed the man and he must have recovered from the shock of his wound sufficiently to get away without attracting the attention of the police and had taken pains to keep the matter a secret; or if the police knew of it, he had his reasons for wishing to avoid publicity, was unwilling to have the criminal arrested and prosecuted, and evidently commanded sufficient influence with the authorities of the law to prevent a prosecution and to baffle the matter up. But why dared he not prosecute? Why did he shun publicity? In spite of influence and money an inkling of such an affair almost always leaks out after a while and gets into the papers, so I kept an anxious eye on them, but without the least satisfaction of my curiosity.

This was preyed on my mind during my three weeks' housing that when I was able to get out and about again I was a nervous wreck, unfit for study or for any other occupation, and I resolved on a change of scene and air as the only hope of ridding myself of the horrible nightmare of crime I had witnessed and to try to forget the beautiful face of the would-be murderer that still held my heart in such a spell of enchantment.

I decided that before I left I would make a dutiful call which should have been attended to before, but I had put it off because of my general avoidance of new acquaintances and my expectation that this particular one would prove uninteresting if not a positive bore. When I first came to M—— my brother had written me giving the address of Major D., a crippled veteran of the war of 1861, who had been a regimental comrade and life-long friend of our deceased father, and he had urged me to pay my respects to the old gentleman.

I found the Major's residence in a not very aristocratic quarter of the city and the house indicated that he was not blessed with a superabundance of worldly goods. The servant girl who answered my ring showed me into a cozy parlor so homelike and tastefully furnished as to make one forget the strict economy of expense which was apparent on close scrutiny of the furniture. Evidences of thoughtful care and neatness showed that the mistress of the household was also a good housekeeper.

The Major entered, walking with the aid of a crutch and a cane, and gave me a most hearty greeting which helped to overcome my embarrassment at making a new acquaintance. He manifested so much pleasure at meeting the son of his old friend and comrade and he showed such a kindly interest by his many questions about our family that he quite won my heart and I was truly glad that I had taken the trouble to hunt him up. His face was red and his skin was remarkably fresh and fair for a man of his age: a heavy snow-white mustache separated a nose and mouth that indicated energy and determination, while the look in his sharp blue eyes that had not lost the fire of youth showed that he was accustomed to command in spite of his joviality.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
We hear a great deal said these days about speaking the "word in season." How many of us change it to the "good word in season?" Try it and see if the good word spoken will not help to make some heart lighter some burden easier to bear. I read a little story not long since which will bear repeating: A new minister and his wife came into a new field, and the wife soon became cognizant of the fact that there was lacking that harmonious attitude which should be the sign manual of all who love and serve Him. She also divined the cause. The lack of the "word fitly spoken."

Calling on Mrs. A. one afternoon, she observed during the conversation: "I know you and Mrs. B. are good friends because Mrs. B. told me she so admired your lovely clean floors." What Mrs. B. had really said was this: "Oh, yes, I think her floors are beautifully clean, but she is so cranky she will hardly allow her husband to walk on them."

Yet the little minister's wife bore away with her only words of real praise for Mrs. B.'s beautiful embroidery, which only a few days before Mrs. A. had stigmatized as "lazy people's work." And so by her tactfulness the little woman slowly but surely melted the doors of envy and backbiting out of the hearts of her husband's flock, and when a few years later she was leaving them, she had the satisfaction of their own acknowledgments of how much she had helped them by her determination to tell only the good of everything she heard. It is a plan that should be put into operation everywhere.

How many mothers read Mrs. Brown's article in the March issue, "The Lifting of the veil?"

I will give you my opinion on this subject. In life first place knowledge is power and ignorance is bondage. In these days when knowledge is so essential to our physical, mental and moral well-being, I might also add that ignorance is criminal.

Now sisters, look back to your own childhood, and see if "curiosity" was not your greatest characteristic! I remember it was so with me, yet I never asked questions, as my mother never answered such questions as usually vex the mind of an observant child, regarding the mysteries of nature.

No, say mothers, do not neglect or refuse to tell your little daughter all she hears, and then in pure simple language that she can understand state to her the truth. In the years to come you will be glad you did it. She cannot avoid pitfalls unless she knows the pit is there.

What will be the use to try to have her avoid the company of the opposite sex who are unfit for her to associate with unless she is fortified with knowledge which will plainly show her the reason?

No girl can appreciate the difference between ignorance and knowledge of herself. Her mother must teach it to her from childhood.

When womanhood begins it is often too late for our teachings to take the right moral effect; or mental or physical effect either. I know some of you will think this "strong meat," but milk is for babes, and we are not babes, and I tell you our babes are not in swaddling clothes long these days. If we do not inform our children aright about these delicate subjects, perhaps we will spend years undoing the harm which resulted from stolen interviews with Mary Ann of the back street, wherein the language is not choice, but expressive.

Lift the veil carefully mothers, if you like, but beware that it is not rudely torn away by vandal hands before any ideas of your own are implanted in the tender mind of the little maid, for whom you would willingly lay down your life if it would keep sorrow and sin far from her.

And so with the boys. Do not think they are of less importance than girls. Teach them just as carefully and shield them just as tenderly, and the day will come when your reward will be given you, in knowing your boys cannot go wrong through ignorance. Nature gave inquiring minds to these children of ours, and woe unto us if we do not direct the inquiries into the right channel, and teach them the value of purity and knowledge. If knowledge must be gained by experience, as so often is the case, it may come too late to be of practical use, and the price paid may be all too dear.

Now mothers, one of old taught by parables and illustrations. I shall illustrate my talk a little.

Suppose there was a fountain from which flowed only pure, sweet, cold water; and every day you came to that fountain for your daily supply of water. If you came and found it dry and with only the promise "Some day there will be water; just be patient," now would you wait for the fountain to flow again, or would you hasten away to some other fountain, even if not so pure and health giving—there to procure the necessary drink for yourself and family? The answer is only too obvious.

So it is with our children, if we would keep them close to us we must bind them with the ties of perfect confidence and love. If you turn their childish questions away with a "sometime" promise, they will seek knowledge at some other fountain, and it will not be as you will wish it to be.

So mothers remember that knowledge is power, and let us seek knowledge ourselves that we may be able to instruct our boys and girls aright.

On us to a great extent depends the moulding of our little ones' lives, whether they shall be strong or weak. The remedy is in our reach if not in our hands already. In these days of enlightenment no mother need be ignorant of the laws of nature, and an intimate knowledge of these things will help to keep our children in the right way.

I do not speak without authority on this subject. I have two boys of nine and five years and I am training them to feel that there are no mysteries in nature, and certainly no secrets mother will not tell them if they ask her. They are voracious "curiosity shops," as all children are who live daily among birds, animals, flowers, etc. They come always to me with their questions and I do not send them away empty handed. Also I try to teach a lesson of purity and goodness with each explanation I give. Time

alone can tell if I am right, but time has already taught me that ignorance is not always bliss.

With many good wishes for the COMFORT band.

MRS. MAUDE JAMES, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Mrs. James. In a thoroughly comprehensible manner you have thrown new light on a subject so vital, that every mother must heed. You have shown us very clearly that "ignorance is bondage." Very few there are who have attained the years of understanding, and in looking backward cannot remember some pitfall which opened up through lack of knowledge.

Opportunity calls very loudly to the mother when her child reaches the inquisitive age. Satisfy this hungry young mind, for "the human heart at whatever age, opens only to the heart that opens in return." Sisters, let us help one another with more letters on this great subject.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

As we are all trying to help one another in this corner, I will tell you of a plan I successfully carried out.

My guide was, "Do good to them that hate you." You know St. Valentine's day often causes trouble

alone can tell if I am right, but time has already taught me that ignorance is not always bliss.

With many good wishes for the COMFORT band.

MRS. MAUDE JAMES, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Him a share of it directly and use what is left as would please Him.

I am a great lover of outdoors and I can't help but believe that we live more indoors, shut up, than God ever intended us to do, and we miss a great deal because we are not out under the open skies, and where the breezes of Heaven can get at us and sweep the mental and physical worries away. If I feel tired or weary nothing rests me so in body, soul and mind as getting outdoors and sitting down if possible, then closing my eyes and letting nature do its refreshing, healing work. And oh, how well it does it. And do you know sisters there is no place in all this world where we can commune so freely with God and be so little hindered in our communion as in the great outdoors. So you sisters who are discouraged or weary or lonely, just get out of doors and let the trees, the birds, the ocean, the flowers, the sun, stars and moon, and everything in nature whisper to you of a loving kind God, and let nature and nature's God minister to your needs.

Do any of you sisters practice physical culture? I do and it has done wonders for me.

Uncle Charlie's piece in the paper this month was splendid. I wish everyone could read it; then perhaps people would be roused to do something to stop this high cost of living and grinding of the poor. Something is wrong somewhere.

Wishing success to COMFORT and all its readers, I am, very sincerely,

MRS. HANNAH DAVIS, La Fayette, R. R. 1, Box 17, Ind.

with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy. I thought of addressing these few lines to you, asking the dear sisters' advice and offering my humble services.

What would you say to a mother who wishes to take her children to your country to be educated there? Would the sisters, who live in any large city, give some information to this purpose? I have some friends among the American ladies who live in this country. I receive magazines and newspapers from the United States; but would wish to know more about the daily life, social customs, climate, means of education and everything that helps to make a right choice of location and surroundings for the education of the children.

Any advice and information you may send will be gratefully received by your new sister,

D. DE LA PORTILLA, Leon, State of Gto., Mexico.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND FRIENDS:

It was not my intention to intrude upon you again but I wanted to thank you for my birthday shower. It did indeed give me much pleasure.

Sisters I am going to ask a favor of you. Won't you try to get a few subscriptions to COMFORT and send them in to be credited to Mrs. Sarah Howell, Gainesboro, R. R. 4, Box 6, Penn., toward getting her a wheel chair as she is a helpless shut-in and unable to get around any other way. She will also appreciate cheery letters and will reply if stamp is inclosed.

Wishing success to COMFORT and all its readers, I am, very sincerely,

MRS. HANNAH DAVIS, La Fayette, R. R. 1, Box 17, Ind.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you please be so kind as to print this letter as soon as possible in the Sisters' Corner of COMFORT? You published a letter of mine in the February number and although I made no bid for correspondents, I have been deluged with letters of inquiry concerning this state. If I had the time to reply to each one I would be happy to do so, but my time is not my own. I am employed from seven in the morning until six at night in an office and must do my housework at night, so you can see how little time I have for letter writing. All the letters sent are for information regarding soil, climate, wages, etc. Now this answer must do for all who have written or who will write.

First we have in this section as near a perfect climate as can be. Always sunshine and no cold weather, other than some cold winds in mid-winter. I have lived in this section four years and have never seen but two freeze-ups; then the thermometer stood just a little below freezing point, never near zero.

This is exclusively a mining section and all gold or silver; no coal. Wages are three and a half to four and one half dollars per day. Living is about like everywhere else; pretty high. There is no farming right near here, and wherever there is farming one must irrigate. There are no openings here except for miners or mill men and at present they are not employing a big force. The only chance for women, is to cook, housework or washing. One can make good money taking in washing; still I would not want anyone to come here through my say so.

This West, anywhere, is full of opportunities for anyone who wants to work. But I would not advise anyone to sell home to come out here. If they want to try Arizona or California, rent their place, but never sell it until they had tried it a year. One can live any climate in this state they desire, from extreme cold to the tropic; also in some sections are beautiful farming country. The heat is such a dry heat and the evaporation so quick that one never really suffers from it like the countries where there is humidity in the atmosphere. It is a very healthy climate during all seasons and fine for everybody.

Anyone with bustle pluck and determination to succeed can do well out here as wages are much in advance of anywhere East. But let no one move anywhere without having a few dollars in their pocket to last them until they find work, no matter where they go.

I would like to write more fully, but it would take up too much space. Now please every sister don't write me personal letters; I cannot find the time to answer. I wish I could be more helpful but my little corner here keeps me hustling to fill it acceptably. I enjoy reading the sisters' letters and have gleaned many helps from the recipes. Hope to some time send in something of value to all. Uncle Charlie is a saint and Mr. Gannett a hero; both are God's good men. Long may they live to bless their fellow men—and so many do bless them.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

What a band of willing workers there are in Comfort Sisters' Corner!

I am daily convinced anew of this fact by the splendid response given to any requests for letters which tend to encourage and instruct; to make life happier and fuller.

What a grand tribute Mrs. M. F. Jacquet pays "Dear Old COMFORT."

Were I a minister I would often take for my text "Bring ye the glad May sunshine into the home."

"How many, many homes there are from which gayety has been banished not by sorrow, but by grievances and complaints."

Those who stop to count their blessings are less prone to mar their happiness by trivial misunderstandings, foolish dissatisfactions and an over-critical attitude toward the weaker ones.

Let an excuse enter your heart and a helpful word pass your lips when a cloud of complaint rolls over you; then commune with self and find how you have risen in your own estimation, and maybe discovered that after all, IT WAS NOTHING.

Today cannot be lived over again, but we can so employ its hours that when we seek our rest the message of "well done" will be borne to us.—Ed.

one way and another so on the day before I asked my children to tell me to whom they would send an ugly valentine through the school box, and they told me. For several years I have drawn them valentines for this purpose the size of a postal card, so I made my very best ones for the children named to receive ugly ones, with instructions to my own children that they were sent to such. The result was splendid! The recipients were delighted, and my own children learned a lesson of peacemaking and were pleased. Following this many school troubles vanished. Try it sisters! —Mas. L. E. NORTON, Mount Angel, Box 50, Oregon.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I enjoy COMFORT so much and wait patiently each month for its arrival. I have received much benefit from the sisters' letters, and also think Uncle Charlie's page very interesting. In fact it is an ideal paper all through.

I live in the northern part of Virginia in the beautiful Shenandoah valley. Hundreds of acres of this land are being planted in apple trees. There are several large orchards close to us. I am a farmer's wife, twenty-eight years old, and married nine years last Christmas. Have a dear, kind "hubby," and one little boy of our own eight years old, and a little girl six years, our little niece who came to live with her after her mother died. They are much help to me for they both like to work for mamma.

How many of you mothers praise the little folks for their work? Praise them sometimes, and you will be surprised at the results. I believe, sisters, in teaching the little boys to do housework, as well as the girls. My little boy can get a meal and clean up the kitchen as "tidy" as some girls I know who are twice his age.

I want to say a few words in regard to teaching children to be truthful. I think that truthfulness is the foundation of a child's character. Never tell a little one a falsehood no matter what it costs. I don't believe in making children think there is a "Santa Claus," for soon will they know better, and I believe it leaves the impression on their minds that one of the first things mamma and papa told them was a falsehood. Let them help arrange the tree at Christmas, see what fun it is for them and they will appreciate it all the more because they know papa and mamma are the real Santa. We cannot be too careful what we say, and do, in the presence of our little ones. Some parents certainly do not realize the responsibility that rests on them in rearing their children. Therefore I believe we should always tell them the truth and then we may expect the same in return. I would enjoy having some other sister's opinion on this subject.

With kindest thoughts and best wishes for all, especially the afflicted ones, I remain a COMFORT sister,

Mrs. NEHEMIAH KELLEY, Mt. Jackson, B. R. 1, Va.

Mrs. Kelly. Dryden says, "Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all societies;" and again from the pen of Bulwer, "One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth."

The child who prevaricates should have its mother's best attention. As a rule this child does not intend or want to lie, but it lacks the moral courage to come out with the truth when under accusation. This course to the childish mind is perfectly fair because it has avoided angry words if not punishment.

Dear sisters, take such a child in your arms and teach him or her how much better the truth would have worked out for both of you. Never punish such an offence, but center your efforts in strengthening this child's character. Evasion in a child is fear.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As my daughter takes your splendid paper I am a faithful reader.

I would like to tell the sisters about the good luck I have with cucumbers and tomatoes. There is a big sale and ready money for them. For cucumbers I dig a hole about as big as a tub, partly fill it with droppings from the chicken-house, then dirt and sow my seed and water well. The vines grow quick and bear well. Tomatoes I start in a hot bed. When I transplant them I drive a four foot stake down by them and tie the plant to the stake. The fruit never touches the ground and so does not spoil before ripening.

Success to the many readers of dear old COMFORT.

Mrs. J. E. COOK, Plains, Mont.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

This is the second day of March and the roads are drifted with snow so it is almost impossible to get anywhere, and still snowing.

This has been the coldest winter in Missouri for a number of years; thirty-six below zero. The farmers have had a pretty tough time, as crops, especially hay, were almost a failure last year on account of the dry season. Did I hear some sister say Missouri is of little account? Well, we don't always fall on crops, and most of the people who leave here to seek homes in other states, usually return to old Missouri.

How could we get along this cold weather without dear old COMFORT to read and help us on our way? There are so many helpful letters and other good reading, and when we read of some poor cripple, we who are blessed with good health find out we have many blessings to be thankful for. Where can we find anything of more value than good



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

MAY, beautiful May! All Nature is grinning from ear to ear; in fact Nature is grinning all down the back of her neck, for Nature is happy and wants you to be happy. The birds are singing and chattering with delight, the streams are dancing a prohibition day time of their own, the cattle are not worrying about three meals a day for Nature is clothing field and meadow with its spring vintage of Hibernian whiskers, otherwise known as grass, inviting the earth's live stock to eat its fill. Nature has set the stage for a festival of rejoicing and bids the earth be happy, and all Creation is happy except its lord and master-man, gloomy man. Why can the birds sing and the lower animals rejoice, while humanity groans and travails? Well, you see the bird hasn't the worry about the landlord coming round to collect his rent. The birds forage at will from Nature's storehouse for their food. You don't find one bird putting a fence around the forest and living in the lap of luxury while thirty thousand other birds sit on the fence, starved and hungry with no available place from which to secure a meal, but you do see hog man doing that very thing all over the earth. The lower animals show a true knowledge of democracy, a greater ability to take advantage of Nature's generosity, the ability to stick together for mutual protection, than does man. In the bird and animal kingdoms there are no landlords dunning for rent; no trust hogs cornering the food; no employer working his wage slaves twenty-five hours a day; no grafting politicians, exacting tribute and working in the interests of favored class; no manufacturers handing out short weight; no manufacturers dispensing poisoned food; no loafer class with servile flunkies to wait on it; no legal code with judges and lawyers growing fat on other people's troubles and producing lots of law but very little justice; no smug-faced preachers doping out rose water sermons for the benefit of the rich slave driver who sits in the front pew; no brothels, no jails; no tramps or police; no worries and no cares; no drunkenness and dissipation and consequently no sickness. Now there is no reason on earth why man—Godlike with all his intelligence and genius—could not be happy, healthy and care free if he wished to be. As about ninety per cent. of those who will read this will be weighed down with more worries and cares than they can carry, I can hear them in a mighty chorus say: "How comes it we are not happy, when we have all the materials for happiness about us?" Well my dear friends there are a thousand reasons why the animal world is getting a lot of fun out of life, while you are getting nothing but misery, but the main reason for man's unhappiness I'll endeavor to explain. In your head is a wonderful organism, called the brain, and that brain has marvelous possibilities for those who use it, for it is the seat of intelligence, power, wisdom and genius. Brain power is the greatest asset a human being has, but like everything else, nature in her infinite wisdom insists that you develop that brain, cultivate it and fertilize it by study and observation before you can get results that will benefit yourself and others. A child if left to grow up amongst animals remains little more than an animal, in fact is an animal, using instinct as its guide and not reason. The baby born amongst human beings uses its brain, and grows up a human being, and if the persons it has grown up with happen to be intelligent, the child shows intelligence too. If the parents are dull, ignorant and stupid, the child more than likely, unless influenced by others, will grow up dull and stupid too. The whole trouble with humanity today is just this; about five per cent. of the people in the world are using their brains for all they are worth, another twenty per cent. are using them occasionally, another twenty-five per cent. use them once in a while, and the remaining fifty per cent. never use them at all. The result is the five per cent. who are using their brains for all they are worth are the squirrels of creation while the other ninety-five per cent. are the nuts. Now, it's up to all of you to ask yourselves this question: "Am I a squirrel or am I nut?" Am I using my brains, or am I letting them lie dormant and useless?" Now I don't want you to use your brains to become a squirrel, and do what the other human squirrels are doing today, robbing and preying upon the human nuts, but I want you to use your brains in thinking, studying, observing, so that you may cease to become a nut for others to prey upon. When the human squirrels find there are no more nuts for them to prey upon, they will cease to be squirrels and become human, and then for the first time on this continent a real genuine worth while civilization will dawn. The way to develop your brain is to read whenever you can and to think more than you read. Reading won't help unless you think. The newspaper is a mighty force for education, a mighty force for good, and a terrible force for harm. It is the newspaper or I should have said the partisan newspaper that is today enslaving the American people. Big interests control many of the papers and magazines and the trusts are reaching out to get more of them under their influence. Wall Street pulls the strings, and the wealthy squirrels say to the squirrel editors: "I want you to keep all your readers tightly hitched to their old political band wagons, so they will remain in the nut class, accepting our machine-made ideas and never doing any thinking of their own. The Democratic and the Republican squirrels give the same instructions to their squirrel editors and the result you well know. Mr. Repub and Mr. Demo both remain nuts to the huge delight of the squirrels who prey upon them. The way to develop your brain is to read independent newspapers whenever you can get them, papers that are trying to help you and not fool you; papers that want to enlighten and educate you and better the conditions under which you live. Study issues, measures and social problems, not from a Democratic or Republican standpoint, but from the standpoint of humanity and common sense, something which partisan politics entirely lacks. The trouble with the people in the United States today is this, they have but the vaguest idea of what is happening outside of the little narrow sphere in which they live. Of the great questions of the day, of great national and economic problems and of social, business, and political conditions generally, they know next to nothing, and for good and sufficient reasons. The squirrels have entered into conspiracy to keep them from knowing what they ought to know. A number of magazines and some newspapers and periodicals are trying to get the truth to the people and one of the results is the squirrels are forming magazine trusts and are silencing those who

have been telling the truth. Now, remember, there is only one curse, ignorance, only one good knowledge. Socrates said that two thousand years ago. You see some men were thinking even then. Life is a growth, and we grow only by learning, and we are useful only to ourselves and others by applying what we learn to noble and unselfish ends. If you have little chance to read you can learn much by observation. Most of you think that because certain conditions obtain in this country, poverty, crime, misery, injustice, corruption and soul crushing toll, that these conditions always must exist and always will. It is that kind of thinking or lack of thinking that brings joy to the human squirrels, and keeps ninety-five per cent. of humanity in the nut class. Such thoughts result from mental slothfulness, and utter lack of imagination. People who think that way are in a rut so deep that the bottom of that rut (the rut of darkness and despair), could not be plumbed by a line a million miles long. Get out of your ruts! Get your brains at work, and above all get them working along right lines. It may take a thousand years (and that is but a day in the evolution of a race) before humanity is enjoying the sunny days of May as are the birds which are warbling and singing about you, happy, care free and full of the joy of living, but no matter how long it takes there is a good time for humanity ahead, and as soon as you begin thinking right and living right, all the frightful ills which mar our sham civilization today, poverty, crime, disease, will forever disappear. Nature, on these beautiful May days, is calling to you in

Uncle Charlie I think your poems and songs are fine. My wife plays the songs on the piano and I play them on my violin, and we both sing them. Come down and we will play and sing them for you. Uncle, I saw a cripple in one of COMFORT's wheel chairs the other day. She was at church and would not have been able to get there had it not been for her chair. Yours, JESSE M. RILEY.

thoughts are wafted in on the wings of evening. From North and South, East and West they come, each one glowing and warm with human kindness and love. Little wonder is it, then, that this is the source of so much inspiration and helpfulness. One cannot help being uplifted and encouraged after reading the cousins' pleasant letters and the jolly comments by Uncle Charlie. Three cheers for the three "C's," Uncle Charlie, the COMFORT, and the cousins! Long may they live and prosperous be.

The letter "C" also stands for Casstown, a little country village in the central-western part of Ohio, four miles from the famous great Miami river. When everyone is home there are two hundred and sixty-five inhabitants. An elevator and a traction line help dispel the lethargy that is oftentimes found in towns of similar size. We have nicely shaded streets and modern sidewalks. During the winter months we support a high class lecture course which is well attended. Besides four churches, we have a second grade high school and a "University of Hard Knocks," tuition to the latter being free.

As "C" also stands for consistency, I will be consistent and close with a description of myself as is the custom in this great family of cousins. I stand on two feet and am five feet ten inches in the clear, —figure it up; my hair is brown, my eyes are blue, and my age, oh, mercy! I stand with reluctant feet where twenty-five and twenty-six meet. (Apologies to Longfellow.) Would be pleased to hear from a few thousands of the cousins, and will try to answer all, even if I have to hire a stenographer at twenty-five dollars perhaps.

With a heart full of sympathy for all shut-ins, and best wishes for Uncle Charlie and the cousins, I am your nephew,

ERNEST F. MAIN. (No. 33,562.)

Thank you, Ernest, for the flowery and poetic words of appreciation with which you have up-hoisted the four-quarters of your letter. So you live at Casstown, Ohio. I live at Cusstown, N. Y. I call it Cusstown because it is impossible to live in it without using cuss words. A city that is governed by Tammany Hall is bound to be a curse town. You are quite right; there is a good deal of uplift in this department of ours. We have got all the aeroplanes and bird men skinned a mile. A man told me the other day that he and a number of his friends found so much uplift and inspiration in COMFORT, that when they went to work in a New York sky scraper, all they had to do was to take COMFORT along and they hit the twenty-fourth story without even taking the elevator. Another thing about the uplift we dispense is this: the average bird man in an aeroplane goes up a few yards then comes down on his bean. When we go up we stay up, and every month we go higher and higher. The bird man may take a tumble to himself, but we never do. We are soaring in space on the pinnacle of our high ideals. We have our faces turned heavenwards with our eyes on the stars, and the whole world has to look up to us. We are going onward and upward all the time. Casstown seems to me to be a terribly over populated place. Casstown as regards population seems to be crowding New York off the map. Fancy a city with the enormous population of two hundred and sixty-five souls. Why will the people crowd into these great cities? Living in a city as densely populated as yours must be rough on the dogs. The place must be so crowded, they must have to wag their tails up and down, no room to wag them sideways. You say your city contains a University of Hard Knocks. That must be a school for pugilism I should imagine. Four churches to two hundred and sixty-five people! If you had many more churches every inhabitant could have a minister apiece and a whole church to himself. Ernest you say you stand on two feet. I am horrified at this confession of cruelty, this scandalous disregard for the comfort of others. What right have you to stand on anybody else's feet? You must have some good-natured people in Casstown, or you wouldn't be allowed to stand on one, let alone two feet. Take my advice and stand on the ground. Now I've got to this feet question, let me hope you will never try to do what I saw a man in a railroad wreck doing, he had both his feet on his face, trying to stand on his nose. Now, Ernest, give my regards to the people of Casstown, tell half of them to move out to the country and give the other half a chance to breathe.

BAILEY, R. R. 3, Box 48, Miss.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Will you please admit two Mississippi girls in your happy circle? We are farmer's children, but we don't like farm life much. I Willie, am about five feet tall, have dark hair, brown eyes and dark complexion, and am fifteen years old.

I Carmaline, am four feet and a half tall, and have light hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion, am twelve years old and weigh sixty-two pounds. I Carmaline, help milk and make up the bed. I Willie, milk and feed the hogs.

Well, as this is our first visit we will not say much. We would like to receive post-cards from all the cousins. Your cousins,

WILLIE and CARMALINE JONES.

Willie and Carmaline, that is quite a happy idea, two sisters writing a joint letter. I am going to say brother and sister, for I thought that Willie ought to be a boy. There are so many beautiful names for girls, that I cannot imagine why parents use boys' names at the christening of their daughters. People must be woefully lacking in imagination when they give a girl a boy's name. Parents who name their girls Willie, should, if they have boys, to even matters up, call them Jane and Marla. Billy the Goat says that maybe you were christened Wilhelmina, and they call you Willie for short. Let us hope so. I knew a man who was christened Aleck, and they called him Alexander for short. Carmaline, I am quite astonished to hear you say you milk and make the beds? I know that a bed gives us rest and sleep, but I never knew of a bed that would produce milk. You don't mean to tell me that you have got a cow or a goat hid away in those beds of yours have you? Most beds consist of pig's wool, horse hair, excelsior and other animal and agricultural by products. If you can extract milk from a horse hair or pig's wool mattress, you will have all the cows dying with envy, and all the goats throwing up their hands in despair. Mattress milk ought to be a fine product, and I should think it would upholster one's insides and stick to one's ribs in A. I shape. If you will kindly send us a sample of your mattress milk and lacteal bed fluid, I will try it on Billy the Goat. Willie, I note that you inform us that you milk and feed the hogs. I am almost more astounded at your statement that I am at Carmaline's. I can scarcely credit what you say. To feed the hogs is all right, but to milk the hogs is a new one on me. I have often hogged the milk, but I have never milked the hogs. There are thousands of trust hogs that are milking the public all the time, but there is no one that would ever get an opportunity to milk them. You and your sister are certainly wonders in the milk line, and deserve all the medals that are being distributed for perfection in that art. Billy the Goat is inclined to believe that Carmaline helps milk the cows and make up the beds, and that you milk the cows and feed the hogs. We all sincerely trust Billy is right, for somehow these new brands of milk of yours, though doubtless excellent in their way, don't seem to me to be likely to appeal to the public taste like the old-fashioned cow's milk, so milk Bossy and leave the hogs and beds to their own devices, with the accent on the vices.

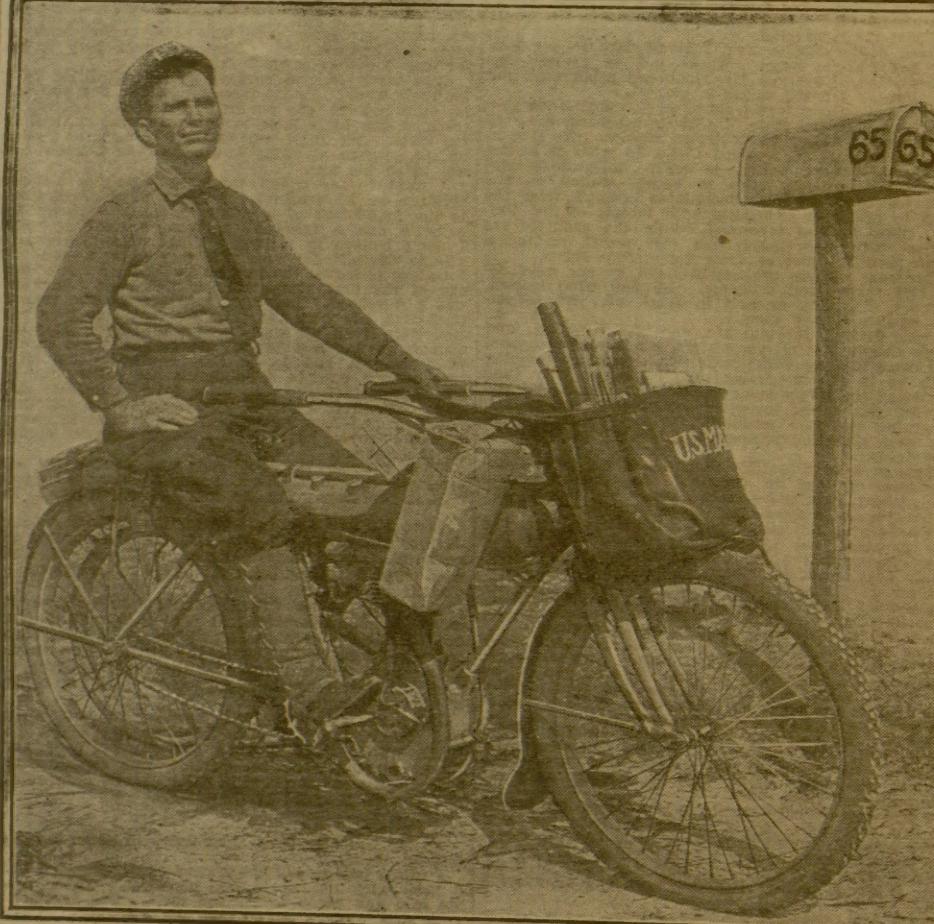
MARINETTE, WIS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I just couldn't help laughing when you lectured that young girl of fifteen who had so much trouble with her beau, and her cranky aunt. I am soon sweet sixteen, and haven't bothered my head about a fellow. I consider myself a mere school girl. My brothers and sister, also my books are my best companions.

There was a dance at our little village but I did not go. I thought my nose, ears and feet too good to freeze off. Don't you think I was wise and sensible?

I live in the country twelve miles from Marinette, which is the trading center. In the summer my brother and I go fishing. We live one mile from the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



COUSIN JESSE M. RILEY, ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S ENTERPRISING RURAL CARRIERS THAT DISTRIBUTE COMFORT BY MOTORCYCLE.

inspiring tones to be up and doing, to be alert and vigilant, to throw off mental sloth of centuries, to wake up to the glorious opportunity God has given you for happiness on this earth, this earth that is to be a paradise, free from human squirrels and human nuts, graced only by Godlike men and women, as soon as you are ready for it and worthy of it. Wake up, wake up. Don't be a squirrel and don't be a nut.

May days will be made brighter if you have a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems, the greatest book of funny verse ever published, 160 pages of sheer delight, beautifully bound in lilac silk cloth. Free for a club of only four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each.

The best songs to sing in the springtime and all the year round will be found in Uncle Charlie's Song Book. There are twenty-eight of the loveliest songs ever written in this beautiful folio. Five dollars' worth of music absolutely free for a club of only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Both books free for a club of six. This is COMFORT's greatest premium offer. Work for them today. "M. S." letter and contents safely received. Many thanks.

Now for the letters.

HARTFORD, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Did you ever print a letter from a rural letter carrier? I have never seen one, although there are over forty-one thousand of us traveling every day for Uncle Sam. It may rain, snow, sleet or storm, yet we must go with the mail. Over twenty millions of country people are served by us, and annually we handle approximately two and a half billion pieces of mail matter. I really expect three fourths of the circulation of the COMFORT is delivered by the rural carriers. I had as soon lose a registered letter for one of my patrons as a copy of COMFORT.

I have been riding a motorcycle on my route for over four years. I would not think of using a team, for with a motorcycle I can cover my twenty-five miles in two and a half hours. Five carriers out of this office use these machines. But you may know we have a fine climate here to allow the use of these two-wheeled vehicles all the year round. I could hold all the snow in my old hat that has fallen on my route in five years. The finest kind of oranges grow on my route, and vegetables the entire year.

at actors, while the other half have a dark brown taste, and you have to eat them holding your nose. Parcel's post will alter all that, and the rascally express trust, will be deprived of a goodly part of its plunder, and millions that now reach express and middle men, will go into the pockets of the agriculturists. After a while too, you will be collecting deposits for the post office saving's banks, collecting telegrams too, on all your rural routes, and telegraphing them from the post-office over the postal telegraph wires owned by the nation, just as they have been doing in Europe for the last umpteen steen years. There is a great future before you boys, an enormous profit for the government and the people in developing to its fullest capacity this branch of the public service. I could tell you a whole lot more things that the government will do in the next twenty-five years. It will own and operate the railroads for public use instead of private profit, and a good many other things too. Uncle Sam is a good employer. Wages are good, and employment sure, and as long as you behave yourself, you can hold your job for life, and when you get forty years of age, you won't have to paint your white hairs black to prevent a younger man from being put into your job. Nearly everyone is looking for a government job, because it is safe and secure and because in every other avenue of employment worry and uncertainty eternally prevail, and a life of uncertainty and worry is misery. I am glad, Jesse, my poems and songs afford you so much enjoyment. Wish I could hear you render them. I am tickled all to bits to hear about the cripple you saw in one of COMFORT's wheel chairs. I hope our readers will bear this little incident in mind, and take it to heart. It will bring home forcibly to all of you what a world of good you are doing.

CASSTOWN, OHIO.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
There is something about the cousins' corner that is irresistible. Immediately upon receiving COMFORT I turn to this bright page and bask in "The Harbor of Sunshine and Love," for such it really is. Here are letters from the pine clad hills of Maine, messages from the deels of old Virginia and the Southland, bits of cheer fresh from the prairies of the middle West, while from the land of sunset, golden

CASSSTOWN, OHIO.

Buy biscuit baked by
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Always look for that name. Each biscuit of the hundreds of varieties is the result of thirteen years of progress in a persistent purpose to produce perfect biscuit.

Each variety of biscuit—sweetened or unsweetened—whether known as crackers or cookies, wafers or snaps, cakes or jumbles—is the best of its kind. They differ in size, in shape, in flavor, in name, but not in quality.

National Biscuit Company products are distributed in several ways: some in packages with the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark—some in the well-known glass-front cans—some in small tins.

*They are the final achievement
in the baking of biscuit.*

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

In Wolf's Clothing; or, At Great Sacrifice

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A stormy evening—a deep valley between high hills. A man in stooping position examines the ground and alights into his pockets fragments that he picks up with a trowel. He hastily conceals himself as Nora Ryall, barely seventeen, goes down the valley and to the stable, where she cares for her pony, Reginald Ryall, weak and wavering, is a strange contrast to his daughter. The Ryall land is mortgaged. Nora manages the estate, and her father complains of his narrow life—without a break and his intention of going to London. Nora's eye rests on an envelope addressed in a lady's handwriting. Sir Joseph Ferrand's land joins the Ryall estate, and his cousin, Eliot Graham, is the caretaker. Mr. Ryall goes to London, leaving Nora free to ride over the hills with Bob, the sheep collie. She meets Eliot Graham who asks permission to ride on the Ryall estate. The following afternoon she discovers a stranger fishing in the Ryall water. She is a keen angler and shows him a better way to hook the fish. Requesting him to stand at one side she casts for one on the opposite bank. The cast is short and she stands on the bank of the river. Pretending she is slipping in he puts his arm around her waist. Nora utters a cry and before she can turn, the faithful collie pushes him, he loses his footing and slips in the stream. Eliot Graham witnesses the scene and wishes he bore the relationship of brother.

Three days later Mr. Ryall arrives home bringing a wife and Nora realizes her father has been entrapped by an adventuress, and passes a sleepless night. Coming to the breakfast table she finds her father alone and looking disturbed. He admits Mrs. Ryall is disappointed with the surroundings and they eat the remainder of the meal in silence and Nora goes about her regular routine. Returning for lunch she meets Mrs. Ryall, who is surprised that Nora works. From what her husband had said she thought he was one of the landed gentry with servants and horses. The lunch does not appeal to her and she asks for something to drink. Nora makes her escape and rides across the valley.

After the river incident Eliot rides to the cottage where he lives, to see that the horses are all right. He meets a jingle driver by a pony and recognizes a young lady as Miss Bartley. Expressing a desire to see the horses Eliot leads her to the stables. As he assists Miss Bartley into the jingle Selwyn Ferrand comes along. He apologizes for his appearance and turning to Eliot commands him to go about his business. Eliot hands Miss Bartley the whip and closes the door and she leaves the two men confronting each other. Ferrand does not know who he is and attempts to strike Eliot. Sir Joseph appears and reminds his son he's been making a fool of himself. Selwyn Ferrand meets a man shambling along, who admits he is Sir Joseph's confidential clerk. Stripleys meets Sir Joseph and gives him two letters—one from Australia. He will answer the one bearing the stamp of Gilley and Roberts. At the mention of the Australian letter Sir Joseph casts a sharp glance at the unsmiling white face.

Matters grow worse. Mrs. Ryall is exacting in her demands for money and is anxious to know the Ferrands. Nora, going for a walk, meets Sir Joseph. In his confusion he hastily puts something into his pocket. Eliot Graham appears and she confides in him, and because he loves her, he would help her. She cannot understand—he has known her so little time and powerless to resist she allows him to kiss her. Nora hurries home. Her stepmother accuses her of meeting a man in secret—and he a groom. Nora denies it is a groom and Mrs. Ryall, in her anger, slaps Nora across the face. Feeling the bitterness of the blow, Nora leaves home. She overhears Sir Joseph and his lawyer talking, not dreaming they have reference to her. Meeting a boy with a bundle, she exchanges a brooch for a new suit of boy's clothes and goes to Porlash.

Mr. Ryall, returning from a fruitless search for Nora, finds Mrs. Ryall entertaining Sir Joseph, who invites them to dinner next day. It was one such as Mrs. Ryall had never sat down to before, and after a glass or two of wine her tongue becomes unloosened. Sir Joseph is attentive and Mrs. Ryall is satisfied.

Entering Porlash Nora buys a pair of scissors and cuts her hair short. She assumes the gait of a boy and inquires for work. Not getting any she walks into the country. An old lady drives along—the pony stumbles and Nora springs to her rescue. The old lady invites Nora to ride. Getting home an old man comes out and she tells Jacob she has found a boy for him. Nora attends to the horse then brings order into a disorderly kitchen. Taking hot water to Miss Deborah she stops to admire some pictures, one of which bears a striking resemblance to Eliot Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryall return the Ferrands' hospitality by giving a picnic. Champagne flows freely and the uproar reaches Eliot Graham as he walks down the valley. Florence Bartley expresses her pleasure to Mrs. Ryall and hopes Miss Ryall will be there next time. Eliot overhears her answer and the inference of an attraction for Nora in the city. Nearly a month after Nora takes her place in Miss Deborah's household, Mr. Trunton, the Nelworsley lawyer calls; that evening she tells Jacob he must go to Lonaway. Describing the place to Nora she requests to go and the next morning sails over with Captain Marks. Reaching a small farmhouse she passes to Mr. Hodges a notice to quit. She visits the other tenant Shuffly who receives the notice with the same amount of interest. Standing on a precipice she spies Captain Marks in his boat. She attempts to call to him, when she sees a second figure. She sinks to the ground, then rising peers to the farthest part of the island.

Eliot goes to London with three of Sir Joseph's horses. Meeting Mr. Stripleys he offers Eliot hospitality and in his talk praises Sir Joseph. Eliot, hearing the word Australia looks up; Stripleys catches the steady look and inquires if he were connected with a place called Wall Hollow. It was his father's place. Getting into difficulties Sir Joseph takes it with the debts and liabilities, his father signing an agreement that Sir Joseph shall hold Wall Hollow estate until liabilities are paid. Stripleys realizes that Sir Joseph has the Wall Hollow estate in his grip, that it is worth £100,000 and belongs to Eliot Graham. Eliot returns to the city, and meeting Mrs. Ryall calls for Miss Ryall. She admits she has been staying in the same house with Nora, who leaves the day before with her friends, and her special friend—it's all settled and a very happy match. Mrs. Ryall requests he does not mention meeting her, especially to Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph, seeing Mr. Ryall drive away, calls on business. He wants a deed to a piece of land adjoining his estate. He is willing to give a thousand pounds and Nora's signature is necessary. He proposes to Mrs. Ryall that they manage the affair and gives her one hundred pounds to go to London for Miss Ryall's signature, she signing as a witness. Eliot deciding to go back to Australia is sent to Lonaway Island by Mr. Trunton, who wants someone to survey it. He meets Cyril who puzzles him. Mrs. Ryall returns to find her husband ill. Sir Joseph calls, offering assistance. Mrs. Ryall signs the deed. Giving it to Sir Joseph claims that Nora signed it and has gone abroad to be married. Eliot risks his life to secure rare eggs and Nora discovers how much she loves him.

CHAPTER XX.

LMOST before the tide had receded Nora rose to make her way round the cliff to the quay. She went so quietly that Eliot did not know she had gone. She was anxious to avoid him.

She hurried back to her own room, and threw herself on the bed. Presently she heard Eliot come in and inquire for her, tell the story of their adventure, then say not to disturb her.

For the next few days she kept out of his sight; then one night when she went in Hodges was sitting up waiting for her.

"Us won't be able to keep 'ee any longer," he said. "The 'appy Lucy' is coming across tomorrow and we've managed to scrape the rent together. We shall miss 'ee sorely—I don't know what Margery there will do."

"I'm afraid I've often been rude and short with you, Margery," said Nora. "But I didn't mean it half the time—you must forgive me."

Margery's face flushed, and she nodded gratefully.

So next morning, before Eliot was astir, Nora left the island. As she passed the hut where he lay sleeping, her heart was racked with a longing to see him; but she knew that she dared not face the ordeal. Captain Marks hailed her with exuberant kindness.

Very soon after they started, the wind fell away, and a dense fog crept up. Captain Marks kept a sharp lookout for passing vessels. Now and then, through the blanket of mist, came the shrill, hoarse sound of an approaching siren, and, as each vessel passed, the captain heaved a sigh of relief.

By Charles Garvice

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After a bit Nora got used to it, and coiled herself up and tried to sleep. But suddenly she was rudely awakened by the noise of a siren which seemed only a few yards away. Captain Marks was standing at the bows waving a ship's lantern. Nora sprang to his side.

"Is it coming on to us?" she asked.

"I'm a most afraid it is," he replied, grimly.

"It's right in our course; I can just see their lights. They may see ours; but it's just a chance. Listen, lad, if—if anything should happen; put that life buoy on you."

He nodded to one which he had already prepared. Nora saw that there was only one, and said:

"Is there one for you?"

Captain Marks tossed his head impatiently. "That don't matter—I shan't leave the 'appy Lucy.' We've sailed together too long for me to go and desert her when she's in trouble. Better put the thing on at once."

Nora said nothing. She knew that it would only distress Captain Marks if she told him that she, too, was resolved to stand by the "Happy Lucy." The siren was shrieking with horrible distinctness.

Nora began to realize the peril in which they stood, and her heart beat quickly. She knew that she ought to feel afraid, but she was unnaturally calm. She took out the little canvas bag containing the money Hodges had paid her, and, slipping it into the breast pocket of Captain Marks' jacket, said:

"Please take care of that for me."

It is doubtful whether he was aware of her action or heard her, for he took no notice. Presently he said:

"Another minute will settle it one way or the other. For she's close upon us. She may sight us. Pray heaven she may. The belt, boy, the belt!" he shouted suddenly.

Nora saw a monstrous shape, rearing like a phantom above their head. She heard Captain Marks shout, heard answering cries from the huge thing bearing down upon them; streaks of light shone thickly through the murk. It was

part of the deck and a spar of the Happy Lucy. Her heart rose, for she thought that the captain might also have found a remnant of the ill-fated boat. With great difficulty she dragged herself on top of it, and lay there panting, but full of gratitude to the Providence which had thus far favored her.

Fortunately the sea was calm, for the present; but she knew how quickly the wind and waves rise in the Bristol Channel, and that at any moment she would be in danger of being washed off the shallow deck.

She forced herself to keep awake; then a fearful thirst took hold of her, her limbs felt cold and dead, while her head burnt as if with fever.

Hope had nearly left her breast, and she was resigning herself to death, when she heard the sound of a man's voice. At first she thought it a delusion, but, looking round, she saw a bark coming straight towards her.

She sprang to her feet, waved her arms, and shouted. She saw that the bow was crowded with men, that the captain on the bridge was directing the lowering of a boat, and that the men who were engaged in it were working with frantic speed, and yet it seemed hours before the boat struck the water, and the men aboard her dashed at the oars and rowed towards her.

Almost swooning, Nora was lifted into the boat, and conveyed to the bark.

"Why, it's a boy," said the captain. "What was it—a wreck, my lad? But there—we won't bother you with questions now; turn in between the blankets, and get a good sleep!"

But Nora would not rest without pressing them to look for Captain Marks. "Oh, go in search of him at once!" she said. "Try and find him!—Let me go in a boat!"

The captain soothed her as well as he could—told her to go and lie down and let others look for him. He would cruise round a bit and see if they could come across him. And with this Nora had at last to be content.

After being ministered to with all kindness, she fell asleep and slept for ten hours. Her disappointment was renewed when she woke and

which seemed to crush her. She realized all in a moment that terrible solitude which a man experiences when he is in the midst of a crowd, of whom he knows not a single soul.

In one of the quieter streets to the north of Holborn she saw a small hotel, and, after examining the exterior critically, she went in and asked for a room.

"Oh, yes, we've got a room," said the woman at the little office in the hall. "Is your luggage here?"

"I haven't any luggage," said Nora, coloring.

"Oh," said the woman coldly and suspiciously. "Well, you'll have to pay in advance; bed and breakfast, five shillings and sixpence."

Nora paid the money, inspected her room, had a wash, and went out onto the streets again. She wandered about for some time, feeling thoroughly miserable, then she returned and went to bed.

The whole of the next day she searched for some employment, but with no success. The details of the failure that met her at every place where she applied, need not be set down. Sometimes she was met with a polite refusal; but more often with curtness and derisive scorn. Her money was nearly at an end, and she dared not think of the future.

On the following day, faint and dispirited, she was walking up Regent street, absently and listlessly glancing at the brilliant shops and the crowd that streamed by her, when she nearly ran against a lady who was gazing at the display in a linen draper's window.

Nora, murmuring an apology, looked up, then started, and uttered an exclamation.

The lady was Miss Deborah.

She was dressed in her old-fashioned clothes, her hat almost on the back of her head, and her mantle slipping off her shoulders. She was gazing at the window with exactly the same expression which she had worn when Nora first saw her on the road from Porlash. She clutched at the old lady's arm.

Miss Deborah turned with a start, and gazed at her vacantly, and it was quite a long time before she exclaimed, but with no very great surprise:

"Why, it's Cyril. Dear me, boy, why did you follow me here?"

Nora drew the old lady into a narrow lane, where they could talk.

"Is Moorcroft burned down?" continued Miss Deborah. "Has Jacob allowed some tramp to throw matches about? Well, I can't go back at once. I've most important business. Dear me! How pale and thin you look—you've been smoking; it always makes boys ill."

If Nora had not been so anxious, and so hungry, she could have laughed at the grotesqueness of the situation.

"You've not had my letter, ma'am?" she asked.

"Letter, what letter? I've had no letter. Did you write?"

"Yes. I left Lonaway with Captain Marks. Oh, was he saved?"

"Oh, you mean the man who was picked up off Porlash—whatever's the matter with the boy?" for Nora turned aside and covered her face with her hands to hide the tears of relief and thanksgiving. "Oh, I remember; you were with him. We were very anxious about you. You must tell me all about it while we are having lunch."

It was then four o'clock in the afternoon, and Nora, instinctively falling into her old groove of guide and protector, led Miss Deborah to one of the tea places where if she had not been so absorbed in her book, she would have been surprised at Nora's appetite. By this time she had got to regard Nora's presence in London as a matter of course, and asked no further questions.

Afterwards they proceeded to Miss Deborah's hotel.

"I have come to London on business connected with a very old and dear friend of mine," she explained to Nora. "I came up to see Sir Joseph Ferrand, but he is not in London. Fortunately there is a gentleman in his office who is acquainted with the business. He has promised to come and see me at half-past five."

"It is that time now," said Nora. "Did you get the money for the rents from Lonaway?"

Miss Deborah wrinkled her brows and thought for a moment. "Oh, yes, Captain Marks gave it to me. Why you didn't bring it yourself, I can't understand."

As she was speaking, there came a knock at the door and Mr. Stripleys was announced. He entered in his usual bumble manner. His eye darted from Miss Deborah's placid countenance to Nora, who was staring at him in natural surprise. He seemed slightly disconcerted.

"My boy, Cyril," said Miss Deborah.

Mr. Stripleys ducked at Nora, who rose and left the strange pair together.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Elliot was more than grieved when he found that Cyril had gone without wishing him good by, but he did not deem the boy heartless; he knew how much Cyril hated a scene, and that he had shirked the pain and the fuss of a fare-well.

Elliot missed him terribly, and wandered about for the first day or two like a sheep that has lost its lamb. As soon as he had finished his work, he left the island. It was a different boat and a different captain. On his asking the reason, he was told the sad news of the running down of the "Happy Lucy."

Elliot stared at the man, his face growing pale.

"Run down?" he said. "When? Not—the day she last sailed from Lonaway?"

"The same, sir," said the man gravely.

Elliot put out his hand behind him, to steady himself. "The lad—Cyril. He—he was picked up also?"

The captain shook his head, and Elliot sank on to the rock and covered his face with his hands.

"Leastways," the man hastened to add. "I don't say that he wasn't, but nothing's been heard of the young gentleman. I'm sorry to bring such bad news, sir."

Elliot got up and crept away out of the man's sight.

On reaching Porlash, he went on to Mr. Trunton's, where he produced his plans, and explained them. Mr. Trunton was more than interested.

"I believe you have hit upon a good thing," he said. "You seem to have grasped the thing pretty thoroughly; of course, we shall ask you to look after the business for us."

"Thanks," said Elliot. "I couldn't go back to Lonaway."

"Not yet, not yet," he said, a little impatiently. "Where are you going, what do you intend to do?"

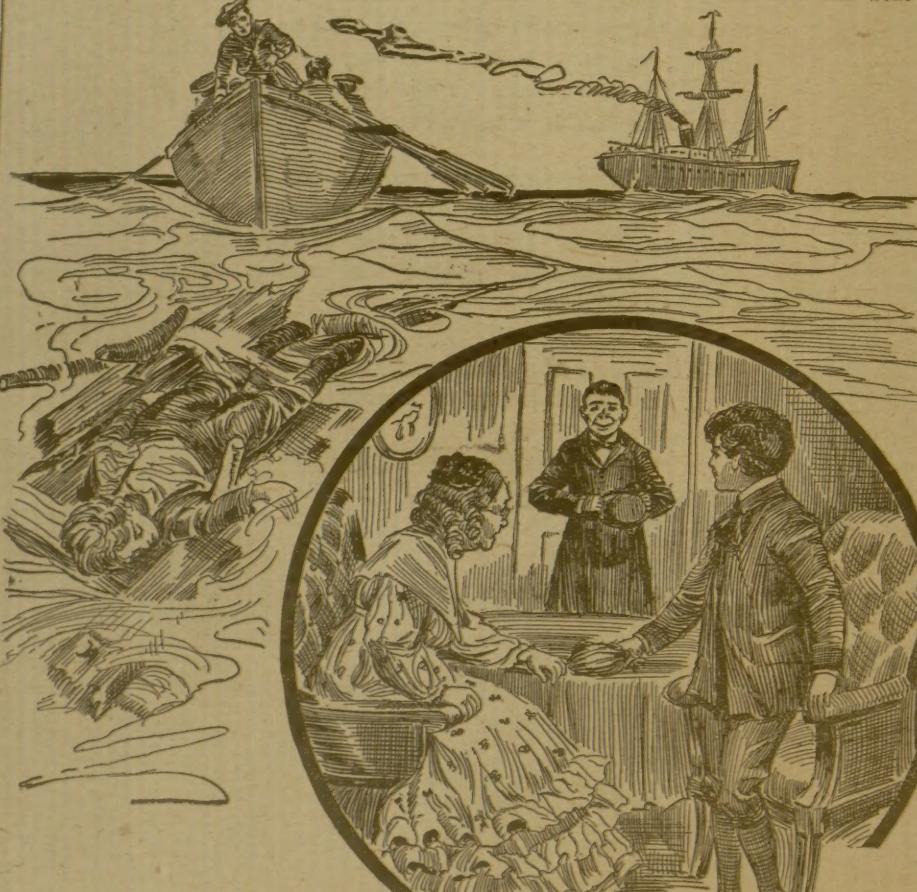
"I am going to Moorcroft first, to see Miss Deborah Ralston."

"Miss Ralston is in London, but my man will drive you over, if you care to see the place—and old Jacob. I should like you to go to London and see Miss Ralston, but I don't know her address, nor does that old fool of a man of hers. However, I'll give you a letter to the man I spoke of. Here's some money—better stay at the Cecil."

Elliot went to Moorcroft, and found Jacob seated in the porch, with a pipe in his mouth. He asked Elliot into the house and proffered hospitality.

Elliot went in, and looked round, sadly, thinking of the bright boy who had lived there. He went slowly up-stairs. Suddenly he started, as Cyril had done, and stopped before the portrait on the landing. He was amazed, and could scarcely believe his eyes, for the portrait was that of his father. How came it there, in that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Thanking you all for kind letters and Mrs. Wilkinson for her kindness to us all, I am one of the sisters, E. B. Ayers, Goldroad, Arizona.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of dear old COMFORT for a great many years, and like all the sisters, I would not like to be without it. Next to my Bible it is my greatest comfort. What a lovely letter Mrs. M. T. V. Dolan wrote in the February number? She expresses my Christian sentiments so truly.

I live on a farm one mile from any neighbors and do not even see a house. It is sometimes lonesome, especially on Sunday, when I hear the church bells ringing and cannot go. But I bow my head and say, "Thy will be done," for where Jesus leads me I shall go.

I will be fifty-four in April, and wish the sisters would send me pieces of gingham four inches square for my COMFORT quilt. An old reader,

Mrs. F. GARDNER, Indian Lake, Hamilton Co., N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I was so happy to see my letter in the October COMFORT and one friend who had lost my address found me after being lost to her for over a year. Words from new friends have pleased me more than I can express and I thank each one for writing to me.

I am always anxious for a party on May 13, my birthday. It is something to look forward to, suffering as I do, and have for twenty years. COMFORT has been a welcomed and valuable visitor to me for years; and I have watched it grow and improve year after year, and now it is most precious to me and I know it would please every reader, and especially our dear editor, if they could take a peep into my room and see me here in bed looking for the Sisters' Corner.

I am still interested in my knitting and crocheting which is a help toward my medicines.

I hope all our dear sisters have had a pleasant winter in spite of the intense cold and lots of snow and ice.

Thanking those who were so kind to write, and asking God's richest blessing upon our dear Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters; also all who are making dear COMFORT such a grand success,

I am sincerely yours,
MISS ANNA W. REIF, 1340 Alisquith St., Baltimore, Md.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I like to read COMFORT and always read every sister's letter. I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school when the weather is good, and am in the fourth grade. I have two little sisters, one six years old who is always sick, and a baby sister seventeen months old. I can milk, churn, wash, iron, make beds, sweep, wash dishes and can cook a little.

I guess my mama is shut-in, for she is always sick. She has catarrh of the head, throat and ears, also neuralgia in the head. It nearly kills me to see her suffer so. In any of the sisters' wills of anythin' that will cure my mamma, will they please write. Her name is Ella Woods. We lived in Dublin, Texas seven months in 1910, and liked fine. My mama got lots better while we were there.

I live in the country, one and a half miles from school. My papa likes to read COMFORT and guess he will be surprised to see this letter in the paper if the editor prints it.

Will some of the sisters please remember my mama on her birthday, June 9th?

When things go wrong with me I go out and pray, then they get right again. May the Lord bless COMFORT and all its readers,

MATTIE BLAKE WOODS, Huntingdon, R. R. 5, Box 20, Tenn.

DEAR SISTERS:

I enjoy COMFORT and am always interested in our corner.

In the letter department of a Kansas city paper a few months ago, the subject was raised on "How should the hired man be treated in the home?" Some seemed to think they should be treated something "little better" than the animals, while some showed that they had more sympathy and respect for the ones who were laboring for them. What do the COMFORT sisters think about it? I know a great many of you readers have hired help both in field and house so let's hear what you and the editor thinks about it.

If any of the sisters live in Hempstead Co., Ark., and could write and tell me all about the climate, crops, churches, and all the other good things as well as the bad, I would be very much pleased.

Love to the editor and sisters.

MRS. GRACE COURTEENY, Aldrich, R. R. 1, Mo.

Mrs. Courtney. Your question, "How should the hired man be treated in the home," is a broad one, and must be viewed from an individual aspect; that is, each case must be a law unto itself.

In answering this question, whether to ourselves or for print, let us not base it wholly on experience or custom.

My observation has led me to think that generally a moral, self-respecting man will be civilly treated.

Laying aside all question of rank and station, it becomes a practical question. If the man employed is well and favorably known, and perhaps a neighbor, he should receive the comforts of the home and may even be treated as a member of the family, while if a stranger, it is a dangerous proposition to give him such a place in the home as to allow him the companionship of the family and subject the sons and daughters to his uncertain influence.

Let us have some letters on this subject.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for quite a while and think it is a grand paper, though husband says he doesn't think it's much comfort to me because just as soon as I read one number I begin wishing for the next.

We live on a farm about seven miles from town. Were both reared on the farm and wouldn't live anywhere else. We have six children, the oldest ten years old and the youngest six months; four boys and two girls, so you see I have plenty to do. My older children are lots of help as they carry in all the coal and kindling, gather eggs, churn, take care of baby and on wash days they make their bed and sweep. In summer they help to tend the garden and feed and water the little chickens and turkeys.

Mrs. Houdyshen. I saw your request for a cabin worm exterminator and am sending formula for one with which I have had perfect success.

To each gallon of water add one heaping teaspoonful of powdered lye, and after it is thoroughly dissolved add one large teaspoonful of coal oil to every five gallons of water and stir well. It is best to let set a while before using. I mix it in a galvanized tub early in the day and sprinkle plants late of an evening. Use a sprinkler or tin can with holes in the bottom and keep mixture stirred; otherwise most of the oil will rise to the top. I have used this on cabbage plants after the worms had eaten all but the veins of the leaves, and raised fine late cabbages. I always use soft water, don't know how hard water would do.

Will close with good wishes to all,

MRS. I. M. VANCIL, Murphysboro, R. R. 6, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

A word to our corner while I am renewing my subscription to dear old COMFORT.

We are farmers and have seven children living and one bright-eyed darling sleeping just over the hill and awaiting at the beautiful gates of the city of God for me, and dear Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters, I hope I will meet her there.

I am now seeing a hard and very busy time, as my oldest child is only twelve years, but they are all bright and industrious children and save mammals many steps. I am never so busy but I can stop and read COMFORT when it comes, though often when I pick it up for a moment it is quite likely to be an hour.

I also find time to visit our school. I think parents and parents should do this for it encourages the teacher and pleases the children. We have just organized a county league, or district school league of which they elected me first vice president and my husband treasurer. We have just got started. We people in the hills of old Virginia have hard struggles for an education. Some of our children have upwards of two miles to go and over rough hills, but I am proud to say now that people are becoming more and more interested in education and taking an active interest in the advancement of what advantages we have.

Will write again and tell you of the success of our league.

With best wishes to the editor and Mrs. Wilkinson and love to Uncle Charlie, will sign myself.

Yours COMFORT sister,

MAGGIE V. OWENS, Vicey, Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent but interested reader of COMFORT for a few years, and find the sisters the most interesting.

I am a farmer's wife, twenty-four years old, five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and ninety-five pounds; have light hair and blue eyes. I have a twenty-months' old boy, who is all the world to us; also have a good "John," always ready to help whenever he can, and never fails to run the washing machine and turn the wringer during winter months when work on the farm is not pressing.

We were married four years last February and have been getting along fine. Home can be made and kept pleasant and happy by always being bright and cheerful yourself, and always have a kind and pleasant word for all those around you. I hope all the "sisters" have good husbands and happy homes.

How many make their own soap out of ash wood lye. It is a great economy to the farmer's wife, and I think to use soft soap in the washing machine does quicker and better work than any other soap.

Try mixing your stove polish with vinegar and adding a few drops of molasses or syrup.

A good remedy to settle the stomach when having a severe attack of vomiting, such as is sometimes caused by catarrh of the stomach, is peppermint tea. Gather green peppermint, dry and steep a tea out of it as you would your table tea when needed, and let patient drink while hot, and if that fails to check the vomiting, try drinking it cold. I am sure it will prove very beneficial.

I think COMFORT the best and dearest paper printed. I certainly sympathize with all the shut-ins and if it were possible I would surely help them all. Fearing I will stay too long for the first time, I will say good by, wishing one and all happy and prosperous life.

MRS. FRANCES SOTTONG, Brookville, Box 348, Ind.

Mrs. Sottong. I am sure that a good many

sisters would be glad to have your ash wood lye soft soap recipe, and if you could send it to me for our corner I would greatly appreciate it.

May the spirit of love and helpfulness ever reign in your home.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I have read COMFORT for many years and it is my favorite paper. Each department seems perfect.

Cousin Marion's replies to young girls, I am sure do much good.

I have a baby girl myself, and I hope when she is grown that COMFORT will be as good as now. My girl's name is Leone Violet; my boy, Emmett LeLand is six years old and a dear little man, always ready to "help mamma," and thinks "sister" is a perfect treasure, which she is. Both are healthy and fat, but the boy was never very well till we came to Wyoming.

I am a Missourian and proud of it, yet I like this country and climate fine, though the people are not the big-hearted kind I was always used to. They care only for money. Of course some are different but they are generally from the East.

If a stranger arrives to stay all night at a ranch and everything indicates he has money, he is treated like a king. On the other hand, if he looks poor, no matter how tired and hungry he may be, he is generally given such a cold welcome he doesn't care to stay long.

I have lived here two years and have learned to love the mountains, the pure air and water. There is lots of homestead land here, but of course the best has been picked out. We don't care to stay here five years or would have taken a claim.

Well, as the other sisters sometimes speak of voting I will "say my say." I have never voted, but I am in favor of it. At the last election I was allowed a vote, but sickness kept me at home. We are strong believers in Socialism. I once heard a man say, "Socialism is all right I guess but I would not vote that way for it can't win, and I always vote for the side I think will win."

Now was not that a foolish idea? For my part I'd rather vote for what I wanted and not get it than to vote for something I didn't want and get it.

Well, enough for this time, will give a few of my handy hints and remedies.

When frying eggs or doughnuts, take them up with a milky skimmer, it removes them unbroken and leaves all grease behind.

When cooking oat meal try setting it in the oven. I cook many things this way, and think they cook more evenly and thoroughly, especially dried fruits. When baby's mouth is sore wash with tea made of garden sage.

For any bad case of bowel trouble, put on a band of camphor with alcohol.

In case a small baby has whooping cough, keep feathers from chickens' wings handy, and when baby chokes badly, take a clean feather and run down the throat till far enough, give it a turn and that phlegm will all come out with it and it can't hurt baby. I know a lady whose baby was very sick and once they gave it up for gone, when a neighbor grabbed a feather duster, drew out a feather and with it saved her baby's life. It's simple, safe and effective besides being in reach of poor as well as rich.

Now for what I appreciate more than any remedy I know of. To mothers who have caked and painful breasts when baby is real small, take strong vinegar and heat till near boiling, add a little table salt, and bathe the breast very gently every hour till all pain is gone. I tried this when I was suffering untold agony. Had not been asleep for two days and nights and after the third application I was so relieved I went right to sleep. For sore nipples use extract of witch hazel.

Well, I've said enough and expect Mrs. Wilkinson will think I'm saying too long. So good day to all, and long live COMFORT.

MRS. LILYTH E. MITCHELL, Rock River, Wyo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Please admit a mother of twelve into your neat and cozy schoolroom; also please blindfold Uncle Charlie to this letter since he can't see how, just how, so many can be cared for. Well Uncle, God is able for all things, and I for one believe that He never makes our burden greater than we can bear. I find the one thing most important to cultivate among a crowd of children is patience.

I so much appreciate the letters from the sisters on rearing children.

To both the sisters and dear old COMFORT I owe a greater part of my success in and around our home. Since the old maxim goes, "That an idle brain is the devil's workshop," I find that a sure plan to guard against it is an interest in children, and the greater the number the broader our mind grows. Hence with hubby, children and home our time is employed.

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT eight years and would not be without it. The baby even says "COMFORT." The older ones look forward to its arrival with as much eagerness as mamma and papa.

Will some of the sisters please tell how they wash and press wool goods to keep from losing their shape?

Wishing COMFORT and its staff success, I am,

MRS. E. J. BULLOCK, Homer, Box 427, La.

Mrs. Bullock. Soap tree bark, sold by drugists is an excellent cleansing medium for woolen fabrics. The bark is soaked in the water taking the place of soap. Wash and rinse in tepid water. Select a fair day for the work, and when material is nearly dry with considerable care smooth each piece into shape on the ironing board. Don't twist or stretch, but smooth straight by both warp and filling, and keep the same idea in mind while pressing dry. Let others tell how they wash and press woolen goods.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I was reading in the March COMFORT in regard to a little baby girl to be given away with blue eyes, light hair, six months old, and has seven teeth.

I want to get a little girl and would give it a good home; no one but husband and I. Give me full particulars. Please let me hear from you.

MRS. A. BRADFORD, 2710 N. Warnock St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am now seeing a hard and very busy time, as my oldest child is only twelve years, but they are all bright and industrious children and save mammals many steps. I am never so busy but I can stop and read COMFORT when it comes, though often when I pick it up for a moment it is quite likely to be an hour.

I also find time to visit our school. I think parents and parents should do this for it encourages the teacher and pleases the children. We have just organized a county league, or district school league of which they elected me first vice president and my husband treasurer. We have just got started. We people in the hills of old Virginia have hard struggles for an education. Some of our children have upwards of two miles to go and over rough hills, but I am proud to say now that people are becoming more and more interested in education and taking an active interest in the advancement of what advantages we have.

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I am now seeing a hard and very busy time, as my oldest child is only twelve years, but they are all

Life. I like to raise poultry and flowers and make a garden, so when the snow is gone and the robins sing again I will go back to my mountain home. How many of you ever heard a lion scream? I heard one not long ago. I thought my heart would burst with fear, for I was alone and am not very brave. Since then lion tracks have been seen near my door. I am glad I was not at home for my windows are broad and low.

I would like to have Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie spend their vacation with me next summer, and if I could, all the poor shut-ins too. If they could only breathe the pure air, drink the cold water and look on the handiwork of God.

"Where the hand of man has never been,
Where the foot of man hath never trod."

with the bright sunlight and deep blue sky over all, their lives would not seem so dreary. There is room in my heart for sympathy to all in sickness and sorrow;

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

Porterfield station. I am very glad we live near a depot so I can go to town any time I wish. There are five chances a day to go down and back. I enjoy going to a young girl's house where there is a gathering of young folks, then we do have so much fun. This fall my mother was very ill. The work all depended on me. I had to do all the washing, scrubbing, baking and cooking. I can set a decent meal before the family. My mother taught me to work ever since I was old enough. Well Uncle I can assure you I was not brought up with chewing gum sitting in a fine easy chair with a morning gown and reading books.

Now for a description of myself. I am five feet seven inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Have brown eyes and hair. Well, Uncle I am getting very sleepy, it is getting late also.

Your niece,
MABEL L. SMITH.

Mabel, I am glad you get so much entertainment out of COMFORT, and I feel sure you will only be too happy to have an opportunity to contribute to that entertainment yourself. I think you are quite wise to stay home from a dance, if you could not attend the same without losing your nose, ears and feet. People in Augusta, Maine can put one over Wisconsin on the dance proposition. When people in Maine go to a dance in the winter-time they leave their nose, ears, feet and other anatomical bric-a-brac at home. You might try the experiment, Mabel. It is as you say quite interesting to live near a depot. It's nice to watch the engineer picking live stock off the cow catcher. You are lucky to live near a depot where you have five chances a day to get to town and five to get back. I live near a depot where we have five chances to get to town, but there are only about five chances to one of our ever getting back. Generally the police nab us when we get to town; or the train rolls off the track, and leaves us to fertilize the landscape; or the engineer goes to sleep when we are half way home, and hits us over the head with a monkey wrench if we try to wake him up; or maybe the engine runs out of coal, and the engineer has to walk back to town, to get a shovelful; sometimes the engine runs out of water, and we have to wait till it rains. You see it's a dry place where I live and water's scarce. Maybe too a tramp gets on the track and refuses to let the engine go past; or a cyclone deposits the train in the next state; or somebody lets their goat loose and it eats the track. From all of which you will gather that railroading has its disadvantages in this section. I am glad that you can set a decent meal before your family. It is not always easy to set a decent meal no matter how good a cook you may be. When tomatoes come to the table undressed on one plate, and pig's feet appear on another plate and start playing foot ball with the peas, and the salt gets too fresh, and the cheese starts on a pedestrian tour all round the table, while the sausage begins to wag its tail and bark, and the pitcher gives you its lip, and the pesky fly commits suicide in the milk, and the napkin is all wrapped up in itself, and the knife starts to cut up, and the bread is ill bred, well I can just tell you it's mighty hard to serve a decent meal under such circumstances. I congratulate you, Mabel, on being able to do it. I am glad to know, Mabel, that you were properly brought up. In your letter you say: "I was not brought up with chewing gum sitting in a fine easy chair with a morning gown and reading books." I am very glad to know that, for I feel confident that the chewing gum that sits in an easy chair in morning gown and reads books, would demoralize the best girl that ever lived. By the way I never saw any chewing gum that did stunts like that. That must be educated chewing gum all right, and I'd just give my life if I could see that chewing gum of yours garbed in a morning gown, reclining in an easy chair absorbed in the latest work of fiction. Now there's some class to chewing gum of that character, and if I knew where it could be bought I'd certainly get a ton of it. Of course associating with chewing gum, even of the educated and refined class is not elevating, for chewing gum is an invention of the devil. If girls knew how hideous they look when masticating this article, they would eschew the habit. We trust that Marinette is in good health; we all send our love to her and to you.

SPRING BROOK, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have never noticed anyone coming to you with just my trouble. I don't know what to do. My better half sits and smokes all the time and the smudge smarts my eyes, nose and lungs and makes my head ache, so that I almost long for death or divorce. But there is no divorce for a woman who discovers she has married a chimney instead of a man.

We are poor and we have to do without some of the necessities of life, and still be has money to burn. It is killing the baby to breathe his smoke. It is no use to plead with him, as he is so callous to any one's suffering, but his own, and if he is out of tobacco he is perfectly crazy. It's no use for me to go to COMFORT's Law Department or Cousin Marion, for advice and certainly the Etiquette or Veterinary Department can give me no help, so we look to Uncle Charlie for council and sympathy. God bless you for all the good you have done, and the many burdens you have lightened for others and help you to find relief for our class.

ONLY ONE OF MANY.

Every batch of mail I get has one or more letters from broken-hearted, unhappy women, who have had the misfortune to marry selfish, churlish, miserly, cantankerous, soulless clods. The letter I have printed is the mildest I could find, most of these letters being of such a heart-breaking character that I could not possibly publish them. Why any man calling himself human should want to murder another's happiness is beyond me. I can understand a married man falling in love with another woman, and a married woman falling in love with another man, and I can understand how, under the influence of an all-devouring passion, men and women will leave their homes, and all those dear to them, and while the madness lasts, be indifferent to honor, decency and right. I can't however, understand how a man who lives year after year with a good woman he has sworn to love and protect, the woman who has worked her fingers to the bone in his service, and who has given him her youth, good looks, strength, health and every atom of love and devotion that her big soul and sympathetic heart can put forth, could deliberately and malevolently go to work, and break down that woman's spirit, destroy her health and her happiness by every petty, fiendish, satanic device that his churlish, diabolical mind can invent. Incredible as it may seem, there are thousands of men in this country today who are doing just this very thing, and the poor heart-broken wives do not know which way to turn for relief. In most cases these poor souls in spite of abuse, ill usage and neglect still love the churls who delight in making their lives unbearable, for a woman's love is not for a day but for all time. It is not as in man's case, a thing apart, but her whole existence. She is not only denied the love she craves, the love for which her heart yearns and hungers, and without which life is not worth the living, but every petty and contemptible device is resorted to to make her life miserable and unbearable. You have seen a boy catch a fly and pull out its legs one by one, then tear out its wings and watch with glee and delight, the way the legless, wingless trunk wiggles. Well that is just what thousands of men are doing today. They don't tear a woman's arms and limbs apart, they are too cowardly to run the risk of coming in contact with the law. Instead, however like Apache Indians, they rend and tear a woman's heart and soul to pieces. Bit by bit they jab the iron into her soul and smile with delight as they watch her agonies. Having no finer feelings, no sympathy, no pity, no love for anything or anyone but self, they do not think they are doing anything out of the way, for breaking a woman's heart is only pastime to them, a pastime out of which they get the keenest pleasure and delight. Not all men have tiny feelings, not all men are brutes. Thank God

there are noble men as there are noble women, but take them as a class the majority of men never really understand or take the trouble to understand a woman's nature. A woman is a wonderful and complex organism, far more so than man. In the soul of a woman there are depths of love, pity, sympathy and devotion which can never be fathomed. They are as deep and limitless as space. Man as a rule is grossly material. The warp and woof of his being is of coarse fiber, while that of woman is of exquisite texture, for where man is material, she is spiritual. The majority of women learn to understand men and understand them thoroughly, but few men know anything about a woman, and the pity of it is, few of them care to know anything, and that is where they miss all that is beautiful and glorious in life. A real woman is like a Stradivarius violin. Few even know how to handle this wondrous instrument. The average man who touches it cannot even produce the faintest strain of melody, but ah, when the master hand comes and lovingly places the violin to his shoulder, runs his hands caressingly over the strings, and draws the magic bow across them, then the violin sends forth glorious music, melodies and harmonies that rise and fall caressingly and soothingly in a cadence that is divine. It is the same with the heart of a woman. Man is woman's superior only in brute strength. Spiritually she gazes down upon him from divine heights. Materialistic man marries that he may have a cook and a housekeeper, and carrying his heart in his stomach (and that's where most male hearts are) and mistaking passion, which is soon satiated for love, never understands, or tries to understand the complex organism of the wonderful nature that is linked with his. Like the violin I spoke of just now, to all but the master hand, to all but the hand that is inspired by a pure, selfish and kingly love, the heart and soul of woman, hungry and yearning for an opportunity to send forth those divine harmonies that are capable of making even a desert a paradise, and that have ever been the inspiration of all the noblest and greatest deeds that have been done by mankind upon earth, remain silent and finding no outlet for the divine emotions within her, the great heart breaks upon the bitter rock of disappointment and neglect. The songs that might have been sung, the ardent words of love that might have been spoken, the wondrous light that longed to flash in eager eyes the transports of a soul thrilled with delight, wither, vanish and die, and the world is immeasurably poorer and the race suffers in consequence, and the churlish clod recks not of what he has lost, and God in His Heaven grieves, that the life He created so full of beauty should have gone down to the dust without carrying out the mission of joy and gladness He had ordained for it. Ah, you men, you who saturate yourself with tobacco smoke, defile your body with liquor and make your breath reek with tobacco juice and stale beer; you who nurse a dog and tell a devoted wife (I have many instances of this kind reported to me) that you prefer a dog's society to a woman's; you who treat a woman worse than a horse, you who even strike the mother of your children, indifferent to the fact that the blow will probably cause cancer and the cancer will cause death, you misers and niggardly churls who use your wife as a wageless slave and deprive her of every comfort and happiness that her heart craves, how much better are you than the animals with which you daily associate? Poor fools that you are, you cast aside the precious treasures that might be yours and which you are too ignorant and brutish to appreciate and grasp. You ought never to have been allowed the precious privilege of a woman's society, love and devotion. No woman should have been allowed to have sacrificed herself upon the altar of your selfishness, ignorance and cruelty. What right have you to murder the happiness of others, to break hearts and ruin lives? If you wanted a dog for a wife, why didn't you marry a dog? If you wanted tobacco for a wife, why didn't you marry a pipe? If you wanted a cook why didn't you marry a Chinaman, or hire out in a restaurant as a waiter? If you wanted a slave why didn't you go to the jungles of Africa? None of you churlish joy killers had any right to marry a woman, and I tell you and I tell you right to your teeth that you men who maliciously and in cold blood break the hearts of your wives by your cruelty and pettiness, insidious, fiendish tyrannies, are nothing but red-handed murderers, and ought to go with other murderers to the electric chair, or to solitary confinement in a dungeon cell for life. There ought to be a society for the prevention of cruelty to wives as well as to animals. There is a court of domestic relations in the City of New York and it does great work. There ought to be a number of such courts in every state, but above all we want a school for would-be husbands and wives. Men should be taught something about women, and women should be taught a great deal about men. This would prevent a woman from thinking she was marrying a hero when she was only marrying a slave driver and a muttonhead, and this also would prevent a man from thinking he was marrying a mule and a horse, when he was in reality marrying God's most perfect creation—a tender, loving, noble, self-sacrificing woman. Every good husband, every real man will bless me for what I have written; every tyrannic churl, every bad husband will curse me. I shall take the cusses as compliments.

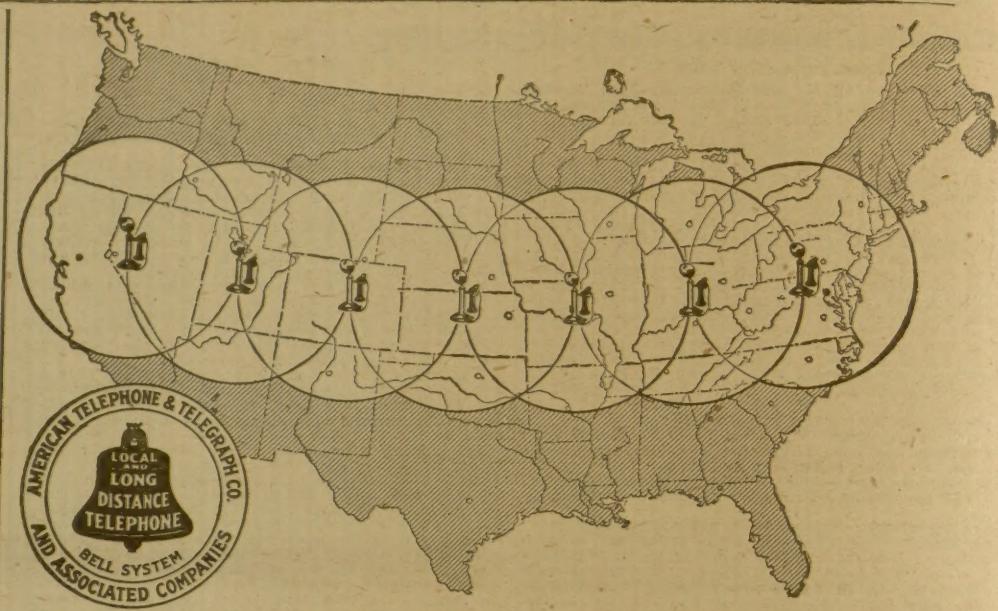
DODGE, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been studying and hunting for something for you for a Christmas present but can't find anything that I think would be of service to you. Anything that you could use in bed. I am so sorry for I wanted to send you something to show you that I was thinking of you. You will have to take the will for the deed. Wishing you a Happy New Year,

ERIE BURROSS.

Dodge, Texas, what an absurd name, just as if there was anybody on earth who would want to dodge Texas, and just as if anybody could dodge it, if the screws ever gave way and it got flying around loose. The man or woman who would want to dodge Texas simply don't know good thing when they see it, and ought to be in a padded cell in the nutty house. Willie Goatlets says that it would be wise to dodge a certain portion of Texas just now where they have an epidemic of spinal McGinnis' raging. I believe William means spinal meningitis. Effe, it was awfully sweet of you to have worried your dear little head over me at Christmas time. It is too bad all your studying and hunting should have been so fruitless. I know you were heartbroken when you found there was nothing that you thought suitable for a gift for me, but oh, child, why didn't you keep it to yourself, for now you have told me, I am heartbroken too. That reminds me that once I owed a friend of mine five dollars. One night I just couldn't sleep thinking of that miserable five dollars, which I knew I could not repay. Finding sleep was out of the question, I put on my duds, and walked round to the house of the friend, to whom I owed the money. I rang the bell half-a-dozen times and finally my friend Mike's face appeared at the window. Mike of course wanted to know what I meant by ringing him up at that unearthly hour. "Mike," I said, "I just had to come and ring you up. I couldn't sleep for thinking of that money I owed you, and I just had to come around and tell you that I'll never be able to pay it." Then Mike said: "Why didn't you stay in bed you darned chump, now I won't be able to sleep either." So you see, Effe, if you had only kept quiet, my life would have had one less burden. It's strange, however, that you could not have thought of some things that would have been useful to me to have used in bed. I'm afraid my dear, that you lack imagination and possibly have an idea that because a man's in bed he can't use anything. Now I could have



The Chain of Communication

EACH Bell Telephone is the center of the system. This system may be any size or any shape, with lines radiating from any subscriber's telephone, like the spokes of a wheel, to the limits of the subscriber's requirements, whether ten miles or a thousand.

Somewhere on the edge of this subscriber's radius is another who requires a radius of lines stretching still further away. On the edge of this second subscriber's radius is still a third, whose requirements mean a further extension of the lines, and so on.

This endless chain of systems may be illustrated by a series of overlapping circles. Each additional subscriber becomes a new center with an extended

radius of communication, reaching other subscribers.

However small the step-by-step extension from neighbor to neighbor must continue across the continent without a stopping place, until the requirements of every individual have been met.

There can be no limit to the extension of telephone lines until the whole country is covered. There can be no limit to the system of which each Bell telephone is the center, up to the greatest distance that talk can be carried.

Because these are the fundamental needs of a nation of telephone users, the Bell System must provide universal service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

used very nicely a ten thousand dollar bill. Why didn't you send me a bunch of them? A man in bed has more expenses than when he is on his feet, remember that. You might have bought me a brand new set of false teeth, the ones I have borrowed from a lady next door. She loans them to me after she gets through her meals. The only trouble is, sometimes we both want to eat at the same time, and then we shake dice to see who shall use them first, or else we divide, and she lets me have one half while she has the other. You might have presented me with a foot ball, a base ball outfit, a pair of skates and a motor tricycle—they are all fine things to use in bed. I could also have used a night cap, hair restorer, a lawn mower to shave with, and you could have sent me a Texas steer so that I could have had plenty of milk. Billy's having a fit in the corner, and says it's very evident I was never brought up in the country. You might have sent me a bushel of lullabies that Billy could have sung to me when I was making a desperate effort to break into dreamland. Best of all you might have sent me a carload of love and kisses, and if you had I would gladly have paid the freight. There is no better gift for a man in bed than that, providing of course, he can get credit for meat and groceries. I hope when next Christmas comes, Effe, that Dodge, Texas, won't dodge me, and you will see that Santa Claus has his back loaded with presents all dressed to my chicken coop.

858 Collins Ave., PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
My name is John Cooke and I wish to send you a short letter. I had a very Merry Christmas and I wish you one too. I want to make friends with you by this letter. My aunt is one of the great singers known as Mrs. Riheldoffer. My best presents for Christmas was a watch a fountain pen which I am writing with a pencil box with a lot of five cent pencils, a pen, an eraser, a pencil sharpener and a lot of pen points. Don't be alarmed at my writing cause I am writing rather fast. I was in one piece at our school entertainment. I read your Coxcomb and like it very well and am glad to have the pleasure of writing you a letter. Please answer this letter. With kindness, yours truly, JOHN COOKE.

I am glad your name is Cooke, Johnny. Cook always suggests eating to me. Good cooks are scarce. I hope, John, you are a good Cook. That's very sweet of you to wish me a Merry Christmas about five months after it is over. Well, better late than never. You say your aunt is one of the great singers, known as Mrs. Riheldoffer. Which one of the Riheldoffer singers is she? If you don't tell us which one, how are

we to know? From your statement John, I can only infer that there are a large number of great singers known as Mrs. Riheldoffer. How is it that all these singers are taking the name of Riheldoffer. It seems to me they would have selected an easier name to pronounce. I can't pronounce it anyway, I have to whistle it. Billy the Goat has just butted in, and says that I am a great big boob and what you meant to say isn't what you said. Now that's a kind of a cute remark for a goat isn't it? Billy says what you intended to say was that your aunt's name is Mrs. Riheldoffer and that she was some in the singing line. Always make your sentences clear, John, even if you have to sentence a man to ten years' imprisonment; make your sentence clear so he won't think it's ten day instead of ten years. You certainly had some dandy Christmas presents. I wish he had been as well remembered as you were. I'd want Christmas day to come every night. I can't understand though about one of your presents, "A fountain pen which I am writing with a pencil box." However do you manage to use a fountain pen with a pencil box? That must be an awful mix up. Now just a little comma after with, and the omission of the period after box, and you wouldn't have to do your correspondence with a pencil box. I won't be alarmed at your writing fast, and I might as well tell you I am never alarmed at anything. I've only been alarmed twice in my life, oh, yes, three times. The first time was when I swallowed an alarm clock, and the alarm went off inside me. The next time was when the man I was working for raised my salary from ten dollars to nine seventy-five a week. The third, however, was the climax. I was waiting for a train one day in the Grand Central Depot, New York. A lady asked me to mind her baby and six duds while she went out and did a little shopping. The lady never came back, and the kids all insisted on calling me "Pop." Bet your life I was some alarmed then. I am glad to know you were in one piece at your school entertainment. I don't think any boy ought to be in more than one piece. I know a boy who smoked a cigarette while sitting on a stick of dynamite, and he was in several pieces before he got through, and I've always thought since then that it's much healthier and pleasanter for a boy to be in one piece than several. From the fact that you inform us that you were in one piece at your school entertainment leads us to infer that there are times when you are in more than one piece. You might let us know, John, when you are in the habit of dividing up. I am always glad to be on hand

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

WANTED-RIDER AGENTS in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1912 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write at once for full particulars and special offer.

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MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. K-3, CHICAGO, ILL.

Things the MODERN FARMER must know to MAKE THE FARM PAY

This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Dollars in Dairying

IN Wisconsin where much attention has been paid to the improvement of dairy cows and methods of feeding and management the average yearly butter production is not more than 175 pounds per cow. It should be at least 350 pounds. It might be added that thousands of farm cows throughout the country do not produce even 175 pounds of butter in a year, although they eat as much feed as profitable cows and demand a similar amount of time in care and management.

For profitable butter production two requisites are absolutely indispensable. The first is high grade or pure bred cows that by nature and breeding give a large quantity of milk containing a high percentage of butter fat. The second is good feed and care. And one is as essential as the other. For although there is a vast difference in cows, some naturally producing many times as much butter as others on the same feed, provided the feed is of the proper kind and quantity, still the best cow cannot be expected to give a large yield on poor or insufficient food; neither will the scrub cow. Neither of them will pay without proper care and feed. But the all-important point is that it is not in the scrub cow to give a profitable yield of butter however well you feed and care for her.

The Possibilities in Butter Production

To show the actual possibilities of butter production by the most highly developed cows, properly fed and managed, we give the following statistics of a single year's production by a few cows that at present lead the world. The figures which we have given above concerning ordinary cows refer to marketable butter product while those given in these world records below refer to the actual butter fat produced, and for the purpose of comparison the latter should be increased about one sixth, because marketable butter contains a considerable portion of water and other substances from the cream besides butter fat. In other words a pound of pure butter fat is equivalent to about one pound and one sixth of butter, and in the ordinary process of butter making produces that amount of marketable butter. The world's records today are:

Holstein: Pontiac Clothilde's DeKoo 2nd, No. 69991 in one year produced 25,318.0 pounds of milk, testing 4.02 per cent, butter fat and producing a total of 1017.28 pounds of butter fat.

Bred by Eastern Michigan Asylum. Pontiac, Mich., owner, Stevens Bros., Liverpool, N. Y.

Holstein: Colantha 4th's Johanna, bred and owned by W. J. Gillett, Rosendale, Wis. Year's record: Milk, 27,432.5 pounds; butter fat, 998.176 pounds.

Jersey: Jacoba Irene, owned by A. O. Auten, Jerseyville, Ill. Year's record: Milk, 17,253.2 pounds; butter fat, 5.53 per cent, total butter fat, 954.1 pounds.

Guernsey: Dolly Dimple, owned by L. Lathrop, Ames, N. Easton, Mass. Milk, 18,461.0; 4.91 per cent, butter fat; 907.04 pounds total butter fat.

Guernsey: Yeksa Sunbeam, owned by Hendale Farm, Athens, Wis.; milk, 14,920.8 pounds; 857.16 total butter fat.

The above records are official, having been conducted under the supervision of the Agricultural Experiment stations of the states in which the cows are owned.

While it is not to be expected that these high records can be equalled on the ordinary dairy farm we have no hesitation in affirming that every dairy cow should produce at least 300 pounds of marketable butter, and every dairy farmer by breeding, selection, proper feeding, management and testing cows, can bring his cows up to that average in a comparatively few years and at small expense.

Many cows do not produce butter enough to pay their board. No farmer can afford to keep such a cow.

Do you know how much butter each of your cows produces? If this is not known you are apt to be feeding at a loss. A Wisconsin three-year-old grade dairy cow produced 769 pounds of butter in one year at a cost of \$75.32 for feed, leaving a profit of about \$128 on her yearly production.

To double the average butter production of your cows, and this can and should be done, it will be necessary to get rid of all low test, scrub cows, retain the better cows, mate them with a pure bred dairy breed bull, retain the female offspring and continue to grade up steadily by using a pure bred bull, year after year, of the same breed used at the start. But this is not enough, one has also to feed well.

We asked farmer if it would not be a good idea for him to replace his poor, scrub cows with a lot of good cows and his surprising answer was "No, to tell the honest truth, good cows would not stand the poor care I give my cattle." Further inquiry brought out the fact that he pastured his cows on poor grass during summer and fed nothing but hay in winter. Properly fed cows require daily one pound of grain for every three pounds of milk produced, from 25 to 40 pounds of corn sludge and what clover or Alfalfa hay they will eat. They should not be expected to do well and prove profitable if fed swale hay, acid corn fodder and oat straw. In winter cows have to be well housed in light, ventilated stables and the water they drink two or three times a day should not be colder than that from a deep well. Cows need daily grooming as much as do horses and pay better for good care. In summer do not turn onto grass too soon. Provide an abundance of fresh water at all times and see that the cows have adequate shade. On poor pasture feed green stuffs like rye, oats, peas and oats, green corn fodder and other available feed. Do not leave cows on bare, unsheltered pasture for flies to torment. Food and milk regularly. Breed heifers to drop their first calves at 24 to 30 months of age. Give cows six to eight weeks' rest before calving. Test the cows and know what it costs to feed each one and what she pays back for feed and care. To do all this makes you a modern, intelligent dairyman and you should belong to a dairy cattle breeders' association, a cow testing association and every organization that will help to keep you informed and up to date in the care and management of dairy cows.

The Sow at Farrowing Time

The losses of sows and pigs at farrowing time are many and disastrous, but happily most of them can be prevented. Overfeeding and lack of exercise cause a majority of the losses. Many owners seem to think that if a pregnant sow gets all the corn she can "hog," and a comfortable bed in a warm barn she needs nothing further to insure safe and profitable pigging. Such men waste feed and kill sows and pigs. Many of the most successful hogmen feed brood sows during winter on Alfalfa hay, and roots. They give no corn or other rich grain and when farrowing time arrives the sows have an easy time, have plenty of milk for their pigs, are not cross or nervous and make kind mothers. Stuffing brood sows on corn and restricting exercise causes sluggishness, constipation, crossness and nervousness. Sows thus abused have weak puny pigs, or the pigs come dead and the sow may die. Such sows may not give enough milk for their pigs, or the milk they yield may not agree with the pigs and they scour and die. At farrowing time feed sparingly. Give a light bran mash the first 24 hours. Increase the feed gradually during the first two weeks, then feed liberally. The following rations are recommended for nursing sows: 32 parts each of corn-meal, ground oats and wheat middlings and 4 parts of oil meal, or 46 parts each of corn-meal and wheat middlings and 8 parts of oil meal. Feed as a thick slop. If skim-milk is available, feed it as one half the liquid part of the ration. Do not cook slop, separate freshly bedded pens for farrowing sows. Bedding should be as free from dust as possible. Dust causes cough and may cause fatal pneumonia in little pigs. Unless absolutely necessary do not handle or disturb sows at farrowing time. Castrate the pigs at four to six weeks of age.

Growing and Fattening Rations for Swine

Wean pigs at 8 to 10 weeks of age by separating them from their mothers and allowing them to suck but once a day for 5 or 6 days. Grow the young pigs on pasture and mixed grain ration. Blue grass pasture in early spring, second growth clover, or rape, are valuable forages for pigs. When pigs are weaned and on pasture, they should be fed the same grain ration as given their mothers during the nursing period. When pigs are to be fattened for market, feed corn liberally in addition to one of the following rations prescribed by the Wisconsin Experiment Station: 32 parts each of corn meal, wheat middlings and ground oats and 4 parts of oil meal. (2) 30 parts each of corn meal, wheat middlings and ground oats and 10 parts of tankage; (3) 48 parts each of wheat middlings and corn-meal and 10 parts of oil meal; (4) 45 parts wheat middlings and corn-meal and 10 parts tankage. Feed these rations in forming a thick slop, one half of which may be skim-milk. One pound of salt should be thoroughly mixed with each 100 pounds of feed. Keep the hog house and feeding utensils clean. Disinfect the floors and utensils occasionally with a 3 per cent. solution of coal tar disinfectant. Whitewash the inside of hog house and pens at least once a year. Cement feeding floors keep animals clean and sanitary and save feed.

Soil Fertility

Nothing else is so important to the farmer as the fertility of his soil because all his other lines of work are absolutely dependent upon it. It is therefore necessary that he study his crop and his yield carefully as the years go by. If he finds that his yield per acre is decreasing year after year he should give heed to this warning. It is an inevitable sign that the fertility of his soil is being exhausted.

There are four substances, anyone or all of which may be used. These are nitrogen, phosphorus, potash and lime. The plant will usually tell by its appearance and behavior just what one of these is most needed. The only way to be absolutely certain, however, is to run a field test using these fertilizers on small plots.

An abundance of nitrogen is needed for leaf growth. When stalks grow well and leaves flourish and are dark green in color nitrogen is present in sufficient quantity. But if the plants are small and sickly with pale yellow leaves, then the plant is undoubtedly asking for more nitrogen.

Phosphorus is used in large quantities in the production of seed. When corn does not ear well and the seeds of small grains are undeveloped and shrunk, these may be taken as signs that the plants need phosphorus.

Potash is especially essential to the development of fruits, vegetables and root crops. When these crops make unsatisfactory growth, are of low yield and poorly developed, set these things down as signs that potash is needed.

Lime, however, is not so much of a fertilizer as a corrective of acidity. Continued cropping of clay lands usually makes them sour. Wet sandy lands are often sour and newly drained marsh soils are frequently found to be acid.

There are certain weeds that thrive on acid soils. Sour weeds like "sheep" sorrel and "horse" sorrel, or any of the sorrels, are pretty sure indications of an acid condition of the soils on which they grow. Acidity can be easily detected by the use of blue litmus paper. Make a slit in moist soil with the blade of a knife, insert in this slit a strip of blue litmus paper and press the soil up against it. Remove after five minutes and if the blue litmus has turned red then the soil is surely sour.

In such a case lime is needed and should be applied especially if Alfalfa or clover are intended to be grown on this soil because these plants cannot thrive in sour soils.

By numerous experiments barnyard manure has been proven to be the best fertilizer to use, but where manure is not easily and plentifully obtainable then special commercial fertilizers containing the needed elements in the soil should be applied.

The Dust Mulch

What is a dust mulch? Simply a layer of dry soil spread over a cultivated field? What is its use? It acts as a blanket to prevent the evaporation of moisture, hence it is particularly valuable in arid regions and in times of drought. We all know that if we keep a kettle of boiling water covered that it will not "boil away," as we say, but if we remove the cover rapid evapo-

ration takes place. The dust mulch is the cover that keeps the water from evaporating from the soil. The soil is always moist underneath boards that happen to lie flat on its surface, no matter how dry the time. This is because the boards have prevented the evaporation of moisture that has been drawn to the surface by capillary action. Capillarity is the force that causes oil to rise in the wick of an oil lamp. Now, if we stir the surface soil very frequently by cultivation it will soon become dried out and form a layer of dust that will prevent the escape of moisture from the soil in exactly the same way as a board will do it. This is exactly what we should do when there is the least danger of crops suffering from lack of moisture.

Don't be afraid to cultivate and cultivate frequently, but not too deep. Three or four inches is enough. You cannot possibly cultivate too often. Keep at it. Form a dust mulch and then the upward moving streams of moisture cannot escape through this blanket of dust but can be drawn up through the plant where they should go carrying with them the necessary plant food and promoting its growth. The formation of a dust mulch is the first essential in dry farming.

Deep Plowing

There are many advantages to be gained from deep plowing, chief among which is the preparation of a layer of soil in which it is easy for the plant roots to strike deep and thus get a more abundant food and moisture supply. Deep plowing encourages root development, and a strong deep root system fortifies a plant against drought. It also makes available a much larger food supply. It is necessary for the soil to be acted upon by the elements,—the surface water, the frost, the air, and the gases contained in the air in order to make its food supply available. This process is called "weathering" and is the chief factor to be considered when deepening the layer of cultivated soil. Now the necessity of this weathering process must be clearly recognized or else the farmer may do positive damage to his soil and his growing crops by deep plowing. If this layer of new soil is turned up on the surface and the ground prepared and seeded immediately after plowing, the crop will likely be much reduced if it is not a complete failure. This is especially true of heavy clay soils. Such soils should be deep plowed in the fall and the furrow slice turned up on edge, not over, so that the rain, snow and frost can get at it and break it down. Then in the spring before seeding or planting this land should be thoroughly disked and harrowed so that the top and deep soil will be thoroughly worked together. By following this method with clay soils, little or no damage will result to the crop the first year, and subsequent crops will be very greatly benefited. Another method is to deepen the furrow gradually from year to year by a half inch or inch until a depth of ten inches or more of plowed soil is obtained. Good loam and sandy soils may be deepened with less care, though it is a good plan always to keep in mind the necessity of winter weathering when increasing the depth of plowing.

The Concrete or the Stave Silo, Which?

During the coming summer season farmers will build many silos and each one will be called upon to decide upon the kind of material he will use, whether it be wood, stone, brick or concrete. In general this matter should be settled on the basis of relative cost and permanency, since it is clearly demonstrated that there is little if any difference in the character of the silage or its keeping qualities when stored in any of the above kinds of silos. The great demand for silos has brought into the commercial field a large number of men each of whom is engaged in selling some particular make of silo. Just now the competition is fiercest between the stave and the concrete silo and a word on the relative merits of these two kinds of silos may not be out of place here. If properly built both keep silage equally well. Under similar conditions silage kept in both kinds of silos freezes to the same extent. Both require the same amount of work to fill them. Hence the difference does not lie in the silage kept in them as many contend. What then is the difference?

First,—the cost. Where lumber is scarce and sand and gravel abundant the concrete silo is probably the cheaper one to build, but where sand and crushed stone must be transported long distances the reverse is true.

Second,—the skill required to build. It requires more skill and information to build a good concrete silo than it does to build one of staves.

Third,—the time and labor necessary to build. A stave silo can be built with much less labor and in much less time.

Fourth,—durability. The stave silo needs frequent attention to painting, shrinking and tightening the hoops, while the concrete silo needs only to be whitewashed on the inside occasionally. The stave silo may burn,—the concrete silo cannot burn. The stave silo may blow down,—wind storms can have no effect on a concrete silo. The stave silo is perishable and must be replaced sooner or later,—concrete is indestructible. With these factors in mind, "pay your money and take your choice."

Questions and Answers

PEACH TREE BORERS.—Can you give me a remedy for peach tree borers? They are a great nuisance here. I have some fine trees and want to save them if I can.

O. B. HESTER, Stephenville, Texas.

A.—The peach tree borer (*Sannioidea edicta*, say) is a yellowish white borer attaining the length of about one inch, boring beneath the bark of the lower trunk, crown and larger roots. (2) The peach twig borer (*Acanthia linearata*) has a small brown larva with black head and it eats into the buds and destroys them. It also eats into the new shoots and causes them to wilt and die. Many of the second brood eat into the peaches, ruining them for market. Treat (1) by carefully examining trees every fall and remove borers with the aid of the pocket-knife. Some of them will be found about the crown of the roots. A gummy exudate on the bark denotes presence of the borer. Shield the trunks with stout paper or bark from the first of June to first of August, to prevent egg laying. Prefer the paper screen. For (2), spray early in spring, just before buds open, with lime and sulphur wash.

TESTING CREAM.—Please inform me how to test cream to find the percentage of butter fat.

M. W. R., Parkersburg, Ore.

A.—For such work one has to have a Babcock testing apparatus and know how to make the test. This may be learned from any book on the subject. A good book is that on milk testing by Wolf and Farrington of the Experiment Station of Wisconsin at Madison. Dairy supply people also sell a cream testing long-necked bottle, which sometimes is employed, but they are expensive and not perfectly satisfactory to anyone but a trained expert. The Babcock test is preferable.

WHITE CORN FOR WHITE CHICKS.—Will feeding yellow corn to white chickens cause "creamy" feathers?

J. H., Ohio.

A.—We do not know that this question has ever been put to a scientific test but it is a fact that poultry judges frequently criticize the white breeds of chickens that have been fed on yellow corn on account of "creamy" feathers. There is good reason for believing that the yellow pigment which gives color to the corn will also influence the color of the feathers. Our advice is not to feed yellow corn to white chickens that are being fitter for show.

BEST KIND OF DRAIN TILE.—Must porous tile always be used for tile drainage or can glazed tile be used with good results?

R. F., Ind.

A.—It is probably best to use porous tile because they are the cheapest. It is erroneous to suppose, however, that water enters the tile drain by percolation through the walls of the tile. Very little if any enters in this way. The tiles are not fitted together and water enters at the open places between the joints. The joints of glazed tile are less open than ordinary clay tile and for this reason the porous tile will be likely to give better satisfaction, as well as being much cheaper.

DISINFECTANTS.—Will you kindly give me a formula



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for making a good disinfectant to use for destroying disease germs?

E. B. C., Pa.

A.—There are many kinds of disinfectants and many uses for them, some for disinfecting barns and stables, others for poultry houses, others for rooms in the home, others for cleansing wounds and still others for laundry and wearing apparel. If you desire to write for this specific thing, which you desire to use, this one best suited to your needs. In general we use, wherever possible, boiling water for clothing, peroxide of hydrogen for wounds, formaldehyde gas for living room, and corrosive sublimate for barns and outbuildings, and when a large quantity is necessary some of the cheaper coal oil preparations.

TUBERCULIN TEST FOR CATTLE.—In applying the tuberculin test to cattle how many temperatures should be taken and what rise in temperature is considered positive reaction?

R. L. Wis.

A.—At least three temperatures must be taken before injection. Intervals of two hours in order to get the normal temperature of the animal. Then, again, beginning from eight to ten hours after injection take at least five temperatures at intervals of two hours. A rise of two degrees above the highest normal is considered evidence of the disease. However, this rise should be gradual and gradually subside, reaching normal again in about twenty-four hours after injection. Continue taking temperatures at intervals of two hours until the animal's temperature has reached normal. The temperature record should be interpreted by an experienced

A Two-Edged Deception

By R. H. Rhone

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TIME hung heavily on Miller's hands, and he sought to kill it by watching the numerous occupants of the great office building of which he was a humble tenant.

Law was his chosen profession, but as yet no one had employed him as their representative to take care of their legal work. Miller chafed at his enforced idleness, and often wondered if he had not, after all, missed his calling.

The single window of his office looked out on a court, surrounding which were suites of offices occupied by corporations representing millions of dollars in the industrial world. Anyone of these could furnish more legal work than a dozen young lawyers could attend to; but there seemed to be no way to introduce his talent to those powerful aggregations of wealth.

On the eighth floor a large suite was occupied by Sidney Barnes—banker, broker and financier. Miller looked down upon these rooms and from his office window he could see everything that transpired in the banker's private office.

It was a pleasant June day when Miller watched by his window, drumming on the sill, and wondering if his first case would come that day. Suddenly he craned his head sideways out the window and exclaimed under his breath:

"Hello—Barnes has another stenographer. That's the fourth so far in three weeks. He must be hard to suit." When she removed her hat and gloves, Miller could see that she was pretty.

"Too young and pretty for that old bear," he reflected. "Now, if business was such that I could afford a girl like that in my office—gracious, I'd lose my head, I'm afraid."

With fascinated eyes he watched the new stenographer take her position at the machine. This was close to the window, so that her profile could be distinctly seen by him. When Barnes took his place near the girl and began to dictate letters, Miller felt a rush of jealousy.

For two solid hours the banker dictated, and Miller watched the golden head bent over her pad. Then with a sigh the girl threw down her pencil, and Miller ground his teeth.

"The old curmudgeon has no mercy on her," he muttered. "It's enough to kill any girl to take dictation like that."

The afternoon was spent in copying her notes, and Miller, still clientless, passed the time in reading and watching the figure in the window below. Late in the afternoon the letters were finished and the crusty old banker started to sign them.

Suddenly there was trouble. The old man's face darkened, and he spoke sharply and loud enough to be heard on the tenth floor.

"They're all wrong," he was saying. "You didn't get my meaning at all. Why, you're not fitted for this work. No man would give you a dollar a week. Earn your living? You couldn't earn your salt."

Then he gathered up the letters and tearing them in pieces, threw them in the waste-basket.

"The old crab," exclaimed Miller aloud. "I'd like to—"

As he watched through the window, the banker put on his hat and hurriedly left the room. When the door closed behind him the golden head was bowed, and Miller could see that she was crying.

That settled it with Miller. He jumped up and grabbed his hat.

"I'll take her myself," he exclaimed. "That old bear won't have the chance to browbeat her again."

Brown two flights of stairs he hurried, and before he really knew what he was going to say he was knocking at the private office of Sidney Barnes.

A gentle musical voice bade him enter. He stepped inside to face the vision of his day-dreams.

"I beg pardon," he stammered, uncertain what to say now that he was before her. "Mr. Barnes is not in, I see."

"No, he's just gone out," was the quiet answer. "He will be back at five. Shall I take a message for him?"

"No, I think not. I'll step in again. The fact is, I'm looking for a stenographer and I thought perhaps Mr. Barnes could help me. He's a friend of mine"—a deliberate falsehood—"and I thought—now, well—"

He stepped nearer the girl and finished with his eyes fixed on the face that still showed signs of recent tears.

"Now, you might suggest someone to me. Haven't you some friends that you could recommend?"

"No, I don't know of any," she answered sweetly. "I'm sorry that—"

Here was an opportunity, and Miller seized it.

"Then perhaps you would like to change your position—"

"I thought you said Mr. Barnes was your friend," she interrupted. "I did not know it was quite honorable to—"

"Oh, don't misunderstand me," he hastened to say. "I was merely offering you the position, in case you decided to leave. Mr. Barnes has turned away three good stenographers in the last three weeks, any one of which would suit me. So I thought I would put in my application, in case you decided to change your position."

This explanation satisfied the girl. She raised her eyes and frankly interrogated him. Miller answered her queries promptly.

"I have a law office on the tenth floor. My name is Paul Miller—good family, but poor-ambitious, but with a small and growing practice. I pay twelve dollars a week—hours from nine till three."

When he had finished, she replied firmly:

"Then I'll accept the place. I'll come tomorrow morning. Mr. Barnes will not miss me."

The dawning of the morrow impressed Miller with a new sense of life's responsibilities. His expenses were now increased and his first case was still to appear.

But he was optimistic by temperament and walked jauntily down to his office. It was only when he entered and saw the vision of golden hair that he lost his jaunty manner. For the first time the question came to his mind: "What could be given her to do?"

Spurred by necessity, Miller now showed his resourcefulness. For half an hour he dictated important letters to fictitious clients. There was not an important case in court which he did not at least refer to incidentally in his correspondence.

Finally he halted and said: "There, that will be sufficient for one day. I'm afraid I've given you too much work. If so, leave some of the letters for tomorrow."

"Oh, no, I must earn my twelve dollars. I'll write them all today."

He moved his chair up to his desk at a certain angle where he could watch her profile. For three hours she ticked away on the typewriter and Miller furtively gazed at her and read law.

When she had finished the correspondence, he pushed the letters aside, saying: "I'll sign them—"

"But the envelopes are not directed yet," she replied.

"Oh, well for that matter," stammered Miller. "I can do it when you're gone. The fact is, I am out of stamps and envelopes. I'll walk around to the post-office and buy some when you go."

A walk in the outdoor air by her side was exhilarating exercise. When they parted at the post-office, he forgot to purchase stamps and en-

velopes, but instead continued his walk and finally returned to his office.

"Those letters must be destroyed," he muttered grimly, "or they'll get me into trouble."

There was an open grate in his room. In that he deposited the letters, and as the flames licked them up, a spasm of pain shot through him. With the legal business which those letters indicated, he would be in position to face the world and ask another to share life with him.

"Something must be done," he said. "I can't keep this farce up forever. I must either find clients, or tell her all and ask her to marry me. But I'll get my client first."

Thereafter Miller dictated several fictitious letters every morning; but none were sent through the mails. He was kept busy inventing excuses for attending to his own posting. They were always short of stamps, or he was anxious to take the letters home to look over them again before posting.

Two weeks later Miller burst into his office, his emotions bubbling over in words that seemed somewhat incoherent.

"I've got my client at last. Why Miss Bell, it will—" Then he stopped short. Miss Bell was looking at him with a face suffused with tears.

"Why—why—what's the matter?" stammered Miller.

She rose from her seat and answered with dignity: "Yes, there is something wrong. You have been deceiving me."

Taken back by this accusation, Miller showed his guilt in his face, and could only falter: "But I intended to explain all. I—I—"

"It isn't necessary," she answered haughtily picking up her gloves and pulling them on. "I'm going to leave at once. I knew all, when I found those half burnt letters. I did not think you were so mean. If I couldn't do the work satisfactorily, you might have told me. It wouldn't have hurt half as much as—as this. I am not a child to be treated so."

Miller looked puzzled; then, after a glance at the grate, he began to understand.

"You are mistaken, Miss Bell, in thinking that your letters were not correct and satisfactory. They were neatly done. But—but they were fictitious on my part. I made them up to kill time, and keep you busy. That is why I burnt them every night."

"You mean that—that—"

"Yes," he interrupted, "that I haven't had a client until today and that I had no need of a stenographer."

"Then why did you employ me?"

"Because I wanted to prove to old Barnes that you were capable of earning your salt," he answered boldly.

Her face turned crimson and then white; but a moment later she smiled and said: "And that is why I took the position." But tell me about your client. You said when you came in that you had one. Who is he?

"It's a case against old Barnes. I'll get even with him for insulting you. I'll teach him how to treat a lady. I—I—"

"You mustn't," interrupted Miss Bell. "I—I—it won't do."

Miller looked at her in admiration.

"You are the most forgiving woman I ever met," he said slowly. "After talking to you the way he did, you stand up for him. I wish we all had more of such a spirit."

"But—but it's different now," she replied.

"He will—I've been telling him about you—about your extensive practice, and—and—he's going to give you some work. He had a quarrel with his lawyer, and—and—"

Miller was staring in open-mouthed wonderment. His expression was incomparable.

"If you stare like that I shall either cry or laugh," she protested.

"I wish you would," he said, "I think it would bring me back to my senses. I've gained my first client only to lose him. You ask me to give him up and not take the case?"

"Yes, for then you would lose me—Mr. Barnes' patronage."

Miller suddenly stiffened his jaw and asked.

"What is Mr. Barnes to you? Have you seen him lately?"

There was a jealous rage in his heart, and his eyes were adrift; but she smiled back at him saucily and answered:

"I thought you would have guessed it before. He is my father, and I—I am Lillian Bell Barnes. Papa wished me to study stenography, so that I could be independent if anything happened to him."

Miller's jaw dropped and his eyes had lost their brilliancy.

"I see it all now," he murmured. "I was deceived more than you. But now it is all over—and—and—"

He was recalling the past few days and what they had meant to him. Even the promise of the patronage of Mr. Barnes was of no difference now.

Presently he felt a hand on his arm. "You were going to say something else," she said softly.

He turned and glared fiercely at her.

"Yes, but I can't now," he replied. "Before, I loved you, and hoped to win you. But now—"

"Well?" she breathed hesitatingly.

"Now—now," he repeated, "I love you—and have no hope to win you."

"Why not? Because I have made you lose your first client?"

She blushed with such bewildering enchantment that Miller could not resist the temptation.

"I can't wait for my first client after all," he murmured, taking her in his arms. "But your father will have to pay for it."

"I think he's willing," she answered with a gentle laugh, "for he has a great respect for your extensive legal practice."

Miller laughed and kissed her fair hair again.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

when there is any dividing going on. Probably what you intended to convey was that you had taken part in an entertainment in your school. It is never safe to be in more than one place unless you own a glue or cement factory. I am glad to have heard from you, John, and I hope you will hold together until we hear from you again.

LEWISTOWN, MONTANA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I live on my father's homestead, which is about twenty miles southeast of Lewistown. We live in the foot hills of the Snowy mountains, a very beautiful place.

We have quite a lot of winter here, but the winters are nice, with a great many hot days.

I wish some of the cousins could come to see me this winter and I would try to arrange things so we would have a jolly time. We would make snow men slide down hill snow ball and sleigh ride milk cows and everything that's fun in winter. Only we couldn't make for there is no place where we could. I can't

We have springs here and water that comes out of them is as cold as ice the year round. The streams are cold, too, and when one goes wading, one's feet get so cold that they are purple. Most of the streams have trout in them, which are not the easiest fish in the world to catch.

I would like to have some of the cousins write to me and I will answer all I possibly can and tell them more about my Montana home. I think life in this part of the state is very interesting.

I am five feet one inch tall, weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds, have dark brown hair and dark blue eyes, big mouth and nose and great big ears, and

last but not least I am sweet sixteen. Now don't you think I'm a real Montana girl? ELSIE STINGLEY.

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Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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The Care and Feeding of Geese

THERE is no doubt about geese being profitable, for they are in demand during the summer, as what are called green geese—which means that season's hatching—and in winter for the holiday market. Then there is the extra profit from the feathers, which is quite a consideration, for it only takes about three geese to make a pound of feathers, and the regular price is a dollar a pound. Of course, in plucking, the quills, soft feathers, and down, must be kept separate, as they are used for different purposes. The quills must be kept unbroken, and as smooth as possible, as they eventually go to the millinery trade, and are worthless if crushed. If only a few birds are wanted for home consumption, it is better to buy one or two settings of eggs to hatch under common hens. But if you mean to raise birds for market, even in a limited way, I strongly advise you to buy mature birds, which means geese over two years of age; for though geese of one year old lay, their eggs are almost worthless for incubation. Few hatch, and those that do only produce poor goslings; small, and so wanting in vitality that they invariably die during babyhood. Another thing to remember is the faithful nature of ganders. If separated from their chosen mates, they will mourn, and seldom pay any attention to strange females during that season. Therefore it is wise to buy mated birds from the same farm, and not strangers from distant neighborhoods, as in the case of hens and roosters. Once having a flock, respect family ties, as geese retain their value as breeders for at least seven years, and in many cases much longer, though I don't care to keep a gander after he is six years of age.

Each family should consist of a gander and four or five females. To insure fertile eggs, they must have abundant green food and a body of water to swim in. If a pond or river is not possible, sink a large tub in the ground until the top is even with the ground, and fill with water so they can at least do plenty of bathing. If a quantity of geese are to be kept, flocks of four or five geese and a gander should be kept on the colonizing plan. Large cases, or some rough shelter, and barrels of nests grouped together for each family, will soon be acknowledged as home if they are always fed near them. Each colony should be separated from its neighbor by at least twenty-five feet and fifty would be better. Strange birds should be controlled at first by a fence of wire netting, put up in a temporary way so it can be removed when the birds have settled down to their own group of buildings.

"Tis seldom that the ganders fight after they are once established as families, but if they do, the geese will make such a commotion that you will soon hear it and can interfere, when each family will go to its own particular home, and rarely trouble each other again.

When geese are to be raised in quantities, it is profitable to grow special crops for them to graze on. Many experiments have resulted in rye being advised for fall sowing, oats for spring sowing. Rapse sown in June will make pasture for goslings in July. The plan adopted was to confine them in comparatively small portions of the ground until the leaves were all eaten, then remove to another patch, when new leaves would soon commence to grow and be ready to turn the goslings on in August.

Rape has two great advantages—moderate frost does not injure it, so it provides green food when all else is getting short; and it is very cheap, being only about fifteen cents a pound. Four pounds will sow an acre of drills. When the ground is covered with snow, small or badly shaped cabbages, turnips, apples, or any other vegetables should be given to the breeding stock. Unless the ground is very gravelly, a heap of sand or gravel should be placed near each house.

Nearly everyone interested in poultry makes an attempt to have fairly good hens of some one breed nowadays, but the number of undersized geese one sees is appalling. In many instances, the ordinary farm goose is not larger than the ordinary Pekin duck. Ducks mature in one year, geese take two, so this one reason alone should be sufficient to make people realize that it is no use keeping geese unless they are really good stock. The pure breeds are Toulouse, Embden, African and China; lastly the Canadian wild goose. The first named is very large, and gray in color. The second is larger, and white in color. The African (sometimes called Indian) are about the same size as the two former, but brown in color; the standard weight for the three breeds being twenty pounds for males, eighteen for females. Chinese geese are much smaller; the gander not weighing more than sixteen pounds, the goose not over fourteen pounds. There are both brown and white varieties. The Canadian wild goose is still lighter; males fourteen pounds, females twelve, and have black heads, necks and tails. Faces brownish in color, with a band of white around the lower half of the neck; the rest of the body grayish brown. Canadian gander are easily domesticated, and they are often kept to breed with the domestic goose, usually of the African variety, the progeny from such a cross being highly prized in city markets as a delicacy far superior to other geese, and much resembling the canvasback duck; therefore they command a much higher price. The accepted term for these crossbred geese is "mongrels". Of course when we use the word mongrels in reference to chickens or animals, it is understood to mean a mixture of several breeds or varieties, but amongst the goose breeders or market men it means only the progeny of the wild gander and the domestic goose. It is a branch of goose raising which is, as a rule, only undertaken by veterans in the business, and to a limited extent, as the mongrel is of no use for stock, being, in fact, mules. Mr. G. H. Pollard, one of the largest geese breeders in this country, thinks the Embden unites the good qualities of the other two large breeds, without any of their failings, and recommends them for general use. Personally, I have kept all three breeds, and two different crosses, and like the pure breed Embden best, as they have size, grow quickly, fatten easily, have white feathers, and dress well for market.

The following summary of important points is worth remembering:

Geese only one year old are not mature as breeders. The females lay a less number of eggs, of smaller size and a greater proportion is usually infertile than is generally the case with females two or three years old.

Geese are naturally timid, watchful, and easily frightened, but the ganders, during the breeding season, and in defense of their young, are bold and courageous to a remarkable degree. They have many peculiarities which the breeder who would be successful should carefully study. They should be gently and kindly treated at all times.

Water for breeding purposes is highly desirable during the breeding season in order to insure a large per cent. of fertile eggs.

The goose is naturally a grazing animal. The bill is provided with sharp, interlocking, serrated edges, designed to easily cut and divide vegetable tissues, and the tongue at the tip is covered with hard, hair-like projections, pointing toward the throat, which serve to quickly and surely convey the bits of grass and leaves into the throat. Goslings make the greater part of their growth upon grasses or fodder plants, although, of course, they do not make the rapid growth that may be secured when some grain is fed; on the other hand, however, it is not possible to raise goslings on an exclusive grain diet without a liberal supply of clover, cabbage, roots, apples, or some succulent, vegetable food. Young goslings make the most rapid growth upon short, nutritious grass and cracked corn or wheat.

The goose has practically no crop, although an enlargement of the end of the gullet next the gizzard in some measure serves to hold food, consequently it feeds at very frequent intervals, and during warm weather often eats more at night than during the daytime; a point which should be remembered in feeding and caring for them.

In cold climates shelter during severe weather should be provided to guard against frozen feet. During the breeding season the liberal feeding of a nutritious ration, not too fattening, has a beneficial effect on egg production. Green food, ground oyster shells, grit and charcoal should be provided.

Two or three litters of eggs may be secured by "breaking up" the goose by shutting her up in a pen for a few days when broody, and setting the eggs under hens. A good-sized hen will cover five eggs; a goose from nine to thirteen eggs. Twenty-eight to thirty days' incubation is required for hatching.

Correspondence

G.—I wish you would please tell me through COMFORT what line breeding is, and should one breed brother and sister or half brother and sister of chickens or turkeys? I also want to ask advice about a formula for insect powder, and also a spray. Don't you think the powder is apt to irritate the skin of the fowl? If you approve of the inclosed clippings you might publish them in COMFORT. I will appreciate any advice.

A.—Line breeding is rather a complicated subject to explain in this column, for it would really need an entire book. Briefly, breed pullets back to sires, dams back to cockerels. Third season, mate from the above matings. As the two recipes you send in have been clipped from some paper, I should be infringing on others' rights if I published them in COMFORT.

Mrs. S.—I tried your remedy of permanganate of potassium for roup, and find it the best I ever used, if given in time. I dropped it in with a medicine dropper. Now this is what I should like to ask of you as a favor. Please answer it in COMFORT, as I take it steadily. Could I put it in the drinking water for all, as a preventive, and for sick ones also; and what strength is it to be used, if used in drinking water? It is lots of trouble to dose each separately when they are able to drink. Let me know, please.

A.—The permanganate could be used in the drinking water as a preventive for the general flock, and might do some good, for when a bird drinks, the liquid passes directly down its throat, and so into the proper intestines. For roup and such diseases, the remedy used should come in contact with the affected parts—the roof of the mouth and the nasal duct. When medicine is administered through the dropper, it can be put just where necessary. However, if you wish to use the permanganate, generally, take away the general drinking water, and put in the house a small pan to which permanganate has been added. Dissolve one thimbleful of permanganate in one pint of warm water; use one tablespoonful of the mixture to one pint of water.

J. S.—Thanks for your letter and the remedy you send.

E. C.—Will you please print in your next issue how to care for baby chicks? I am getting some March hatch incubator chicks. They will be shipped about two hundred miles to me. Also have some Belgian hares—rabbits. How shall I care for them to get best results?

A.—Give the little chicks the proper chick food, which is sold at all poultry houses; or, if it is not convenient to get that in your district, mix up grains yourself; cracked corn, hulled oats, wheat, cracked small; one part of each passed through fine sieve to remove any large pieces. Add one part golden millet, one part Kafir corn. Mix all together thoroughly, keep a supply before them all the time in a small self-feeder; and in another hopper or dish fine sharp grit and chick size charcoal. If you can't get grit broken and chick size, get a package of bird gravel and break up a lump of charcoal. Once a day give them a little cottage cheese or stale bread which has been soaked in milk, and squeeze quite dry. Never give more than they will eat in about five minutes. They should also have some vegetable food, the green tops of onions chopped fine, lettuce leaves, or sprouted oats. Keep the bucks and does in separate hutches. Feed oats, hay, and occasionally carrots, apples or lettuce. Two weeks before the young ones are expected, put a box about a foot square, with a six-inch hole in one end, into the doe's hutch. Give her plenty of hay, and she will make her own bed. Be careful not to disturb the box, or even look in it. About the same time commence to give the doe a small quantity of bread and milk every day, and continue until the young ones are six weeks old, at which time it can be removed to another coop. During spring, summer and autumn, grass, plantain, dandelion and clover—in fact, nearly all green vegetables can be given in place of hay. The one exception is cabbage. It is not good for any rabbits, and is positively dangerous for young ones.

E. Z.—Please give me directions for a feed box for pigeons through the poultry column. Would be very grateful to you. Good wishes to COMFORT.

A.—Make a self-feeding hopper just as you would for hens.

C. E. H.—Although I am an old subscriber to COMFORT, I have never written in this column before, but am going to describe a disease among my chickens, and would like to have the answer appear in the columns of COMFORT in the April number. Last July several of my small chickens had a small lump appear on the breast bone, just below the crop. This lump would keep growing until it became so large it dragged on the ground between the chicken's legs. On some of these it would seem to go away, and the chicken got well again, while others would droop around and die. I have two pullets that have a bunch hanging on the breast bone now. They grew to be as large as the rest, and appear to be well. All of the affected ones eat well, and would run with the hen until they seemed to get so heavy they couldn't run; then they would die. This bunch appeared to be hard. I killed a young chicken last October, and could find nothing wrong with it until it was cooked. Then I found a little bunch on the breast as long as one's thumb. In cutting this open there was a hole ran through it about as large as a small bean and perfectly round, and about a tablespoonful of thick yellow substance ran out of it. I threw the chicken away. Also some of my young chickens last summer bloated up until they were twice their natural size. These bloated all over, and when picked up, felt like a bag of wind. I lanced one, and the heat went down, but the next morning it was as bad as before. Those all died. Some of my neighbors' chickens were the same as both cases I have described. Some thought they got poison, while others thought it was from eating dead frogs, as there were lots of them lying around; but there was no poison my chickens could get. Will be much obliged to find what the trouble is, and a cure for it, as I will not try to raise any the coming summer unless I find a cure, as I lost a great number last summer.

A.—The condition you describe is quite new to me, so I cannot presume to suggest a remedy. I have, however, sent your letter to the Government Experiment Station, and will publish their report later. The trouble seems of such a serious nature that I wish you would write to R. S. Shaw, Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station, East Lansing, Mich., and ask him if they will accept one of the afflicted birds for examination. Nothing but a post mortem by an expert can be of real service in a case like this. Of course I should like to know the result of his examination, if he agrees to take the bird.

New Beginner.—There are so many reasons for little chicks dying, that it is difficult to say just what all them. The brooder should be heated up to 95 degrees when the chicks first go into it. After two weeks, lower gradually to 75 degrees. Put plenty of sweepings from the hay mow on the floor for them to scratch in. Read answer to E. C. in this number.

G. N.—I am going to try raising chickens this spring, and would like to ask a few questions. Which

is best to raise on a farm, Plymouth Rocks, or Rhode Island Reds? For laying, eating or selling, and which are the best hens? What is the value of oats as feed for hens, and also sunflower seed? Are bones burnt and broken up as good as green ground bone? Is charcoal good for hens? I have heard that hens should have lime. In what form? and in what proportion should it be given?

A.—There is no material difference between the two breeds; it is purely a question of preference. Oats form one of the best foods, both for growing birds and laying fowls. Sunflower seed is very fattening, and should only be fed in very small quantities in extremely cold weather. Burnt bone has no value. Green bone, on the contrary, is most valuable. Charcoal is valuable, especially when feeding birds heavily for market, as it tends to keep the intestines wholesome. Oats, green bone, and bran, all contain a heavy percentage of lime, and it is that which makes them so valuable and necessary in making up what is termed the well-balanced ration, for it is the lime in feed which has an influence in producing eggs and strong chicks. The sort of lime which forms shell is furnished by oyster shell, lime plaster, and any such material which hens may pick up when on free range.

G. W.—I am a subscriber to COMFORT, and think it is a fine paper. I want to ask a question about my chickens. They make a noise like something was in their throat. I have used a feather with coal oil, but it does not seem to cure them. One hen has it pretty bad, and her bowels look white and thin. Would be so grateful if I could find a remedy for it. Otherwise they seem healthy. Will you please tell me in your next issue what to do for them.

A.—Probably your birds have bronchitis. Are they crowded in the house at night? That is such a frequent cause of cold. They get very heated, and of course receive a chill when they get out in the morning. The same bronchial condition may be caused by dust. Syringe the throat and nostrils of each bird with dioxigen and water in equal parts. Repeat once a day for a week.

Subscribers.—In your October number, under heading "Sprouted Oats for Winter Feed," is given a description of home-made cabinet for above. Will you please say why it was "lined" with zinc at the front and up about fifteen inches? Was the zinc nailed on the door of the cabinet, and for what purpose? In some cases the cabinet has a space of an inch or so left between the outside, and the zinc nailed onto strips an inch thick to let the fumes of the lamp go to the top of the case, so as not to touch the oats. Please explain in COMFORT and oblige.

A.—Zinc is used as a protection against the flame of the lamp, and to carry off the fumes.

S. M.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my chickens? I did not know anything was the matter with them, as they seemed to be quite healthy; but I killed ten roosters, and as I started to pick the feathers off them, I noticed some green spots on the skin across the stomach. When I opened them the skin was just awful, and the lungs were green and frothy. We have also some black spots on the liver. They were all about the same; some worse than others. I feed them wheat morning and evening and oats at noon. Poultry tonic two times a week. Would you kindly advise me through the columns of COMFORT?

A.—As you say the birds seem perfectly healthy, I can only suppose that the condition you describe on killing them had been brought about by their eating some putrid or poisonous food. In all probability, they would have shown signs of illness, or died, if you had not killed them, for it seems perfectly impossible that such a condition could have existed for any length of time without attracting your attention. If any of our readers have had similar cases, I should like to hear about them.

B. B.—Will you please give me information about my chickens? They have bowel trouble, and their droppings are green, streaked with yellow. They lose the use of one leg, and it is stiff. They eat hearty, but some linger along for several weeks, but don't get any better. We have lost about a hundred this way. Most of them only live a day or two. We were not feeding anything at the time they commenced to die, but we had cut our Kafir corn, and they would get on the shucks and eat all they wanted. They are the pure Rhode Island Reds.

A.—Your birds have liver trouble, brought on, no doubt, by eating the new grain. Put one teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia in every quart of drinking water. Use once a week for three weeks, if they seem to need it.

J. S. McK.—I take a great deal of pleasure in reading your poultry writing in COMFORT. Now I raise a lot of chickens, but the point I would like to know through your paper is: How many chicks will get on all right in a room fifteen by twenty-five feet? I keep about twenty-five in each room at times, but would like to double this amount, if you think they would be all O. K.

A.—I should not like to try keeping fifty birds in a room fifteen by twenty-five, I am quite sure you will have better success if you refrain from increasing your present number.

C. M.—Can you tell me what ails my chickens? They seem weak in the legs; get so they can't walk when I first notice. They at once seem too weak in the legs to walk. After a day, they balance themselves by their wings. Just one or two at a time seem to have it. A few months ago, two had it, and put them in the furnace room and they get better. I put them back in the hen coop and in about two or three weeks they took it again. I put them in the furnace room again, and they got worse so they had to lie on their sides all the time, and I had to kill them. One of them had something the matter with her neck. Her head drew on one side, but the other one just had it in her legs. Yesterday the whole neck (sixty-eight) was all right, combed red, wattle red. This morning one is so lame it sits all the time, unless I drive it up; then it can't hobble; and one was dead on the nest. I can't see the hobbles with the matter with them. I have been getting from twelve to twenty-four eggs all winter. I feed wheat morning and night; about three quarts each time—and at noon a dash; 50 pounds bran, 25 of ground oats, 25 of wheat middlings, 15 oil meal, 25 grit, 20 corn meal, mixed feed about three quarts, and mixed a little registrator with it. Did have a cinder door; was a little damp. About two weeks ago we put a board floor in. Please answer by mail, as I will be too late for March COMFORT, and oblige me.

A.—I am afraid you waited too long to put in the floor, and the birds are suffering from rheumatism. If any more of them show signs of becoming lame, put into a small dry coop, feed lightly, making fully one half their rations vegetable. You say nothing about giving the hens vegetables, and they must have them in some form. If you cannot get cabbage, or such green stuff, get clover hay and steam it. A heavy grain diet all through the winter nearly always results in sudden deaths in early spring.

D. W.—Read answer to C. M. Did you examine the turkey's throat? Was there any discharge from eyes or nostrils? Was there any disagreeable odor? noticeable when you opened the bird's beak? If there was, it was a case of roup. If there were none of those signs, I should say that the bad smelling stuff which came from his mouth was from the crop, and that the bird had eaten rotten meat or the carcass of some dead animal. Your description is not sufficiently clear to enable me to judge correctly.

C. B.—You say the only feed you have given all winter is cracked corn, and that explains the trouble. Read answer to C. M. If you have nothing but corn to feed, use it whole, very sparingly in the morning, and what they will eat up in fifteen minutes at night. The night feed should always be whole corn in the winter. A mass of cracked corn is apt to pack in the crop, and cause a great deal of trouble.

The following is one of our subscriber's experience with Indian Runner Ducks:

Dear COMFORT Readers:
"I say so much talk about Indian Runner Ducks in papers, and never read an article but what is helpful to me, so I do not say little. I have, however, sent your letter to the Government Experiment Station, and will publish their report later. The trouble seems of such a serious nature that I wish you would write to R. S. Shaw, Director of the Agricultural Experiment Station, East Lansing, Mich., and ask him if they will accept one of the afflicted birds for examination. Nothing but a post mortem by an expert can be of real service in a case like this. Of course I should like to know the result of his examination, if he agrees to take the bird."

New Beginner.—There are so many reasons for little chicks dying, that it is difficult to say just what all them. The brooder should be heated up to 95 degrees when the chicks first go into it. After two weeks, lower gradually to 75 degrees. Put plenty of sweepings from the hay mow on the floor for them to scratch in. Read answer to E. C. in this number.

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Home Dressmaking Hints**Remodeling Last Season's Dresses**

By Geneva Gladding

THIS thrifty housewife is ever alert for ideas that will prolong the usefulness of both her own and children's clothing, for right here is where she applies some of her best rules of economy.

This season has produced no radical change in fashions, so that the narrow or moderately wide skirt in walking length, the kimono sleeve, long, three quarters or elbow length, the pointed, round or collared neck, are as good style as ever; also the straight simple lines, and flat trimming effects are seen in the latest models. Dresses that are high in the neck and have become soiled should be cut low, finished and worn with a guimpe. This also applies to a worn or soiled cuff. No. 5224 gives a well-fitting guimpe pattern, and is made of any thin lining material. A good plan is to cut the entire guimpe of inexpensive material, then apply whatever material is to be used for yoke effect (which need only extend a little way below the top of dress) and after being fitted cut out the lining. This plan aids in handling net and laces which are so difficult to fit. The guimpe sleeve is cut off well under the dress sleeve and made down with yoke material. Where fancy sleeves are not used, the guimpe should be made sleeveless. The peplum may be omitted, a narrow run made at bottom of guimpe and tied down with a tape.

Shirt-waists with worn-out neck bands and collars are best finished collarless with a narrow flat crossways strip and worn with lace or muslin collars. One of muslin is cut sailor, trimmed with linen lace put on straight, and a few dots embroidered around edge in satin stitch. This same idea applies to sleeves.

As the waists now have little fullness gathered in at the belt, it is a good plan to take those having deep tucks let in at neck and shoulders and carry them straight to waist line, stitching to place.

The fitted aprons make it possible to get a good supply from the least worn parts of house dresses.

A fine embroidered shirt-waist that is beyond repair will often cut down into a pretty corset cover that will last a long time for special occasions.

What to do with growing children's dresses is often a perplexing question.

Often they are just enough faded to prevent using the left-over new material to let down and repair with. In such instances try getting a contrasting material which will harmonize and not bring out the faded condition. Use this in a turn back or straight cuff to lengthen to a short three quarters sleeve, being the most practical length for looks, wear and freshness. Use it again in a broad belt to lengthen waist. Rip and press out hem carefully and use to lengthen skirt.

To lengthen white dresses, use just above hem rows of lace or sheer Hamburg insertion. Make cuff and belt of same.

Description of Practical and Up-to-Date Fashions

No. 5224—Ladies' One-Piece Slip or Guimpe with two styles of sleeves. Cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure; medium size requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5437—Ladies' Tucked Waist with yoke extending to lower part of sleeves; high or low neck. A combination of materials may be effectively used in this model. For a sheer, white waist use all-over or fine tucking for yoke with plain muslin for body, or for colored summer fabrics the yoke may be a solid color combined with stripes or checks, outlining the yoke with a small piping of white or narrow lace scantily sewed on. For a dressy waist messaline would be very satisfactory.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires two and one eighth yards of 36-inch material, with three quarter yard of 18-inch all-over. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5735—Ladies' House Dress with body and sleeves in one; high or low neck and four-gored skirt. An easily made dress suitable for general wear and can be made more dressy by using embroidery for neck, belt and cuffs and a rill to match at waist opening.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires four and one half yards of 44-inch material with three quarter yard of 27-inch contrasting material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5757—Ladies' Dress closed at front with body and upper part of sleeves in one and with three-piece skirt. A stylish summer model for street wear to be developed in percale, linen, gingham, challis or soft silk. The sailor collar and turn-back pointed cuffs are very effective made of embroidery or lace, or all-over edged with lace put on without fullness. A pretty novelty in buttons are the clear glass ones sewed on with black thread.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5616—Misses' and Small Women's Dress with high or low neck and three-piece skirt. This smart model will be found very becoming to youthful figures, and adaptable to a variety of materials. As illustrated blue cotton voile with yoke and cuffs of thin silk braided to match was used. A pretty feature is the girdle which finishes top of skirt.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 16-year size requires four yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5160—Ladies' Apron with Bib. Those who once wear the close-fitting aprons realize the fact that they keep cleaner and wear longer, and of course they are more dressy and becoming than those gathered into the belt. The bib of this one slips on over the head and ties at the belt.

Cut in one size and requires two yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 3716—Ladies' One-Piece Kimono Night Gown. Cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure; medium size requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4430—Ladies' One-piece Night Gown. Cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure, size 36 requires four and one quarter yards of 36-inch material with four yards of ribbon. Price, 10 cents.

Embroidered Models

10-10-35—Corset Cover, French and eyelet design for a corset cover closing in front, with scalloped neck and armholes and beading for ribbon. The material for this may be linen, cambric, nainsook, long cloth or crossbarred muslin. The design may be used on the upper part of a combination suit or princess slip, or on a chemise by placing close together. Price, 10 cents.

No. 11-6-58—Embroidered Hat with Plain Brim. This up-to-date lingerie hat will immediately find favor. The bell crown and straight, medium brim is among the best designs, as well as the sailor crown over which the embroidered top is equally adjustable. A soft band and bow may be made of same material or of ribbon; or a wreath of tiny flowers placed at base of brim. The transfer pattern is in two parts, 10 cents each.

Stamped on white or colored linen, 60 cents. On white cotton lawn, 35 cents.

Cotton, white or any preferred color for working, 15 cents.

Work commenced on any one piece, 75 cents additional.

No. 8224-T—Embroidered Dress or Coat Set. These simple collar-and-cuff sets are very popular and often constitute the only trimming to the



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No. 614. Dainty waist of sheer white India lawn; front panels beautifully embroidered with heavy mercerized white floss as illustrated; round low cut collarless neck, trimmed with Val lace; elbow length sleeves, neatly tucked; narrow side plaits in back extending full length. Buttons invisibly in back. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

Our reason for advertising this beautiful waist at 50c, postage paid, is to show every reader of this magazine, one of the many wonderful bargains we offer and interest them in our beautifully illustrated catalog.

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plain dresses now so generally worn. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.

Nos. 5189-8219-T—The Waist with Overlapping Edge decorated with embroidery is very stylish this season. The waist is cut with body and sleeves in one, which may be worn long or just over the elbow.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; requiring two yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

Embroidery design, No. 8219-T is a single effective spray of flower, leaves and scallops for side opening. The embroidery is all solid in white or colors, or to give variety the dots and flower center may be eyelet. Price of transfer pattern, 10 cents.

For the Children

No. 2654—Children's Apron. This easily made and useful apron is something every child should have several of. The neck may be finished with collar or cut a little low; the sleeves long or short. Worn over the dress they are a complete protection, or on hot days may take the place of a dress.

Cut in 11 sizes, two to 12 years; for three-year size it requires two and three quarters yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4500—Children's Rompers. This excellent pattern is very easily understood and followed. The wise woman will see that her children have a supply of rompers, for they save their little dresses and give comfort and freedom to the wearer.

Cut in four sizes, two to eight years; size four years requires two and one eighth yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5755—Children's Rompers or Creepers Buttoned at Leg Seam. This model is especially designed for the wee one who creeps about the floor.

Cut in sizes one half, one and two years; age one requires two and one eighth yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4325—Boys' Dress. To be developed in gingham, linen, galatea, or poplin. The neck is finished with flat stitched band and worn with made four-in-hand tie. The belt may be of same material as dress or of leather.

Cut in sizes two and four years; two-year size requires two and seven eighths yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4595—Boys' Russian Suit-Trousers without Fly. One particularly good feature of this suit is the shallow opening at neck, so that on hot days the shield may be removed and worn low. The model is plain and smart looking.

Cut in three sizes, two, four and six years; four-year size requires three and three quarter yards of 27-inch material; three quarter yard of contrasting 27-inches wide. Price, 10 cents.

No. 3760—Boys' Russian Suit. A simple stylish little suit that the busy mother will find easy to make. The blouse closes on the right side. The belt is of same. The neck may have narrow stand or finished round.

Cut in three sizes, two, four and six years; four years requires three yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4655—Girls' Semi-Princess Dress, designed for wash fabrics. The neck may be cut as illustrated, or higher without yoke, and worn round.

Cut in four sizes, six to 12 years; size eight years requires two and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5696—Girls' Dress, Blouse with Sailor Collar and Skirt Plaited or Gathered. Made of wash material and trimmed with bands of plain color or embroidery. It has the new sleeve which is loose and larger at elbow.

Cut in four sizes, six to 12 years; size eight requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material and two and three eighths yards of banding. Price, 10 cents.

Embroidery Lesson

Taking No. 8224-T as a subject I will give a few helpful suggestions.

The simplicity of this design makes it wonderfully attractive and desirable. There is a large eyelet flower on either side of the front, and one in the center of the back. The edge is done in fairly large scallops and a few heavily padded satin-stitch dots complete the work. Either white or colored material may be used, but the fabric should be rather firm, on account of the large oval eyelets.

The outlines of these eyelets should be run with fine stitches before being cut. Then the material can be slit from end to end, drawn underneath, and held with the thumb and finger of the left hand while the edge of the eyelet is being done in over-and-over stitch. Be very careful, also, to run both outlines of the scallops with fine stitching in rather heavy padding cotton. One wants these scallops to be firm and well rounded, and it is impossible to secure this effect unless the padding has been properly done.

Questions Answered

Darning Stockings.—Mrs. STEPHEN, your query represents a question that puzzles many a mother. When the holes become too large to make shapely, I have found it a good plan to first patch with common, cotton window netting. This keeps the edges of hole where they belong and also provides a guide for darning. For holes in the knees, it is often more practical to cut the top of stocking off, then cut out worn section, and sew together again. Usually stocking legs are long enough to allow of this, and if carefully done, the seam will hardly show.

Special Offers. Solicit and send one new 15-months subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one pattern free. A club of two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each secures three patterns. These must be home-made subscriptions, not your own nor renewals. The cash price of each pattern is given with the description. Order by number and state plainly size of age.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Squatter's Claim

By William S. Birge, M. D.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The Magraws are a family of outlaws on the frontier whose horse stealing and other depredations have made it necessary for them to move to a community in which their reputation is unknown. Rose Manning, an attractive, bright young woman, a distant relative but quite a different character, by force of circumstances is an unwilling member of the family. With their household belongings they trek across the prairie to John Darrow's deserted ranch of which they take possession. The old man and his two sons break into the house and find the dried corpse of the owner on the bed. They drop the mattress with the corpse on it through the trap door into the cellar and then place the bed over the opening in the floor.

Hugh Darrow, brother of the deceased, and his nephew, Tom, a fine, manly young fellow, decide to go West and hunt up John Darrow. Tom starts out in advance. A short distance from John Darrow's ranch he meets Rose Manning riding her pony and he inquires the way of her and explains that he is Mr. Darrow's nephew. He continues on his way and as soon as he is out of sight she turns and follows him.

CHAPTER III.

EPH MAGRAW had gone home in no very enviable temper, as even the house-dogs were yelpingly compelled to witness, and one of the consequences was, that within an hour he had cleared out of the house everything or person weak enough to submit to kicking. This, however, did not include his father, the old woman, or his next younger brother, Jack, who was even more than himself the image of their father, and whose muscular development exceeded Eph's own. It was only brain and culture such as Eph's that were lacked by Jack Magraw the younger—muscle and meanness he already had in abundance.

To the council composed of these four, therefore, the unreasonable conduct of Rose Manning was submitted, and long was the argument thereon, old Mother Magraw being, as a matter of course, the chief speaker.

Pride, ingratitude, ignorance of her own best interests, were freely charged upon their bright-eyed relative; but Eph's mother concluded the whole matter with:

"Wall, you jest go on with yer trip, and leave Rose to me. She'll be ready for ye by the time you git back, or I'm mistaken."

Just then a chorus of barks and yells from all the four-footed dogs of the Magraws announced the unusual fact of a strange arrival on the "claim," and the family conference broke up in a hasty manner. As they poured unceremoniously out at the door they found that the canine welcome had been given to an apparently tall, youthful and fine looking man, mounted on a blood-bay horse that made Eph's eyes water with the desire to possess him; and this newcomer very politely inquired:

"This is Mr. Darrow's place, I believe. Is he in?"

"What Darrow do you mean?" furtively inquired old Magraw.

"Why, John Darrow, my uncle—the man who owns this farm," was the reply, in a strong, firm voice.

"Your uncle I don't know ye. Who be you, anyhow?" again parried the old squatter.

"Of course you don't know me; but I'm Mr. Thomas Darrow, and I want to find Mr. John Darrow. Can you tell me anything about him?"

The stranger was a very determined-looking fellow; and even as he spoke, he had sprung lightly from his horse, hitched him, and now stood right down among the squatters, with a smile on his face that seemed to say:

"Don't try to fool me—I'm bound to find out."

The old man had been thinking fast, for he now replied:

"Wall, if he's a relative of your'n, I s'pose it's all right. I ain't heard of old John Darrow this three year. Not since I got the place of him. He may be dead, for all I know."

"Oh," said the stranger, "you bought the place? Three years ago? And he hasn't been here since? Ah! Well, now, did he sell you all the land, or only a part of it, and the house?"

Even as he spoke, Tom Darrow had stepped carelessly forward, as if invited, and was now actually across the threshold, and in the house. Tom did not know what fear was, but the wrath and fear of the Magraws had been rising in an equal tide, and very rapidly.

"Hullo!" shouted Eph. "What are you doing in there? Out of that, now. Time enough to come when yer asked. What are ye doing in my house?"

"Your house!" coolly responded Tom, as the squatters came hurrying in around him. "It's a good deal more like my house. You haven't been here any three years. I don't believe John Darrow sold you an acre, and I'm bound to know what's become of him."

A rash fellow was Tom Darrow, but he had been thinking a good deal as he rode on toward the house, after meeting Rose Manning, and his California experience enabled him to understand at a glance the people he was dealing with. He had hardly given a thought to their superior numbers.

He should have done so, however, for his last remark was answered by an oath from Eph, a sort of yell from the old man, and they both made an instantaneous rush at him. Down went the grizzly squatter, like a cross-eyed ninepin, and down went Ephraim's six feet of ugliness, while their sudden fall also upset their worthy mother.

There was clearly a reason for Tom Darrow's self-confidence, and he could have managed the whole family, so long as they were in front of him, but Jack Magraw's brutal and malicious strength had cunningly crept behind him from the very first, and was now put forth with venomous energy. Tom had struck his blows bare-handed, but Jack Magraw had seized a heavy oaken cudgel, and as the dull, hard thud of the blow sounded through the room, Tom's world faded instantly from his sight, and he fell upon the floor like a log of wood.

"By heavens!" shouted old Magraw, "Jack, you've killed him!"

"Saved him right! if I have," growled the brute with the club. "Let's see."

The squatters knew what was meant by a blow like that, and they had seen men fall before; nor was it long until they were gathered around what they unanimously declared to be the corpse, debating what to do with it, for such a deed as that had danger in it, even in that corner of the prairie.

The old man, for a wonder, spoke last, but he said:

"Thar ain't no time to talk. We four know how to keep a secret. Jack, you and the old woman haul out that bedstead. Eph and I know whar to put him, till we've time to talk it over."

It was quick work, for fear is a terrible spur, and in a few minutes more, the old bedstead was back in its place again; but Tom Darrow's body was lying on the floor of the cellar, not far from the now damp and decaying mattress that contained the mummified remains of the uncle he had so rashly inquired for.

"Old woman," hoarsely whispered the old squatter, "bring a bucket of water and some ashes, and git this blood off the floor, 'fore any body comes. Quick!"

Hardly were the words out of his mouth before there was a sound of hoofs in front of the house. Not one of them had had the presence of mind to bar the door, for prairie-dwellers forgot that there are such things, and they had no time to think before Rose Manning, her face all flushed with excitement and hard riding, stood among them.

Old Mrs. Magraw paused, with a shovelful of ashes in one hand, and a bucket of water in the other, for she had thought of the blood before her husband had spoken. Jack Magraw made a start for his club, as if to hide it, while Eph put his foot over one of the clots of blood, and the old man said:

"Is that you, Rose?"

"Yes, it's me; and I want to know what this means. Have you murdered him already?"

"Who? Murdered? What do you mean?" but even Eph Magraw's coarse lips were white while he asked the question, and Rose took in the whole situation at a glance.

"I know it!" she cried. "There's his horse at the door. I believe that is his blood. You have murdered him, because he came for the land."

"Now, Rose—" began Mrs. Magraw.

"No! I won't stay an instant in such a place as this. I have been a fool, a wicked fool. I knew you were robbers, and now there is blood!"

Rose Manning's voice had risen with her excitement, and she had rushed toward her pony even while speaking; but the Magraws could not let her go in that way. Strong arms were thrown rudely around her, and this time the door was shut and barred behind her.

Crime is cowardly and cowardice is cruel; but even the Magraws hesitated at doing harm to their indignant captive. At all events, they decided not to hurt her just then, but they gagged her and bound her and lowered her into the old cellar, even as if she had been a body like the others.

Then, however, the squatters felt that for the present they were safe, and they went out into the open air for counsel, as soon as the floor had been duly scrubbed.

With their deliberations we have less interest than with poor Rose in her dungeon. At first she had been too angry to fear; but that had subsided, and now a feeling of dread, that was almost despair, settled heavily upon her spirits. The darkness of the cellar was not so very dense, when her eyes grew accustomed to it, for there were chinks in the floor above, and her position near the wall was such that she could see, more or less dimly, all the objects around her. There were the few boxes and barrels, the bed, with the grizzled head on the pillow, and there was the body of Tom Darrow. She could have no doubt that it was her acquaintance of the morning. It was truly an awful set of circumstances for any young lady to find herself placed in.

Time spun by that may have been hours, and that seemed like centuries, until at last a something took place that at first filled Rose with fear, and then with hope. When Tom Darrow had been put in the cellar, any reasonable man would have voted him dead; but Tom himself had not been consulted, and his skull was a wonderfully hard one.

By slow degrees the sudden paralysis of brain and nerve had relaxed its hold, and sensation had returned, and then it was as if he slowly passed from a deep slumber to a light one, and then at last he awoke.

It was a good while before he attempted to move, or could gather enough of memory and perception to "master the situation," but a careful examination of his broken head helped him amazingly. He still had his handkerchief, and he used that as a bandage. Then came a careful examination of all the objects in the cellar. Rose Manning saw him turn the faucet of one of the smaller barrels, and heard him mutter:

"Whisky—just the thing."

And then she saw him bathe his head with it, and drink a little from the hollow of his hand. Then he examined the bed, lighting a wax match from a case in his pocket to do it by, and Tom shook his head, and muttered at great rate; but he carefully gathered up and secured all the papers on the bed, and in the hands of the mummy. It was not till after this that Tom all but stumbled on the fettered and silenced beauty, and he almost forgot his prudence in a loud exclamation. In a moment more, however, Rose Manning's hands and tongue were at liberty, and she could whisper a solution of all the riddle of the squatters and their cellar, so far as she understood it. Tom thought he could comprehend somewhat more than even Rose could tell him; but he confessed to himself that his strange adventure was beginning to have romance as well as peril in it. Thought he:

"The rascals were in too much of a hurry to search me, and I still have my knife and pistols. I've a notion, too, that being put down here won't turn out so badly for me, after all. I know now what they did with Uncle John; but it's very funny about the papers."

Just then, as he lit another taper and looked around him, his eyes fell on a rusty old spade that leaned against the earthen side of the cellar, as if it was left by the man who dug it, and Tom said in a low voice to Rose:

"I could dig out of this, there by the edge, in twenty minutes, if it wasn't for the dogs."

"But the dogs know me," replied Rose. "It will be dark before a great while."

"All right," said Tom, "if they don't come down here first. If they do, I shall fight them. Meantime, I'll just scratch away here, as silently as I can."

The soil was a pretty tough and close-grained clay, but it cut cleanly, and Tom soon found that it would be no job at all for an old miner like him to tunnel his way to daylight. Quietly, slowly, like a badger in a hole, he carved away until finally the evidence of his approach to the outer edge of the log foundation compelled him to pause. He thought, too, that he could hear the dogs snuffing and pawing at the surface.

The moment that the excitement of his work was over, however, Tom's head began to feel funny again, and then the cellar became suddenly very dark. He had trifled a little too much with the effects of Jack Magraw's club, for a while poor Rose Manning was once more in an agony of dread. She did all she could in the darkening gloom of the cellar, even succeeding in finding the little barrel of whisky. She also sought for Tom's case of matches, and found them; and so it was that when Tom Darrow dimly came to himself, it was to look up, through a strong, lurid light, into a very pretty face that gazed anxiously down into his own.

"Is that you?" he asked. "Did I faint? I must be more careful. Let's see what time it is. It's funny they left my watch. No; that means they're coming down to search me by and by. Hullo! what are those dogs making all that row for? I know that voice! Quick, Rose! help me up—give me the shovel! If we can only get out now!"

"Oh, you will kill yourself!" exclaimed Rose, as she watched his frantic digging; but she, too, could now hear the confused sound of voices above, apparently in front of the house. Poor Rose! In any event her own position was likely to be bad enough.

CHAPTER IV.

Every hour that passed over Uncle Hugh's head, after separating from his nephew, found him more and more fidgety and impatient, until at last he started out with the determination of being as little behind Tom as possible. More cautious than the young Californian, and less accustomed to prairie traveling, Uncle Hugh had first found his way quietly and respectfully to the county-seat, where he picked up such odds and ends of information as made him more and more uneasy about John, sure's my name's Hugh Darrow."

Uncle Hugh was by no means timid, but he felt better to have the county sheriff, and one



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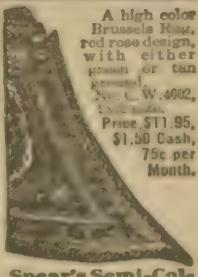
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

We are renting a house now but expect to buy a farm in the spring.

Did any of the sisters ever try chopping potatoes in the spider with a can? I took a corn can, melted off the rim and made a hole in the bottom to let the air out. I find it a very handy thing.

When butter is cold did you ever try heating a bowl and putting it over the butter? It softens it just right without melting it.

This is a billy, windy country; potatoes and corn are the chief products. My husband raised two acres of potatoes this last year, which are bringing one dollar a bushel this winter. From three to five hundred bushels are raised to the acre.

I see some of the sisters want to know how to raise geese. Will say that my brother finds them much easier to raise than ducks. A goose most always lays early in the morning and will cover her egg with straw. He puts cotton batting in the box where the eggs are kept and turns them over every day. Also numbers them so he may use the freshest for setting. His best results have come when he kept only one goose and gander. He set the goose on nest a day and night before giving her the eggs. They are four weeks hatching. Have water where the geese can get it. Feed the goslings corn meal wet with a little salt added. Don't give them water to get into when very small, but plenty to drink.

Mrs. GEORGE H. CONSON, Brooks, R. R. 4, Maine.

Dear Comfort Sisters:

I have been taking COMFORT for several years and think it is a splendid paper. I especially enjoy the sisters' letters and have received much useful information from them.

I wish to say to the sister who has had eczema so long that a friend of mine was cured after doctors failed, by using a mixture of linseed oil and lime, and rubbing the places several times each day; at least twice. I think she put about one half cup of lime to a pint of the oil. An old lady gave her the remedy. If anyone gives the remedy a trial will they report the result through the columns of COMFORT?

Will someone give remedy for the extermination of vermin and their eggs on children's hair. School children are so apt to get them. I know many mothers will be glad to learn an effective remedy for this pest.

Wishing COMFORT and all her readers much success through the coming year,
Mrs. N. KEYS, Belton, S. C.

Mrs. KEYS. Tincture of larkspur is an effective remedy for vermin. Saturate the head and tie up in towel for an hour or two; repeat the following day which should do the work. This remedy is often used in schools by teachers where the nuisance has become alarming. Can be obtained from druggists and is harmless.—Ed.

Dear Comfort Sisters:

I will write to you about my make-believe mother, and by this you can imagine that I had no mother; that is a really own mother after I was six years old. I remember her, ah! yes. I remember her! How dear she was to me! and I have a picture of her now; faded and out of date, but I love—oh, well that is not what I started to tell you. It's about my "make-believe" mother.

I went to live in the country and slept off in a north chamber in a big, rambling old house, all alone, when a little maid of six. What was more natural than that this little girl should have to have something to love and someone to love her? And she loved—her pillow! That was her "make-believe" mother.

On it she rained kisses and tears; so many tears, and although I'm getting old now, with sons and daughters of my own, nearing the half century mark, never think of that little lone girlie, giving all the love in her little heart to a pillow without it dims my eyes and oh! if just once "they" had said I was their little girl! If I could just belong to somebody who loved me and loved to have me near; but always they said: "You know she is not our child." And I never, never received a kiss or a praise or a "thank you," and my little heart was so hungry for a caress. Yes, "they" were good people but that was their way.

Ah! no. I never told anybody about my "pillow mother," and now for the first time, I write it here, thinking some of COMFORT readers may profit thereby, for I read in every paper of mothers who want to adopt little ones and that they intend teaching them that "they are not the child's real parents."

After I was a grown girl and in high school I still had my "make-believe mother," and it made me heart-sick to see girls, who had mothers, to treat them thoughtlessly.

Do you suppose I would have "talked-back" to my mother if I had had one? I like to think I wouldn't have.

Oh! if we could only see what is in a little child's heart! I remember once crying on my "pillow-mother's" bosom until I shook as with ague. And the next day my foster mother complained of the stains on the pillow-case. I've often wondered if she had any idea they were tear stains. And you who intend taking little homeless ones into your homes, love them: don't hesitate to kiss their little motherless faces and to praise them. Of course they often no longer and are not up to your standard, but a little "mothering" would do wonders for them.

And oh, don't, please don't remind them that they are not your own. It hurts so and always leaves a blister on the little heart.

CLARA BELL, Ravenwood, Mo.

Dear Mrs. WILKINSON AND COMFORT Sisters:

I have been a subscriber of COMFORT a long time, but I have never written to any of you. Will try and write more now. I am in expectation of my first baby. Wish to tell you all, I have read many good letters from you all that done my soul good and want to continue to read and remember you all as long as I live.

I am a widow, will be eighty-two years old the 10th of May, 1912. Would like for the sisters to send me a dozen of post-cards on my birthday.

May the good Lord bless you all is the wish of your wife,

ELIZABETH WRIGHT, Bedford, Ky.

Dear COMFORT Sisters:

In replying to those who ask for information regarding our state, I will do my best.

One wishes to know how cold it gets here. We had a long cold snap in January when it was forty-two below zero.

The bad lands are so-called on account of there being—many "buttes" and only small tracts of woodland in between. Now to describe a "butte." It is a very large clay hill, rising up like a hay stack. They are all shapes and heights and sizes. Some cover one eighth of an acre and others cover two acres. They are mostly bare of vegetation but some are covered with cactus, bull berries and cedar vine. One is within a stone's throw of our house and the children and I enjoy climbing it. We have quite a lot of wild fruit, such as bull berries, plums and gooseberries, and some others.

We have many sod houses in our country, but they are replaced in a short time by better houses. A great number of our houses are sixteen by twenty with a car roof; others have a roof that slants one way, but ours is a "reed house," fourteen by twenty and a bit foot posts with a "peak roof," and covered outside with tar paper over one layer of boards with red paper on inside, and it is the warmest house we ever lived in, costing us in all eighty-five dollars. Our barn is said, also, the house.

There is so much vacant land that hay is cheap, but it is getting scarce. This is what the range cattle and horses live on. We have no timber to speak of, at least not up on the prairie land. That is mostly in the gulches. There is more ash and cedar than anything else. Some of our people raised good crops last year even if it was dry; others lost all by hail. There is more money in cattle now than anything else, but if the railroad goes through our county (as all the talk is just now), there will be very little grazing land left. For every man or woman past twenty-one will want every vacant forty. Cattle are so easily raised and such good prices.

Wages are good out here. We came here March 8, 1911, and Mr. Mellis got a job of tanking for a man who had hired a man to "break" with the engine. He got forty dollars per month. Hired men are in great demand if they are good workers. There is "ranch threshing" to do this spring after settled weather, and then wages will be good at that. The Fort Berthold Reservation is about one hundred miles northeast of here and open to homesteaders.

I have asked about homestead lands in other states. Minnesota has timbered homesteads in the very north. Montana has homestead land also.

Mrs. EDITH M. MELLIS, Sentinel, Butte, N. Dak.

Dear Mrs. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have often thought I would love to write you a letter from this part of Kentucky.

My husband is a farmer and I am glad that he is. We have been married three years this coming August, but have no children. As the one great wish of us both is that we had a baby, won't someone please help us to find one. Would prefer one not over a year old, of Caucasian birth of course, and in good health. As to the color of hair and eyes, I have no preference so long as the hair is not red. Would prefer curly hair. I would try and rear it right, and give it a good name.

I think we all ought to try and be kind and cheerful, for little deeds of kindness always helps.

With love and good wishes to all,
Mrs. ESSIE EBEBARD, Oakton, Ky.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I did not know there were such good, kind people as the COMFORT sisters are. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life as what came to me in response to my letter. The letters were so full of goodness.

I hope the Lord will bless all the poor soul that have tried to help a poor soul like me. The COMFORT sisters are rightly named. With the views on the cards I can see a good deal of the world and stay in my room. God bless you all is my prayer.

Mrs. PHILIP A. HUGHTON, Rome, Box 237, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Many times I have thought I would like to write a few lines to dear old COMFORT but my heart would fail me. I look forward to the coming of COMFORT with great pleasure and the first I look for is the dear Sisters' Corner, for there are always so many good, encouraging, helpful thoughts that unite, us closer together as one big family.

South Haven is centrally located in Michigan's original fruit belt. The population of approximately six thousand is increased in the resort season to eighteen thousand or more; has one of the finest line of steamers in speed and safety on the Great Lakes, being fine, modern steamers, running between this port and Chicago, carrying very large volumes of both passengers and freight. One can spend the day in Chicago returning at night.

Black river with its branches furnishes many miles of attractive scenery and cozy resorts reached by launches or rowboats. A large portion of these summer visitors stay from a few days to three or four months and enjoy the cool lake breeze.

The city has paved streets, reaching in all directions to country roads which are gravelled; fine for autoing. Also cement sidewalks.

The surrounding country is a very large and prosperous fruit and general farming section. The soil is rich and varied with practically no waste land. Has natural rainfall. Here is where the fine Michigan peaches and apples are grown in Van Buren and Allegan counties; also cherries, pears, plums and all kinds of small fruit; also grain of all kinds, mostly for one's own use, as fruit is the main product.

The farm homes are mostly all fine buildings, many of them as convenient and nice as any in the city. Outbuildings good and well kept.

As I am a farmer's wife I will tell you of our home. We have a fine farm of the best forty acres in Allegan county, mostly all out to fruit. Just raise enough grain and feed for our stock. We have all kinds of fruit; peaches, apples, pears, plums, cherries; lots of them. Grapes, currants, blackberries, raspberries and strawberries this year just for own use. It is so nice to gather fresh fruit to use. Our house has ten rooms and is very convenient, with water in house. An elevator cupboard in small pantry which saves many steps going down cellar and everything is kept cool in summer. I use it the year round. Every house should have one.

We have a large two story fruit packing house with matched flooring; the up-stairs for fruit packages and down-stairs to pack the fruit. Barn and all other outbuildings, all painted. We have a telephone, also rural mail delivery every day. We are two and a half miles from Lake Michigan where we ship our fruit to Chicago.

We are three in family; husband, one son and myself.

Will have been married twenty-four years May 1st, 1912. Our son is eighteen and is attending business college, and right here I wish to say that I think if parents are able to send their children to high school or college, it is best for either boy or girl to earn their way if possible, in part, anyway. Then they know how they get it and take more interest. I believe we can help them in this; we pay Casper when working fruit as much or more than the other men also for what other help he is, and when we can spare him we works out by the day. There is always plenty of work to do and he feels proud to earn his own money to go to school with Casper has quite a start besides; horse, buggy and cutter. I think we ought to teach them to save as well as earn money and help and encourage all we can, and to get a good example before them; to be Christ-like and temperate in all things in our everyday life.

We bought an automobile last summer and enjoyed it very much.

Happy and prosperous year to all.

Mrs. CRISSEY HADAWAY, South Haven, R. R. 2, Mich.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

As I saw my note on the treatment of tuberculosis escaped the waste basket, I'll risk writing again. I desire to help young mothers with their little charges. In my profession as a nurse, I met so many girls and women, who were anxious to care for their darlings, but did not fully comprehend, in fact many did not know the first thing in caring for them properly.

To treat the subject correctly, I will begin with the mother before she is a mother, if my pen is competent enough to do so.

Every thought of care or cause for worry should be removed during this time, the most trying period of a woman's life. Her whole duty is now entirely to herself and child, and nothing should be allowed to interfere with the well being of either.

The expectant mother will find herself benefited by exercise up to the day of lying in, provided it is not over exertion. A few simple exercises in physical culture help greatly. Toward the close, a hot sitz bath every other evening of just three minutes' duration, will prove very beneficial. It helps to induce that blessed, refreshing sleep which is one of the greatest boons to women in this delicate condition; at least eight hours each night are essential. Great care should be taken as to diet; drink freely of pure water, hot or cold. Never indulge in drinking tea or coffee.

During the last few months, apply glycerine and tannin, or tannic acid to the breasts; massage twice daily. Be sure to massage the nipples thoroughly, to prevent soreness after confinement. A daily action of the bowels is positively necessary for the mother and child.

I hope these few simple rules will help the new mother with the little fondling. They are to be accepted or rejected as liked; sincerely hope they will be accepted, for although I am not a mother, I have had much experience in this line, and always with success.

When one learns of the actual death rate and extreme suffering among the innocent during the tender age through ignorance or utter neglect, I consider it the greatest sin of the world.

The first thing I must say, is, to "Love the wee ones." I hear a chorus of voices echo, "oh! we all love our babies."

I hope you do, and to prove this, you will do all in your power to aid in their comfort and welfare, now and in later years.

To begin with, the infant's clothing should not be too heavy, but plenty warm, preferably a soft flannel snug band, but never fasten it too snugly, as it will cause vomiting as well as discomfort to the child. Then comes a wool flannel shirt, plain blanket, a wool slip with sleeves reaching just beyond the waist, flannel underskirt should be used, and or lawn slip. Be sure to have all clothing suspended from the shoulders. Never use the heaviest flannel, even in winter, the next to the heaviest is thick enough for any child. In the summer only the thinest flannel underskirt should be used, and changes in the outer clothing. The greatest care should be practiced that they are not too hot during the middle of the day; provide extra wraps for use, morning and evening. An almost invariable mistake made in city homes, especially, is too warm rooms and excessive clothing. They are two of the most frequent causes for contracting colds so easily. The temperature of the nursery should be about 68 to 68 degrees F., never above 70 degrees, during the day, at night 66 degrees is proper.

Never attempt to dress a tiny baby in the sitting posture; it should lie upon the lap until able to sit alone, and the clothing drawn over the feet; never slipped over the head.

The soft flannel band can be removed when the child is four months old and replaced by a knitted band, which is to be worn up to eighteen months.

This latter is more essential with infants that are thin to support the abdominal walls. In those prone to diarrhea it should be worn up to the third year.

Do not on any occasion have the infant's clothes over twenty-seven inches long. The average child is twenty and one half inches in height at birth and this length will prove sufficient until four or five months when

it is best to put the child in short clothes, for they are usually better off. As a rule they are very active at this age, and it is not well to keep the feet confined; it gives them a better chance to strengthen and develop the limbs.

A room may be aired, even in the coldest weather, when the child is one month old. The child should be dressed for the street, in its hood and light coat, then laid in its crib or buggy, a few feet from the window. Then throw the windows wide open (but keep the door closed to prevent draughts), accustom the child to it gradually, leave the windows open, say, for fifteen minutes first, then gradually lengthen the period to four or five hours. It is one of the best means to prevent colds.

In summer a child may be taken into the open air at one week old, in spring or fall, at one month old, but in winter not under three months, then always keep in the sun, and out of the wind. A young child should not be taken outside when there are sharp winds, melting snow, or when it is extremely cold. An infant under four months old ought not to be outside, if the thermometer is below freezing point, nor a child under eight months old, if it is below 20 degrees, Fahrenheit.

Never allow the wind to blow in the child's face, see that the feet are properly covered and perfectly warm, and never allow the sun to shine directly in its eyes, when asleep or awake. Always guard against this.

Never bathe a child under an hour after feeding; have the room comfortably warm with no draughts. The head and face should be washed first and dried carefully. Then bathe the body, doing it quickly and dry rapidly with a soft towel, taking care not to rub very much. The temperature for the first few weeks should be 100 degrees Fahrenheit, during the next four months 98 degrees Fahrenheit.

This daily bath should never be omitted, unless in the case of feeble or delicate infants, and in all cases of acute illness unless by the express orders of the physician. In eczema and various other skin diseases only harm will result from the use of soap and water, even water alone. If the bath produces weakness the skin turns purplish and the finger nails turn blue, it must be discontinued for the length of time directed by the physician.

The eyes should be cleansed with a piece of absorbent cotton and a lukewarm solution or boracic acid, one half teaspoonful to one pint of water. If a discharge should appear, cleanse every hour, with the following solution: boracic acid, ten grains to one ounce of water. If this does not control it, consult the physician, for neglect may result in loss of eyesight.

The mouth should be cleansed twice each day, with a weak solution of boracic acid and water. The fingers must never be employed, as they are too large, and may injure the delicate mucous membrane. Use a swab made by twisting a bit of absorbent cotton around a wooden toothpick. The folds in the gums and cheeks can be thoroughly cleansed in this way. Always be gentle. Give the little ones cold water freely.

For colic, to a little hot water add two drops of essence of peppermint; if this does not help, add a teaspoonful of strong camphor tea. I've never known it to fail, and have used it for children with dreadful spasms.

I will tell more next time about preparing food and feeding.

With best wishes, your sister,
RUBY SHAY, Van Couver, B. B. 5, Wash.

Miss Shay. Thanks for your excellent letter to young mothers which will be gratefully read. I want to emphasize what you say about tight bands. Many a baby has been rocked, carried in arms and given quieting portions to stop their restlessness and cries, when the loosening of too tight a band was the only thing necessary. Let judgment preside.—Ed.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

In your corner of the March issue, I noticed Mrs. Mickifl's inquiring for a more healthful climate, and it prompted me to write of that dreaded disease, consumption.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Common-sense Way of Obtaining a Pretty Skin

IS your skin coarse and yellow and spotted with blackheads? I hope not as it is absolutely impossible for a woman to appear well if her skin is speckled with grime and of a pale mustard color. You may have glorious eyes, heavy waving tresses and an exquisite form, yet if your complexion is everything it should not be, you must give up your hopes of being considered attractive.

In my opinion the girls who crave peaches-and-cream complexions should bend their every effort toward keeping their skins as clean as can be. Daily scrubbing of the facial skin with hot, soapy water and a complexion brush or wash-cloth, will, in the end, give you a fine grained, fresh appearing skin, one that you will have every reason to be proud of, and that it will be a joy to look upon.

What do you say to making a resolution—they don't all have to be made on New Year's day, you know—to pay particular attention to routing that deadly enemy to a fine skin—namely, dirt. Notwithstanding that you probably wash your face two or three times daily, yet it is only



ICE FIRMS THE SKIN.

one woman out of twenty who knows how to wash her face so every particle of dirt is extracted. Merely dabbling a wet cloth carelessly over the face does not a whit of good. It does not remove the dust and grime that have collected on the face and choked up the pores of the skin, causing it to grow muddy and spotted with pimples and blackheads. What is needed is a more vigorous treatment and if you will give me your attention for the next ten minutes, I will endeavor to tell you what I think is the proper way to wash the skin so as to extract the greatest possible amount of dirt.

It is hardly necessary, I hope, for me to say that it is not sufficient to remove the superficial face grime. As a matter of fact the dirt lying loosely on the surface of the skin does no great amount of harm. It is the black deposits clinging persistently within the pores that are responsible for many a pimpled and muddy skin. It should be the aim of the particular girl to induce these ugly, dark specks to vacate the premises, as it were. Then, and not until then, can you hope to possess a pink-and-white complexion.

As a washcloth is not of much assistance in this warfare for a clean skin, I would advise you to invest fifty cents in a camel's-hair or rubber complexion brush as the tiny bristles or teeth will dig into the pores and fairly force the clogged dirt out into the open.

As the object of washing the face is to keep it clean, it naturally follows that hot, not cold, water must be used. The cold water fends may disagree with me on this point, but I think most of my readers will not dispute me when I say, that while cold water is stimulating, it does not make the best skin cleanser.

When you have filled a basin half full of very warm, soft water and made a good lather with a cake of soap, dip your complexion brush into the foaming liquid and proceed to scrub and scour your face in the most approved manner. When the skin has been lathered and frictioned over and over again, call a half, as enough is as good as a feast.

Your soft pink cuticle should now be treated to a thorough rinsing with perfumed warm water.

When every bit of the soiled lather has vanished, seize upon a hot, dry towel and give your skin the polishing of its life. To dry the face well is of the utmost importance—although few women seem to realize this fact—as a partially dried skin is sure to become red, rough, wrinkled and everything that is not ornamental. Bear this well in mind, Miss Headless, and friction your skin, after it has had a bath, with a towel until every drop of moisture has been absorbed. The more you rub and smooth and polish your skin the prettier it will grow!

How often should you wash your face? I should say twice or three times daily. The most thorough bath should be given at night, as it is the height of folly to go to bed without freeing the facial skin from its coating of grime and powder. The foolish woman who omits to wash her face before slipping into bed can be sure that the pores of her skin will spend a busy night absorbing the specks of dirt. What will this result in? Why, a crop of blackheads and pimples, of course. It pays to be immaculately clean, you see.

It is a pleasant idea, if one finds the facial skin to be slightly coarse and without color, to run a piece of ice over the face after the morning bath, or, for the matter of that, after any face shampoo, with the exception of the one to be given at bedtime. This simple treatment brings the color to the cheeks in a most delightful way, contracts open pores and firms a flabby skin, so you can see it is quite a miracle worker. As the ice is inclined to be somewhat slippery, wrap it up in a thin piece of cheese-cloth before running it over the face. Try this "teig" treatment, beauty seekers all, as I know it will prove itself a friend in need.

Try not to wash your face in hard water, as it contains mineral salts, which when combined with soap are destructive to beauty of skin, causing the pores to enlarge and crack in a most distressing way. If you are so unfortunate as not to be able to secure any rain-water, you must make the best of a bad master and throw a little softening lotion into the hard water, so it can be used with impunity. Formula for a very dainty lotion, which is warranted to soften the hardest kind of water, is given below and I hope you will enjoy using it.

Lavender Softening Water

Four ounces of alcohol, one ounce of ammonia, one dram of lavender.

One teaspoonful to a large basin of water will suffice.

As a harsh soap can cause incalculable mischief when applied lavishly to the skin, it is the better part of wisdom to make your choice of soap with the utmost care. There are many splendid soaps on the market, so you can hardly go astray. Bear in mind that it must be mild and as pure as is made.

One of the latest fads is for Milady to make her own face soap. Strange to say the soap most in favor at the present time, is soft, resembling in this respect, and in no other, the soft soap made by our grandmothers long before the Civil War.

If you would like to make up a supply of soft face soap, follow the directions given below and I am sure you will be pleased with the result.

Continental Olive Oil Soap

Put two cupfuls of olive oil into a large porcelain-lined kettle and bring to a boiling point, when one and a half pints of boiling water, in which two tablespoonsfuls of refined potash have been previously dissolved (also strained) are poured slowly into the bubbling oil; stir constantly, letting mixture boil until it thickens like jelly when cooled on a plate. After soap has cooled for a while, it can be perfumed with four drams of oil of lavender. It should now be spooned into small jars and kept for a month or two before using.

Questions and Answers

Mrs. Anna F.—I am so sorry, but I do not answer letters personally. If you wish to reduce your arms between the shoulders and the elbows, bathe them for five minutes in extremely hot water, then swathe the upper part of the arms in thin rubber and practice some arm exercise violently for half an hour, every ten minutes stopping to drink a glass of hot water. When the thirty minutes are up, sit down and read or write or embroider, or better still, sleep, for an hour, then remove bandages and rub arms down with alcohol. Do this every day for the next month, and I think your arms will be much thinner.

Agnes.—Was this the exercise you referred to? Fasten a pulley to wall, then, standing with your back to it, grasp the handles and let the weights pull your arms up and back as far as they will go; then pull them down over your head, and strike out as if delivering a blow. It is said that after three weeks of this exercise the bust will be reduced one-half. Isn't this cheering news?

Miss M. E. G. P.—If you will practice rising on tiptoe and then allowing heels to sink back to the ground, for ten minutes, morning, noon and night, you will have the pleasure of seeing your lower limbs become prettily rounded.

Lucia.—Here is a prescription for a powder which will prevent undue perspiration. It should be dusted frequently over the affected parts:

Perspiration Powder

Oleate of zinc, one dram; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one third dram.

Your Friend in Need.—Pimples are generally caused by too great a fondness for sweets. If you wish the ugly blotches to disappear, and of course you do, you must taboo candy, pie, cake, pudding, fried foods, hot breads and greasy meats. I also advise taking plenty of outdoor exercise, sleeping with your bedroom windows opened wide, and making a habit of the daily bath. In addition, it would be a good plan to touch the pimples several times daily with the following lotion:

Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose-water, four ounces.

Blackheads are a great trial, but daily treatment will finally banish them. Never forget to wash your face at night, before retiring, with hot, soapy water and a rough cloth. After this rub in a little boracic powder, and if this smarts the skin, massage in cold cream. Every other night scrub blackheads with soft, soapy nail brush, after bathing the face and before the boracic powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly, else the skin will be irritated. Once a week, after the face has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse in hot water and spread over face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage for several minutes. On this night omit the boracic powder.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.



THE SKIN THAT IS BATHED DAILY IN HARD WATER FEELS DRY TO THE TOUCH.

After your skin is absolutely free from blackheads, you must hasten to close up the open pores, else they will again fill up with dust and dirt. I am giving astringent, which I ask you to spray over your face several times a day, allowing the liquid to dry on.

Elder-flower Astringent Lotion

Place in half-pint bottle one ounce of cucumber juice, half fill bottle with elder-flower water and add two tablespoonsfuls of eau de cologne. Shake well and add very slowly one half ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture now and then. Fill bottle with elder-flower water.

A Kansas Sunflower.—I do not think that any liquid powder, if used daily, can help but injure the skin. You are rather too tall, but this is a matter that you cannot help. You are too tall by far; you should weigh about one hundred and eighty pounds to be in proportion to your height. You should wear your hair parted, on account of your great height. You must have very pretty hair. You can wear reddish browns, black, white and dark green. Please read through these columns and you will find treatment for a pimpled face. If I liked a young man and he liked me, I would go with him, regardless of the fact that he was shorter than I.

A. G. S.—You should wash your oily hair frequently, say every ten days, using the following shampoo:

Cream Shampoo

Shredded white soap, one half ounce; rose-water, one ounce; weak solution of toilet ammonia, one half ounce; bay rum, one half ounce; rain-water, nine ounces.

Mix. Dissolve the soap in the heated rain-water. When nearly cool, add the ammonia, rose-water and the alcohol, stirring constantly.

You should massage your little sister's scalp for fifteen minutes nightly with the following pomade.

It is a splendid night grower. Do not, however, think that you can rest content with massaging the scalp once, as it will need to be massaged nightly for at least six weeks before you can expect to see a new crop of hair putting in its appearance:

White vaseline, three ounces; Castor oil (cold drawn), one half ounce; oil of lavender, thirty drops; gallic acid, one quarter dram.

C. L.—You probably have weak eyes. You should consult an oculist. Wear a chin belt if you do not wish to own a double chin. A good way to fix a receding chin bandage is to buy some elastic webbing and cut off a strip about eight inches long by two and a half inches wide. Line this with thin rubber sheeting. Now take one side of the unfinished belt and gather slightly midway between ends. Sew narrow strips of garter elastic to the four ends. At night place the strip of elastic webbing under chin with the rubber lining next to skin and the gathered side beneath chin. Pull up the strips of garter elastic until the belt fits snugly and tie or pin the four ends together at the top of the head.

Laughing wrinkles, by which I mean the wrinkles that run from the nostrils down to the corners of the mouth, can be effaced thus. Smear flesh over with an astringent cream, then place first fingers of either hand beneath center of under lip. Now press down lightly and move fingers to left and right and beyond and around mouth corners, then on up to the nostrils. Massage wrinkles in this manner for ten minutes nightly. Three or four times daily dampen wrinkled flesh with the astringent given in this month's beauty column, and let liquid dry on. This last treatment will firm flesh and help to prevent it wrinkling.

Martha V.—Here is formula for a good depilatory:

Barium Arm Paste

Sulphuret of barium, three ounces; water, twelve ounces.

Mix into a paste by wetting corn-starch with the solution, and apply to the offending hairs. When dry the hairs will come away with it. If the skin is irritated rub in a good skin food. Bear in mind that this only removes hair, temporarily and that the roots will soon send out a new growth which will have to be burnt off again. For this reason this depilatory must not be used on the face or neck. It is said that, used persistently, it will finally kill hair roots, but I cannot vouch for this. If arms are plumply or sore in any way do not use this remedy. Have it put up at a drug-store.

Miss Jane.—If your skin is too yellow, my advice is to use the following bleach:

Almond Meal Complexion Bleach

Buy a fifty-cent jar of theatrical cream and a pound of almond meal. Beat together one teaspoonful of the cream and some almond meal and add enough hot water to form a thin spreading paste. Cut two squares of thin cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face and tear a hole in the center of each square for your nose, so you won't smother. Now dampen the squares and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot, soapy water, massage for a minute and then apply the pack, patting it down so it touches the face all over. Now lay on two medium-sized, hot, wet Turkish towels and as soon as they cool replace with others. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash face in warm, then cool, then very cold water. Take two of these applications every seven days for three weeks. This treatment will bleach the skin beautifully and make it soft and satiny-like.

A Hard Worker.—Indeed, I can tell you a way to obtain soft, white hands. Dip them in and out of a bowlful of the following liquid for several minutes every day for ten days. The result will be all you could ask.

Viennese Hand Bleach

Bruised almonds, one ounce; orange-flower water, four ounces; rose-water, four ounces; borate of soda, one-half dram; spirits of benzoin, one dram.

Make the first three ingredients into an emulsion; let it stand twenty-four hours, filter, add the soda, agitate till dissolved then add the benzoin, drop by drop, under continual agitation.

Maybelle C.—You cannot expect to have a good skin unless you do something to relieve yourself of constipation. Constipation is responsible for more unsightly skins than I like to think of. However, there is hope for you if you will give my constipation bread a

Constipation Bread

Two cups milk, four cups bran, two cups gluten or white flour, one cup molasses, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt, a little melted butter.

Mix well and bake in muffin tins or in layer cake tins in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Take several slices every night just before going to bed.

Vanity.—So you are anxious to use my epsom-salt face lotion? Then you shall, and I think you will find it of service to you in your dilemma.

Epsom-Salt Face Lotion

Take one tablespoonful of epsom salts to one quart of warm water. Bathe the face with this, and the neck also. Just as though you were washing your face; wipe off with smooth towel and repeat three or four times. Do this morning and evening, rubbing gently all the time—too much pressure will injure tissue. After application is finished, wash or rinse the face and neck with cold water to add firmness to the skin, flesh and muscles, tissue and all. You will be pleased with the results.

Two handfuls of the salts to four gallons of warm water will make an ideal bath for the whole body, as the affinity the epsom in solution has for the carbons and toxins is truly wonderful. Same directions as for the face.

Ignace.—Why do you go on enduring a dandruff scalp? If you don't mend your ways, you will live to regret it. Hoping that you may change your mind, I am giving you formula for a dandruff treatment which in almost all cases has proved effective.

Sulphur Dandruff Remedy

Take one heaping tablespoonful of sulphur, then pour over it one quart of boiling water. Keep in an airtight vessel for twenty-four hours, then drain off the clear portion. Rub into the scalp every night until the dandruff disappears. While treating the scalp for dandruff it is advisable that you be careful what you use for a shampoo. The following liquid is excellent for this purpose, leaving the scalp beautifully clean and the hair fluffy as heart could wish.

Egg Dandruff Shampoo

Yolk of one egg, one pint of hot rain-water, one ounce of rosemary spirits.

Beat the mixture and use it warm, rubbing it well into the scalp and over the hair. Rinse in several waters and sit in the sun until your pretty tresses are free from moisture.

Elderly Wife.—I think I can be of such assistance to you that you will soon notice your wrinkles disappearing. I am giving directions for massaging those horrid lines.

How to Massage a Wrinkled Face

Before commencing any massage, the face and neck should be washed in hot, soapy water, rinsed, dried and the skin coated thickly with the following cream:

Cream for Flesh Building

Fresh lard, one hundred grams; alcohol, eighty percent, twenty grams; essence of rosemary, eleven drams; essence of bergamot, eleven drops.

When trying out the lard add a small bit of powdered gum camphor, strain the lard, then beat in the alcohol; and just before the cream congeals stir in the essences. When ready to manipulate the flesh, run fingers lightly across forehead lines, using a circular motion.

Crow's-feet must be treated carefully, as the skin around the eyes is so delicate that it is an easy matter to rub in more wrinkles than you can ever rub out. Put the first and second finger on the nose—just above the eyes—and massage out beyond the eye corners, then sweep in underneath the eye toward the nose. Press down very lightly indeed. The cheeks

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The Awakening

By A. W. Peach

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AS the doorbell rang softly Alice Butler started. "There," she said, dropping her sewing, "I'll wager that that is Will Lanley come for Grace, and she has gone off with Blinn without letting him know—I think it's a shame!"

"There! there! Alice, I know, but you run in and see what he wants," her mother said, smiling at the girl's earnestness.

Will Lanley followed Alice into the little parlor, and it was just as she expected; her older sister who was one of the belles of her set, though making an agreement to meet Lanley there, had gone with the other fellow.

Lanley's rather handsome face shadowed as he heard the news. "That's rather the—the limit. Alice—I came to make arrangements for the dance to which she said she would go; but—I guess—Blinn—has put one over on me," he said, slowly, reaching for his hat.

"I'm sorry, Will. I do, think it is hardly right of her, I wouldn't—" then she stopped as she saw him looking intently at her, and blushed, thinking she was saying altogether too much in her zeal.

But when her sisters returned she gently started to tell her of how hurt Lanley had appeared, but the older girl turned on her sharply, her dark, handsome face flushing.

"Now, look here, little Tow-head, don't try to lecture me. Will Lanley is all right, but Blinn even if he isn't so handsome, has got the money. I can't help it even if I did agree to go with Lanley; I have a right to change my mind if I wish to; and I am going to. What do you know of such things? Alice, you never went to a dance in your life, and as far as fellows—"

"There, Grace, that was unkind. I don't know what I would do without Alice to help me; and if the fellows came they would take her away as they take you," her mother interposed, but her voice was a little wistful, for she knew that what the older girl had hinted at was true.

Alice kept silent, though she was deeply hurt.

The next day the doorbell sounded softly again at about the same time. Alice answered it, but didn't expect to see Lanley, but it was he. He smiled as he saw her astonishment. "I won't stay long; I just dropped in from work to ask you if you will go with me to the dance?"

Alice's heart seemed to stop. She—asked—to dance by Will Lanley. She couldn't believe it; but when he asked her again she knew that she was not dreaming. "Why—I—would—be—glad to, Will," she managed to stammer, and he left as if he had heard good news.

"Let's say nothing to Grace," she urged, and her mother agreed.

So it came about that a few days later, Grace stopped before her sister, and looked at her wonderingly as she was working busily on a white dress. "Sister, what's come over you, you're looking fairly pretty, today, and that dress—why—what's up?"

"I'm going to the dance," Alice answered, almost singing it.

"You're what?" gasped the astonished Grace. "Well, with whom?"

Grace started; then she laughed. "Oh, I see; he wanted to spite me—he ha!"

The girlish face bent over her work stiffened.

"I don't believe it!" she whispered.

"Ask him," Grace said, sarcastically.

With numb fingers and a more numb heart, the younger girl went on to finish her dress. She did it courageously, but with the brightness gone out of her life.

The next evening when Lanley came for her, he found a shy, slender, golden-haired figure waiting for him that very dutifully followed him out into the street. He could not seem to get much conversation started, and he soon found out why.

As they started to go into the hall where the dance was to be held, he felt her hand rest on his arm. "Will," she said tensely, "did you take me just to spite Grace?"

Lanley paused in the act of throwing away his cigarette, and stared at her small, sensitive face. He muttered something savage and sharp under his breath that she did not hear, but the words she did hear snapped—"Take you out of spite? Well—I guess—not! and anyone who says so is—" he stopped—"little girl, I took you because I—I discovered something one day." He smiled.

She did not know what he meant but his words and manner were satisfying.

A little later and she was swept into the gayety of the evening. She had learned to dance at a dancing school, and was light on her feet, but she had never had the opportunity to attend the big dances.

She danced the first dance with Lanley, her heart beating, happy clear through. She blushed as she suddenly realized that inquisitive eyes were turned her way.

When the dance was over she saw Lanley start away after a word, and she knew that he was probably going to round up a few of his friends so that she would have a partner. As he crossed the hall, young fellows seemed to appear from all sides and talk with him, and she saw that he did not seem overjoyed; then she was startled to find them coming toward her. In a moment they were about her, and her card was filling up.

Then the fun began, and ended as all fun must sooner or later.

Too happy for speech as she started homeward, she did not notice the wonder on her sister's face as Lanley went out with her, saying: "Homeward bound, little girl."

At her house Lanley stopped; in his voice something she could not understand was sounding. "Alice, I want you to go to all these dances with me—me—will you?"

Astonished, she looked down into his face; the light from the street-lamp fell upon it, and she saw how deeply serious he was. "Why, I will be glad, indeed, to go Will, as long as you want me."

He gave her hand a hard squeeze. "Thanks, little girl. Now, good night."

The next morning her sister came out from her room. "Alice, did you have any makeup on your face?"

"Grace Butler! what a question!"

"Oh, don't feel bad about it; but you looked so rosy—well—anyway—I guess I will smile at Will; he certainly looked pretty handsome last night."

Alice's face fell, but she said nothing.

When Will came the next day, she went in to see him, leaving Alice sitting white-faced and hurt. But that passed, for in a moment Grace flounced out, saying: "He wants you," very shortly.

She went in to the smiling Lanley, and later returned reporting that he wanted her to go to one of the big plays that evening.

The days went by, and Lanley was faithful, and—something more.

It came to the crisis one evening. He had come to see her and brought her a great bouquet of the flowers he had learned she loved. She had dressed as she knew he liked to see her, in a simple white. As he gave her the flowers, he stood off and looked at her.

"By George! Little girl, you make a picture—that's right, blush! That pure white dress, that black hair, and that rose in each cheek—yes! I wish I was an artist!"

Suddenly, before she knew he had caught her into his arms, flowers and all; in his eyes was the wonder-light, in his voice the deep tenderness of true love. "Alice, that day I came—you know—something came over me like a flash—I loved you then, and day by day it has been growing. Everything is so I can ask you now—do you love me?"

She hid her face in the flowers, but he found her lips.

After he had gone she went straight to her mother with the glad news. Her mother smiled. "I knew it, dear, he told me he was going to," she said, softly.

"Mother," she put her hands around her mother's neck, "tell me what has made the change?" He said I was pretty; they never used to say so."

The mother smiled again at the frank question. "Dearie, all this while you have been keeping at home, helping me, glad to do the little home tasks, uncomplainingly, unevitably the girls who could and did go, something in this girl's heart of yours has been growing more and more winsome, and all the while, too, here you have been free from the worries of things of the heart, and when love called you something woke—I saw it in your eyes the first night, Grace saw it in your cheeks, and Will saw it—everywhere."

"But it's wonderful, mother."

The mother's eyes were misty.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

turn the leaves of your COMFORT Remedy Book; you may save a doctor's call.

I have three little books I named, "COMFORT Model Book." My old Comrades received when I was a girl were worn and yellow, but cut out all the pretty knits and crochet designs and pasted them in a little book, so that when I wanted a model to work in crochet, or to piece a quilt, or make some little pin-cushions or anything, I take out my COMFORT Model Books and am certain to find just what I want. Try making a couple of these books sisters:

Mrs. Flinks, I am glad you found a remedy for your little girl's sore nose. Sisters write this remedy down in your COMFORT Remedy Book. It may be of use some day.

I have five little ones from nine to one year, and all information or advice about children I like to read best.

Long live dear old COMFORT, with love to all the sisters. I remain, your COMFORT sister,

Mrs. M. F. JACQUET, Lafayette, La.

To OUR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have a few "ways" to pass along. In answer to the sisters that have asked about the common goat, yes, their milk is fine. I know of a baby that was taken from its mother with no hopes and put on goat's milk and was soon well and fat.

A never-failing remedy for hiccup is to give one teaspoon of sugar, then drink plenty of water. I have given it to my little girls for seven years and I have never seen it fail. Always add enough water to moisten sugar when giving it to young babies.

Now I want to tell the sisters how I make beautiful lasting rags. Take a large, heavy tow sack, rip open and face raw edges. Then take more tow sacks and cut in strips six inches wide, being sure to cut straight. A large sack will cut nine strips. I used sixteen sacks. You now ravel strips from each edge to center, leaving six or eight threads in center of each strip, then double your strips and stitch on the large sack one quarter of an inch apart. Be careful to stitch on straight. When rug is finished, wash in warm soap suds, wring out and put in pot of boiling water to which two packages of fadeless dye has been added. Boil thirty minutes, rinse and hang out to dry. Shake it every hour while drying so it will be fluffy. Try this sisters, they are lasting and beautiful.

I would be glad if some of the sisters would send me a root of Jackman's vine, or rooted roses. I am a dear lover of flowers and have a flower garden every year.

I am thirty-six years old, weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, brown hair and eyes, have been married eight years and have two sweet little girls, Lena seven and Madge five. I enjoy the sisters' letters more than I can tell you.

Mrs. ADDIE COLEMAN CLARK, McKenzie, R. R. 5, Tenn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I wish to send you and the sisters, for the month we celebrate "Mothers' Day," the tribute I have paid in verse to my dear departed mother, Mary Mason Perkins, who died May 19th, 1909. Her childhood days were spent in the state of Michigan, her father being one of the first settlers. It was the hardships and privations of those early days that broke her down and made her the invalid she was all the later years of her life. But it was those very hardships and privations that made such noble men and women in those days. The thought for my tribute to my mother was given me by what Abraham Lincoln said of his mother.

"All that I am or all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

My Mother

"I owe to my angel mother
All I am or hope to be,
Even to my hopes of Heaven
That fair land across death's sea."

Oh, how carefully she taught me
Through my happy, careless youth,
To be honest, ever faithful
Ever to stand for right and truth.

So in years past, when I've wandered
In forbidden paths of sin,
Twas the memory of her teaching
Brought me back to Christ again.

And that mother, who lies sleeping
Now beneath the churchyard sod,
Showed through all her life's long journey
That she ever walked with God.

In loving remembrance.

MABEL L. LANGDON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I think some of you probably have the same trouble I did in making bread. I never could tell how it would turn out. A friend finally showed me a way that has never failed and I am so thankful I would like to pass it on.

Will tell something about myself. We live in the ranch and mining state of Montana, about four miles from the Canada line. We have no ranch, but one hundred and forty acres of coal land. The coal lays about fifty feet under the ground. We sell about one thousand tons a year for six dollars a ton right here at the mine. The place is twenty-five miles from the railroad so people come as far as thirty miles for their coal. We make a very good living here and I am sorry we are to sell out soon, but my husband's health is failing. We have from three to six men working all the time and we are boarding them all so I have my hands full, with three small children besides, and often have to do all the work myself, as it is hard to get a girl here for housework. But I don't think it is so hard for me, as it is for many others. I always treat a working girl the way I would like to be treated myself. I think you should let a girl know from the start just how much work you expect from her. It makes it much easier for a girl if she knows. I know some women who will hunt up more work for the girl as soon as she is through and never allow her to sit down to rest or read. I don't blame a girl if she soon gets tired of such a place. Would like to hear some of the sisters' opinion on this subject.

I like COMFORT very much, but best of all the Sisters' Corner.

MRS. JOHN S. ODELL, West Butte, Mont.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I wish to thank all the dear sisters for the many kind and loving letters they sent me; also the little children who sent Walter so many pretty post-cards. Dear little girls and boys! Many a ray of sunshine did you send into his little life.

I now come to tell you we buried dear little Walter

Feb. 23rd; after two months of severe sickness, he passed quietly away one evening just at dusk. So quietly and peacefully did he give up his little life that we did not know he was gone until about half an hour afterwards, and I thank God that he went to his rest so easy and peaceful, for he had suffered his death many times before the end came. Little Walter is missed in our home; he is missed by every member of the family. But oh, words fail to tell how I miss him, the one that I had held in my arms for almost seven years; the one that could not do one thing for himself and I did it for him. Only those who have had the care of such, can understand how mother misses him.

Dear sisters, I received so many letters of sympathy, letters of love and letters of advice, and many peaceful hours have I spent in reading your letter and the literature, but it was impossible for me to answer each personally. I answered many and sent cards to some little afflicted children who had remembered Walter.

Wasn't COMFORT's family a grand one? When one of its sisters sends in a letter of their home cares, trials and affliction, how quickly do the kind hearts of the others respond with their words of cheer, love, sympathy, advice and their material aid if needs be. We hope COMFORT's family grows larger and larger each year and with such characters as Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. Gannett and Uncle Charlie at the head it will never lose the Christ spirit in which to do its great and noble work.

With best wishes for all.

MRS. DAISY AZRELL, Dugger, Ind.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps.

SODA BISCUIT.—One teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of soda, two cups of buttermilk, lard the size of an egg. Enough flour to make smooth dough and stir as little as possible. Roll one half inch thick, bake in hot oven.

VEAL LOAF.—Two pounds of veal chopped fine, two coffee cups of moistened bread crumbs, two eggs, one tablespoon of mixed salt and pepper and a little butter. Mix all together. Bake about one hour.

BLUEBERRY PIE.—Line a deep tin with plain or chopped paste. Brush with water or white of egg. Fill with doured blueberries, tablespoon of butter, pinch of salt, one half teaspoon of vinegar, and sugar to the proportion of one cup to three of berries. Cover with crust and bake.

MRS. JAMES GOODYEAR, Sank City, B. 1, Wis.

SPAGHETTI.—Cook one half pound of spaghetti in boiling salted water. Stew two green sweet peppers till tender, add one pint of hot canned tomato and butter size of large walnut. Add all to spaghetti and stew until liquor is nearly boiled away. Serve with grated cheese.

A good substitute for and more nourishing than potatoes.

MRS. B. M. KEENEY, Waterford, Conn.

HOME-MADE MUSTARD.—Two tablespoons of sugar, one of corn-starch and three of sweet milk; one half cup of vinegar, one egg well beaten, salt and pepper. Mix all together and cook in a double boiler five minutes. One teaspoon of tumeric gives it a rich color.

JELLY COOKIES.—One and one half cup of sugar creamed with one half cup of lard or butter. Add one beaten egg, pinch of salt, one half cup of sour milk, one half teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of vanilla and flour enough to handle. Do not mix too hard or roll too thin. On each cookie put a small piece of jelly, and roll again.

WASHINGTON CAKE.—One cup of sugar, small piece of butter, two eggs, one cup of milk, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream of tartar mixed with two cups of flour. Flavor. Bake in round tins.

FILLING.—One cup of sweet milk, one egg, one tablespoon of corn-starch, four tablespoons of sugar, pinch of salt. Cook in a double boiler and flavor with lemon. Spread on top and between the cakes.

MRS. GERTRUDE LITTLEFIELD, Guilford, R. B. 2, Maine.

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up, trousers \$2.50
up, all - on men's
\$4.50, and complete
stocks of hot weather clothing such as slacks
coats, dusters, auto coats and all kinds of men's and youth's clothing
for summer wear. Write
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our men's FURNISHING GOODS. Mesh underwear 15c,
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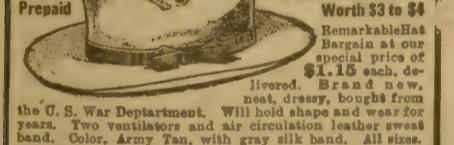


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Comfort Sisters' Corner

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

roll in beaten egg and then in cracker crumbs, fry in hot fat till golden brown.

Mrs. LILYTH E. MITCHELL, Rock River, Wyo.

BROWN BREAD.—Two cups of corn meal, two cups of graham flour (whole wheat flour may be used if preferred), two teaspoons of soda, one half teaspoon of salt, two cups of sour milk and one half cup of New Orleans molasses. Beat and strain three hours.

GENEVIEVE LENT, 8 Park Ave., Norwalk, Ohio.

CREAM TOMATO SOUP.—Bring to a boil and then strain one quart can of tomatoes. Return to stove and when boiling add a pinch of soda to prevent milk from curdling. Now add one pint each of milk and cream, salt, pepper and celery salt, and slightly thicken with flour wet with cold water. Serve with toasted crackers.

To CUBE PORK FOR SUMMER USE.—Two ounces of saltpeter, four pounds of brown sugar, eight pounds of salt and one half pound of black pepper, to two hundred pounds of meat which must be thoroughly cold. Mix well together, and rub half the above amount into the meat and place on boards sprinkled with about an inch of salt to prevent molding. Place the boards in a dry, cool place, let meat remain two weeks, then rub in the remainder of the "cure." Rub well into the back end and into the joints. Less of the "cure" should be used on the sides than on the thick hams. After it is well rubbed let it lie about six weeks when it is ready to hang, or to improve the flavor, by smoking slowly a little each day until it is a straw color. After the smoking is finished, sprinkle it well with borax to keep the flies from it, and put in four sacks and hang in dark place.

Mrs. EDITH MARTIN, Monroeville, Ind.

Remedies

GALL-STONES.—I have been a sufferer from gallstones and having found a simple remedy I wish to pass it on.

Gather the pear-shaped pods of prickly pear cactus. Take a paring knife cutting each pod off at the narrow joining. Thrust the point of knife through pod, taking care not to touch the cactus as it is covered with fine thorns that are hard to remove if you get them in your flesh. Wash cactus by pushing about in water with knife point and carefully removing feathers, leaves, etc. Put it into a basin, three pods to five cups of water boiling hot. Boil a few minutes, remove and strain liquid into another dish, using a cloth which should immediately be thrown away, as well as cactus, using fresh every day.

I repeat, be careful about it all, for while it is not poisonous the thorns are extremely disagreeable. Take four cups a day. This dissolves the gall-stones.

This cactus grows in Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma, S. Dakota, and perhaps other states. Where it doesn't grow wild perhaps it could be obtained from a druggist.

Mrs. ELLA TERPENING, Greenwich, Box 74, Kans.

CORNS.—Apply camphor-ice each night. Can be procured at the drug-store.

EARACHE.—Often caused by hardened wax. Drop into the ear a few drops of warm olive oil.

Mrs. LOIS BURSON, Friona, B. R. 2, Ga.

CONSTIPATION.—Take a teaspoon of whole flaxseed after each meal. These are easy to take and have a pleasant effect.

Mrs. L. C. TREADWAY, Wilmington, R. R. 7, Ohio.

FROST BITES.—Bathe feet in hot water and rub them well with turpentine, and as soon as this dries in rub with Castor oil. Wear old stockings to bed. Give this treatment every night until cured.

EDNA WILLIAMS, Armona, Cal.

TOOTHACHE.—A little table salt placed in the cavity of a tooth will often stop pain.

VOMITING.—White of egg beaten stiff sometimes relieves nausea and vomiting.

Mrs. NANCY MULLIS, Norman Park, R. R. 2, Ga.

BOILS.—The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Feel it off carefully, wet and apply. It will draw out the matter and relieve soreness in a few hours.

EARACHE.—Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it in sweet oil and place in the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep warm.

POISONING.—The severe itching and smarting produced by poison oak may be relieved by first bathing in a solution of soda water, two teaspoons to a pint of water, and then applying cloths wet with extract of witch hazel. Take dose of epsom salts internally.

Mrs. FRANCES GRAHAM, Alcoin, S. C.

FROST BITES.—Take fresh lard and mix with it all the black gunpowder that you possibly can. Bind onto frost bites.

ITCHING.—Take warm lard or goose grease and add enough sulphur to make it the consistency of salve. Apply as convenient.

ALMA L. LOR, Hitchcock, R. R. 1, Okla.

NEURALGIA.—Wring a cloth out of scalding hot vinegar and inhale the fumes. If necessary repeat in one hour. This is also a good remedy for cold in the head, and used daily will help catarrh.

MRS. GEO. A. NELSON, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

A good furniture polish is made from equal parts of boiled linseed oil, turpentine and vinegar. Shake well and apply sparingly.

Mrs. JULIA GOODYEAR, Sankt, R. R. 1, Wis.

To clean hard wood floors, add to two quarts of water a piece of soap the size of a walnut, three tablespoons of turpentine and two of linseed oil, and use with cloth.

M. E. HAGERTY, Red Lake Falls, Minn.

Velvetine is washable if properly done. Use a soapy water same as for flannels, rinsing thoroughly. Do not wring by twisting, as it will give a shaded appearance, but press out the water with the hands, shake and hang to dry near the stove, with right side toward heat, which raises the pile.—ED.

Friction caused by shoes slipping at the heel is what wears out the heels of children's stockings so rapidly. Here is a suggestion worth trying: When boots and shoes are new, take a strip of chamois or thin, soft leather about two inches wide and long enough to reach from heel to top of shoe where it is securely fastened far enough down to keep in place when shoe is put on. This prolongs both the wear of stockings and boots.—ED.

When frying doughnuts have a pan of boiling water on the stove and after lifting the doughnuts out of fat, dip quickly in the water, this removes the surplus fat and they are more wholesome.

Mrs. L. C. TREADWAY, Wilmington, R. R. 7, Ohio.

If one has trouble with shoe-buttons coming off, take a strong shoestring, fasten at top of shoe above first button on the inside, make a small hole with a sharp knife large enough for shank of buttons to pass through and draw shoestring through each shank then fasten below last button, pass through again and sew at the top on the inside of shoe. This many times saves a sore foot as a clinched button often makes a scratch.

Mrs. ALMA OBERLIN, Barberville, R. R. 35, Ohio.

better kerogen light is obtained by soaking wick in vinegar before placing in lamp.

To repair a cracked stove make cement of wood ashes and salt in equal proportions, reduced to a paste with cold water. Fill in cracks while stove is cold and it will soon harden.

To kill cabbage worms, take a teacup of salt to a pail of water. Apply with watering pot. It kills the worms without hurting the cabbage at all. Another good way to drive them off is by dusting cayenne pepper upon the cabbage while wet with dew. Repeat the operation once a week if necessary.

Mrs. FRANCES GRAHAM, Alcoin, S. C.

Requests

Alma L. Loy, Hitchcock, R. R. 1, Okla., remedy for rheumatism in hip and shoulder joints.

Mrs. Marion Culver, Clarkston, Washington; invalid; letters.

Mrs. Jacob T. Olert, Numedahl, N. Dak., remedy for heart burn.

Recipe for orange marmalade.—ED.

Miss Julia L. Mills, Middlebury, R. R. 3, Vt., letters from Colorado and Arkansas.

Mrs. E. Huntley, 934 Dwight St., Holyoke, Mass., directions for making night lamp.

Mrs. Alice Wheeler, Antigo, Box 174, Wis., letter

to COMFORT regarding climate, country, water, etc. of Roanoke, Lynchburg Co., Va.

Mrs. Lizzie Wiggins, Robersonville, R. R. 3, N. C., flower seeds.

Mrs. Walter Williams, Georgetown, Colorado, remedy for Bright's disease.

Mrs. Daisy Bump, Brethren, Mich., invalid, pieces and reading.

Mrs. J. M. Shakes, McClellanville, S. C., how to dry figs, can tomatoes and to dry pears and keep worms from them.

Mrs. Jerome Triplett, Lenoir, Box 524, Caldwell Co., N. C., information about Guinea pigs.

Silver Threads Among the Gold

Darling, I am growing old.

Silver threads among the gold,

Shine upon my brow today;

Life is fading fast away;

But my darling, you will be, will be—

Always young and fair to me;

Yes! my darling, you will be!

Always young and fair to me.

CHORUS.

Darling, I am growing, growing old,



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

NOW comes the merry month of May when all the world is bright and gay, my dears, and we all look ahead into June forgetting the cold of winter the heat of summer. I think that is why May is such a cheerful month for we are sure to be cheerful when we can forget what is disagreeable and uncomfortable. And do you know, dears, that is the beauty of work, too? If we are busy we don't have time to think of other troubles. So I'm going to stop talking and get busy.

The first question is from Anxious Heart of Harrell, Ark., and she has a dear sweetheart whom her mother forbids her to see because his uncle has created a sad disturbance in her family. She wants to know if the dear sweetheart should suffer for the sins of the uncle and "I don't think he should, but I am not advising her to disobey her mother. She is only seven years old and waiting a while won't do any harm."

Brown Eyes, Dayton, O.—Wait till you are twenty and he twenty-two. Two years as sweethearts will always be a pleasant memory, and two years of preparation to meet the responsibilities of marriage will help you both to be better wife and husband. You will not find it, my dear, as happy and carefree as

Constant Reader, Birmingham, Ala.—Just why you should love a man who is so nasty jealous is beyond me. "Perfectly furious," if you accept the attention of your many friends and suks and refuses to come to see you and breaks engagements without explanation. I don't see. If a sweetheart acts that crazy way what do you think a husband would do? Don't think that he will improve by marriage. He will be worse and you simply cannot be happy with him. As you are not engaged to him, take my advice and break it off right now.

Palmettorite, Abbeville, S. C.—Wait until you are of age and then your father's objection may be removed. You can remove it if it isn't. Some fathers are foolish like yours. (2) Ask anyone of several thousand women who have married drinking men on their promise that they would not drink any more after they are married, and if they tell you it is that crazy way what do you think a husband would do?

Two Girls, Chicago, Ill.—I don't think I would bother about phoning to a young man who was careless about keeping engagements, especially if my family didn't want me to go with him. Besides he is indifferent in his apologies, and as far as I can see seems to think the girls are a good deal more anxious to have him than he is to have them. If you are that kind of a girl you will encourage that kind of young men.

Dolly, Richmond, Va.—Notwithstanding you are intellectual and indifferent to the common variety of young men, I think you are in love with this one that doesn't seem to care. I'm sure if I cried before he is indifferent in his apologies, and as far as I can see seems to think the girls are a good deal more anxious to have him than he is to have them. If you are that kind of a girl you will encourage that kind of young men.

Sold Miss, Pawtucket, R. I.—A young man has no right to claim the exclusive attention of a girl unless he is engaged to her and the girl is foolish who does not from the beginning make him understand that he has no claim upon her more than any other young man she likes. The best man should win and the game is free for all. And beware of marrying the man who thinks he owns a girl because he likes her and is attentive to her, for he will want his wife to forsake the whole world for him, and no man is worth that sacrifice.

Perplexed, Norfolk, Va.—To marry in October when you are twenty and be twenty-six sounds quite idyllic to me and unless all signs fail your marriage will be a happy one. Don't worry about his mother not seeing you. I'll wager a cookie she'll see you quite as much as you want her to before very long after you are married. You have my blessing.

Troubled, Bells, Tenn.—You are another one of the foolish girls that let a young man treat you as any old way he pleases and still treat him as a nice man should be treated. Gather some common sense and throw him over for all time. He is no good.

Cowslip, Ashland, Pa.—Don't bother about love and marriage if you don't love men. Women once upon a time were taught that marriage was their purpose in life, whether love went with it or not, though love was expected to be part of it. In these days, old maid find plenty to occupy their minds besides men and marrying and most of them are better off and happier by not marrying. You have a good home and duties there to keep you busy, so just go about doing your work and singing as the birds sing. If the right man comes along your heart will tell you what to do.

Kid, Fruita, Colo.—I am glad you are sorry you let the young man kiss you every night he called and that now you want to have no more of it. It is very easy to tell him that the kissing must end, and if he is the right kind he will respect you more than he did when you kissed him. I wish there were more girls like you.

Brown Eyes, Decatur, Texas.—My, my, sixteen years old, in school and write a letter like yours to me? And about a young man, too? I hope you don't make as many mistakes in your letters to him as you did in your letter to me. Now you stop studying beans and study your grammar and spelling book.

Blue Eyes, Lancing, Tenn.—You are quite right. It is not advisable for a girl to keep company with a young man she could not afford to marry. Even if this young man's family were all right, his ugly jealousy is enough to make him undesirable. You may not like to give him up, but if you are wise you will do so, though you may still be friends, as he is responsible enough.

S. J. M., Boyero, Colo.—As you do not care to marry to get away from your unpleasant home surroundings, my advice to you is that you get employment somewhere and make your own living. You won't have to work as hard as you do now and you will be free from the nagging of your mother. If your mother found that you could be independent, I think she would be much nicer to you, because I am sure she doesn't want to lose you. There are hundreds of successful girls who have gone away from just such surroundings as yours.

Discouraged, Frankfort, Kans.—When a girl is twenty-seven she may say things to a man that one of twenty should not, and if I were you, I would have a heart talk with this bashful sweetheart and tell him if he wanted me he would have to take me pretty quick. He needs a jar to make him wake up. If he still hangs back, you can go away from home to work and meet new people. I don't think he will let you go. Don't worry about the slight lameness.

Lonesome, Smithville, W. Va.—As you do not care seriously for the young man, do not encourage him, and devote yourself to preparation for the work in the store that you want to do. Become a capable clerk and you will be an independent woman.

Agricola, Richlieu, Ky.—Most men who want to marry girls seem to think the younger they are the better, but a sensible girl will not marry too young. If your preacher-teacher beau loves you truly he will not object to waiting a year or so for you. You teach him some common-sense marriage rules.

Brown Lily, Bellevue, Texas.—My dear, you cannot love them both. As you are but eighteen, suppose you wait three years and see if you love either of them as a girl should love the man she marries.

Troubled Lassie, Talpa, Texas.—Bear with your domestic troubles until you have prepared yourself for work outside, then make your own living and be independent. But do not go out into the world unprepared. Girls who do that invite danger. I am glad there is no man in your case.

Discontented, Decatur, Tenn.—My dear, your friends are forsaking you because you have forsaken yourself. You have got into the mopes and instead of trying to make others cheerful you are doing all you can to give them the glooms. Give yourself a good shaking, sing instead of writing, and hunt people up to give them a share of your bright spirits. Stay at home and make it cheerful, by making yourself cheery. You can if you will.

Honorata, Olga, N. Dak.—You are foolishly sensitive to refuse to speak to a young man for sending a silly Leap Year card. You should have laughed about it, for he was your friend and not do harm. Besides, he didn't send it, as it turned out. If you expect to get along smoothly in this life you mustn't be looking for trouble. Wait till the real kind comes. Now go ahead and talk sensibly to him and act openly on all matters of head and heart. You are old enough to do that.

Old Maid, St. Cloud, Mich.—No matter what other girls do don't you ever do anything that will cost you your self respect and you will come out all right. I think you are painting your associates, young men and girls, too black, but don't let any of it get on you. The man looking for the right kind of a woman for a wife will find you some day and then you won't be an old maid. In the meantime don't let yourself become self righteous.

Subscriber, Wall, S. Dak.—I think the young man was lying when he told his sister he had written to you and is practically lying to you now. It may hurt to lose him, but you will be glad after a while that you are not his wife. When you meet him, speak pleasantly as to any acquaintance you do not wish to snub. Listen to any explanation he may offer, and believe as much of it as you please.

Ruby E., Northwestern, O.—For goodness sake, Ruby, let the sixteen-year-old boy alone. You are old enough to have a grown man for a beau.

Sunshine, O'Neill, Nebr.—He is quite "rich," is he? Well, that is what all the girls seem to think first about, but you are the only one of all who have written to me who spells it that way. It sounds just as good, though.

Virginia Cousin, Petersburg, Va.—It is bad enough to drink, but when he drinks and tries to keep you from knowing it, that is adding deception to sin, and I think you will be wise not to accept other than formal attentions from him.

Chicken, Flipp, Mo.—A nineteen-year-old boy is not responsible and you might have expected the treatment you are receiving. He doesn't care for you and the sooner you quit caring for him the happier you will be.

Esther, St. Louis, Mo.—Some women who had their doubts about getting married and put off their engagements several times, finally married and were quite happy. If the man is all right I think you can take the risk.

Deep Thinker, Burlington, Vt.—Being a deep thinker it seems to me that you would think the man needed just a little encouragement. Don't run after him, but let him know he may run after you if he wants to.

Friend, Sheridan, Mich.—Age doesn't make so much difference if it isn't too young. A boy of nineteen is too young to marry a girl of nineteen, though the girl is old enough to marry a man ten years her senior.

Blue Eyes, Mars Hill, Maine.—Don't write and apologize. If he loved you as he said he did he would have answered your letter. Choose another.

M. E. M., Pottsville, Pa.—Tell him your friends are asking you why he hasn't given you an engagement ring. Maybe that will be bint enough for him to do it. Maybe he doesn't know he ought to give you one. Ask him.

Blue Beads, Jackson, Mo.—If you don't know whether you should give up teaching to marry the man who wants to marry you, I am sure I can't tell you. If I were the one a nice man wanted to marry and I wanted to marry him, I would not have to ask anybody what I should do. I'd know without asking.

Satisfied, Mt. Park, Okla.—Yours is a very pretty story of courtship, my dear, and I am sure it will be a courtship even after you are married. You are doing just right in waiting till the home is ready and do just as you have been doing and when he needs good advice don't hesitate to give it to him and make him always hold you in the highest respect. My blessings go with you.

These, my dears, I have answered all the questions that were for me to answer and I have scolded a little, but not more than was needed because some of you cousins are too silly for anything about your beaus. Why you should be, when you are not about your brothers, I don't see, for they are all alike, more or less. Anyway, this is the joyous springtime and let us be glad and gay. By, by, till we meet again.

Cousin Marion.

In Wolf's Clothing

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

old house, and in the possession of Miss Railton?

He asked Jacob, but Jacob could not tell.

Arrived in London, Eliot made inquiries about Cyril, but could hear nothing. He then attended to his other business and afterwards went to the Cecil. As he entered the courtyard a big, burly man, in escaping a hansom cab, sprang to the curb so suddenly that he bounced against Eliot.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with a genial laugh. "Crowded place this London of yours! I spend half my time dodging the—"

He broke

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off suddenly with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, and stared at Elliot. "Why, bless my life! It isn't young Elliot Graham?"

Eliot looked at the man for a moment, and then he said:

"It's Mr. Wedderburn, isn't it?"

"The same, my boy," responded the stranger, heartily. "Well, of all the odd things, meeting you here!"

Mr. Wedderburn had owned the next ranch to Elliot father's, and the two men had been great friends.

He stopped and surveyed Elliot from head to foot. "You were a mere slip of a boy then, and now you're a full-grown man, and a first-rate one at that. You're flourishing, eh? I thought they would—always said so."

"Yes, I am flourishing," admitted Elliot.

They dined together. Wedderburn had ordered the best dinner they could get, and a bottle of champagne.

Next day Mr. Wedderburn told Elliot he was going to a reception at the West End, and begged him to accompany him. Elliot consented, and, after dinner they drove off to Kensington Palace Gardens.

"I am told that Sir Joseph is one of the richest men in the city," said Wedderburn.

Before Elliot could get over his surprise at hearing the name, they had made their way up the staircase, and were announced.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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COMFORT


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Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not give the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

M. P., Cowarts, N. C.—If you want to prepare for Civil Service examination in the Forestry Division, we think, if you will write to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., he will inform you what to do to get the information you want and in the shape it should be. Write to him instead of trying to figure it out yourself.

J. Y., Lake Beulah, Wis.—The duties, qualifications, education, etc., of a public librarian are such that only those who know all about books can fill the place. A qualified person does not have to ask any questions as you do.

C. N. K., Porter, Minn.—To you, and to any COMFORT reader who may find soil or rocks anywhere which may be of value commercially, we say send your specimens to your state geologist at the capital of the state. If there is no such official, send to Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. Some valuable discoveries may be made in this way.

Artist, Eagle Grove, Ia.—It is not the school that makes the artist and one school is as good as another for a beginner. One year of training will prove whether he has the stuff in him to warrant his continuing his course and will also give him a knowledge of which are the best schools for advanced study. Too many young men and women with artistic aspirations think all they need is to be taught what to do. What think the real artist cannot be taught.

W. B., Glen Rock, Pa.—There is no substance that will prevent the action of a magnet through it. A fortune awaits the man who discovers one.

Snooks, New Brunswick, N. J.—Reliable information about ginseng and its cultivation may be had by writing to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Many have made failures trying to raise it, but some have not and have made money with it. It is your risk.

C. L., Alameda, Cal.—Any citizen of the United States born in this country is eligible to the Presidency. His parents may have arrived in the country on the day of his birth, but that is enough residence to make him a native born American.

G. A. M., Denver, Oregon.—We lack space to go into biographical details, but Owen Wister is an American novelist, born in Philadelphia, in 1860 and still living there; Ralph Connor is a Canadian clergyman and novelist; Henry van Dyke is a Presbyterian minister, an essayist, novelist and poet, born in Germantown, Pa., in 1852, now living at Princeton, N. J.; Harold Bell Wright is a Christian minister and novelist, born in Rome, N. Y., in 1872 and now living in Redlands, Cal.; David Graham Phillips, novelist, was born at Madison, Ind., in 1867 and was shot and killed on the street in New York city by an insane man, in 1910.

S. H., Hillsboro, N. Dak.—A steady and industrious young man, even if not very strong can make a comfortable living in California or Arizona, among strangers. The chief thing to be considered is he is all right and will he work. Wages depend upon the work. (2) Climate of Sacramento valley is variable, and not as good for catarrh as Arizona is. All nationalities are in the Sacramento Valley, but Americans are in the majority.

O. M. K., Spangle, W. Va.—There is no more bad luck in killing a cat or a kitten than in killing any other animal. Modern intelligence has done away with that kind of silly superstition. Only the ignorant believe in it now.

M. S. C., Chetopa, Kan.—The dried leaves of digitalis (foxglove) are used as medicine. It is a heart tonic.

A. M. G., Hastings, Minn.—Mutton tallow for chapped hands is to be used not raw, but rendered. Wear thin gloves at night.

Mrs. J. H., Plainfield, Conn.—A good quality of laundry soap is made from refuse fats. In the April COMFORT Sisters' Corner will be found a practical recipe for home-made soap.

Snowbird, Danville, Va.—The moon rises in the east. When it is full it may be seen rising in the evening, but when it appears in the west in the evening it is going down, though through the day it has not been visible, except occasionally it may be seen riding high in the heavens when the sun does not wholly obscure it.

Mrs. G. M., Herkimer, N. Y.—Send a sample of the green mineral to the State Geologist at Albany and also to Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. COMFORT readers please take notice and when they find anything new in the earth send a sample to their state geologist, as the authorities are on the lookout for anything new in the ground.

Inquirer, Winston, Va.—Anyone wanting a position in any city can best make his wants known by advertising in the daily papers. In many cities these "Want Ads," as they are called, are printed free. An outsider has a better chance than those in the cities, because the city employer finds the man from the country better material to work with.

C. S., Lutzen, Minn.—You will get all the information you want about the morel and its market possibilities by writing to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. COMFORT readers please make a note of this also, and when they have any plant or vegetable they want to know about, write to Washington and find out.

H. A., Allerton, Md.—The constituents of coal ashes are entirely different from wood ashes, chemically, and what is in them kills the soil. In other words coal ashes come from dead matter in the soil, and wood ashes come from living matter. (2) Write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., about teosinte as a cattle food.

M. E. C., Broadalbin, N. Y.—Owen Kildeer, the writer, is dead. His mind failed and he died on Ward's Island, N. Y. about three years ago. He never went back into his old life. He left a widow and one child, a girl. His widow is now the wife of a retired naval officer living in New York.

C. L. B., Durand, Wis.—There are several schools of acting in the United States, most of them in New York City. They are expensive and only rich or talented pupils are admitted. To judge from your letter we advise you as a friend not to attempt the stage, unless you are rich.

E. R., Protection, Kans.—You do not get a scholarship at West Point Military Academy, but an appointment from the Congressman of your district. The Congressman throws the appointment open to the young men of his district and the one passing the best mental and physical examination gets the place. You have as good a chance as anybody if you can meet requirements.

F. R., Knoxville, Tenn.—"Uncle Sam" has no veterinary schools that we know of, but the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., has a horse department which supplies a lot of free information. Write to the Secretary for particulars. State agricultural schools also have stock departments.

C. F., Simms, Texas.—For your benefit and that of any other COMFORT reader who thinks a diving suit is not much more than a rain coat, we will say that it is a very complicated affair, costing a thousand dollars or more, requires several machinists to run it and the diver requires long training before he is an expert.

R. J. W., Grayson, Ky.—A good many old teachers think they are eligible to the benefits of the Carnegie

Teachers' Fund, but they are not, as the distribution is made through educational institutions and not individuals. For particulars write to Secretary, Carnegie Foundation, No. 576 Fifth Ave., New York.

R. D., Houston, Texas.—We advise any young man to work his way through college if he hasn't the money to pay his way otherwise. Too many of our college young men get their education too easy to appreciate it, but when a young fellow wants education bad enough to work four years for it, it is a pretty good sign that he will get all the good out of it he can when he has it. We should like to hear from you when you graduate. Strictly confidential: We don't believe you have the sand to stick it through; and it takes a good constitution to do it.

F. K. M., Brockton, Mass.—The tobacco districts of Connecticut are located in the Connecticut river valley centering about Hartford. It is high grade tobacco used principally for cigar wrappers. Connecticut raises about twenty-three million pounds, worth about four million dollars. Kentucky, the leading tobacco state, raises 381 million pounds, worth \$3 million dol-

F. E. W., Sanford, Fla.—The advertising columns of COMFORT contain the instruction you seek.

G. G., Adams, Tenn.—The birds and flowers of Tennessee and Virginia are the same and if you know your Tennessee birds and flowers you know their cousins on the other side of the mountains. So, too, the birds in Florida, not counting the sub-tropical sea birds. Florida is the land of flowers, so all kinds of flowers grow there except the modest little wood flowers that love the hills and the cool shade.

Mrs. G. C., Warrensburg, Mo.—Information concerning tombstones for soldiers' graves may be had by writing to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

Alice, Moulton, Ia.—When a young man is stage struck it is usually a good thing for him to bat right in and get his cure quick, but it is very different with a girl. We advise you to take what talents you have and go to the big cities and try yourself out in vaudeville. If you have the real stuff in you you will come to the front and get fame and money. If you haven't, the best thing is to realize it at once and give it up. There are too many bad actors already.

B. H., New Castle, Ind.—The expenses of the White House depend upon the economic ideas of the President and his family, just as any other household expenses do. The President's salary is \$75,000 a year with an allowance of \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses. Presidents never save much money.

Blue Eyes, Sperryville, Va.—Hair that is naturally curly cannot be made to grow straight. Nature will have her own way. (2) Short stories and essays cannot be sold unless they are high-class work by expert writers. Writing is a profession to be acquired by study and practice as any other profession. (3) The cheapest educational institution for anyone to attend is one where he may work his way through. Education that is free has been decided to be of small value, so all colleges now make it cost something. If a boy or girl wants an education really and truly they will manage somehow to get it.

S. H., Morris, Ill.—Perpetual motion machines as such, cannot be patented, but if it is perpetual motion, and you can use it on a churn or an aeroplane, you can get a patent on it for that. Which means that if you think you have a perpetual motion machine right now is the time to forget it. (2) A patent may be granted to a minor, but what his property rights are is a matter to consult a lawyer about. If you want to sell an invention on which you cannot get a patent, you will have to sell it and take the chances. A great many are sold that way.

A. M. L., North Grandon, Wis.—Small pearls found in oysters are of no value unless you have them in large quantities. So with bright stones. They may be pretty, but they are too soft to be of value. Cancelled stamps are of no value. That is to say, U. S. stamps. Cancelled foreign stamps bring small sums only, in quantity.

T. L. H., Hooker, Okla.—If you put twenty-one carp weighing two ounces each into your pond and a year later found twenty-one carp there weighing two pounds each, we cannot explain why there was no increase unless they were all lady carp or all gentlemen carp. Refer the matter to the Fish Commission, Washington, D. C.

O. T. O., Titusville, Pa.—If all farmers were determined to sell their products direct to the consumers they would get higher prices and consumers would get lower prices. But they seem to think the middleman is necessary and they pass their stuff along to him. If farmers would realize that consumers want to get butter, eggs, etc., at first hand they would come into the towns and cities and solicit trade just as other salesmen do and when they had the orders they would come around later with the goods. Instead of doing it that way they bring in a load of truck without knowing who will get it, and as a result the middleman gets it. Titusville is a good-sized town and you should go about among the well-to-do people and secure their orders. Then you should fill them promptly and with fresh things so that a customer once got would become regular and you could depend upon selling him all the time. Which means that a farmer must have method in his business and know just how much truck he can supply to his customers and always have it so they will not be disappointed. Most farmers don't have any method in business and they bring their stuff in when they have it and when they don't have it they don't and a customer has no recourse. That's why customers go to middlemen and pay higher prices. You teach your boys on their small farms system, system, system and the only way to make a farm pay, no matter what you raise.

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Kidnapped in the Park

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

When I told him that my brother had lived in the city of B—— for the last four years he expressed his regret that he had not known it. "Too bad we didn't know it, for my daughter was governess fourteen months in one of the best families in B——, and surely it would have been pleasant for her to have made the acquaintance of your brother and his family, though possibly your sister-in-law might have thought it a condescension to associate with a governess."

Yes, sir, the brave girl took a position as governess at good pay, and I am not ashamed to tell you about it because I am rather proud to have such a daughter. At that time it was going a little hard with us financially; I was sick and so the expenses were running heavy, too much so

for my pension and the income of my small property, so my Alice thought it her duty to help, at least to earn her own living, as she said. She made a success of it and held to her post for more than a year until my dear wife died. Since then she has been at home taking care of me, and, as you see, with good results. She is an excellent little housewife, and I could wish no better."

It was evident that he doted on his daughter and so I listened patiently and with as much show of interest as I could muster although I had never seen her and had no desire to; but among the things that he mentioned I remember that it was in Bunker Veltheim's family that she had served as governess.

As I was about to take my leave I heard a woman's voice in the adjoining room, and the Major exclaimed: "Here she is now. I am so glad she is home in time to meet you here today."

As the door opened I rose to meet the lady, but I did not hear a word of what the Major said in introducing me, for I felt as though the floor had given way beneath me, my heart ceased to beat and I was very near falling in a faint, for I beheld the lady of the park tragedy now standing before me in a simple but elegant walking dress, young, blooming, beautiful as the day I first saw her, and with the light of innocence and happiness in her large, clear eyes. I overcame my emotion as best I could, but I fear her father noticed my strange appearance and I am sure she did, and I felt that she even recognized me as the man who had chased her in the park.

TO BE CONTINUED IN JUNE COMFORT.

Don't miss the astonishing solution of this mystery and the fascinating romance that runs through it, telling how our hero is completely captivated by the charm of the girl of the park tragedy; all in June COMFORT. Look on the wrapper of this paper and if the number above your name on the wrapper is 254 or less, you should renew your subscription at once. If you wish to make sure of receiving June COMFORT.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

too much or after the corn is too big. In fact, it never is too big, provided the cultivation does not injure the roots or break down the stalks. Cultivate it as many times as you can and as late in the season as you find time. This will insure the best crop, especially in a dry season.

DON'T PLANT THE END KERNELS.—It has always been my practice to shell off the tips and butts of my seed corn and not plant these kernels. A neighbor tells me that if I do not plant tips and butts my corn will not fill out at either end of the ear. Is this true?

J. H. III.—A.—It is an old supposition that planting tips and butts will cause the ears to fill out better at the ends. This supposition is not supported either by scientific theory or by observation. If seed ears are selected that are well filled at tips and butts then the crop should be well filled at these points. It depends entirely upon the kind of seed ear rather than on the place on the ear where the kernel grew. It is much better to reject the tip and butt kernels because they are usually small and weak and will have a tendency to produce small and weak plants. Again, if you want to get a uniform stand you must plant a uniform number of kernels per hill, which is impossible with a planter unless the kernels are all about the same size.

GROWING DILL.—Please inform me how to grow dill from seed, also what are its uses?

Mrs. D. A. THOMPSON, Va.—Dill is an easy annual to grow. The seed is sown by hand when the ground is mellow, moist and warm, at same time as other garden seeds are sown. Grow it alongside other garden crops. A small section will be sufficient. Thin out the young plants to three or four inches apart. Dill is used for flavoring "sour" or "dill" pickles. Where a patch of dill has been allowed to go to seed and ripen plants will spring up in great abundance the following season. The plants require very little care other than to keep down weeds and loosen the surface soil to prevent baking and loss of soil moisture.

CUCUMBERS DAMAGED BY MILTON LOUS.—I would like to know what to do for my cucumber vines. They were strong and thrifty until they began to bear. Then the leaves began to wither and dry up, and I found the under side of the leaves completely covered with small insects, some green, some white, some with wings. They did not eat the leaves but seemed to take all the substance from the leaves. I used tobacco and insect powder on them without any effect.

B. Y. L., Martinton, Ill.—The insect was the melon louse or aphids (*Aphis cucumeris*, Forst.). Whirlpool soap used at the rate of eight pounds to 50 gallons of water is fairly effective. The leaves will be wetted. Where the area is not very large one can afford to spray so that the under sides of the leaves is wetted with the soap solution. Where a patch has been affected with this aphid it is well not to plant cucumbers or melons there the following year.

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PROPORTION OF POTASH.—Suppose I have a certain quantity of ground bone containing 2 to 3 per cent. of available phosphoric acid but no potash, and wishing to have a fertilizer that contains from 5 to 10 per cent. of sulphate muricate of potash. What is the proper quantity of potash that is required to obtain the desired percentage as stated above?

S. L. G., Conn.—A.—If we understand your question correctly you simply wish to make a complete fertilizer which shall contain say five per cent. of potash by mixing your bone meal and sulphate of potash. If this is true the problem is simple. High grade sulphate or muricate of potash contains about 50 per cent. of potash, that is 50 pounds per hundred. Ten pounds of sulphate or muricate will therefore contain your requisite 5 pounds of potash. Add to this 90 pounds of bone meal and you have 100 pounds complete fertilizer containing 5 per cent. of potash.

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Children's Jolly Hour

With Uncle John

THE favorite month of all is May. Perhaps it is because the grass takes on such a pretty green and the flowers may be to bloom. Whatever the reason may be it is not important. We know we are happy and that is quite enough. In looking over the column you will find some things that will amuse you, others that will interest and perhaps a few that will set you thinking. You should keep your COMFORT well preserved for the ideas that do not interest you now may appeal to you some other time. One little girl has all the Funny Bugs pasted in a book and when her playmates come to visit her she gets the book down and they have great fun.

Decorating the Graves

Blow, bugles blow.
For the soldiers so brave.
I'll place a flower on
Some dead hero's grave.

Kneeling I'll offer
A prayer to God,
And maybe my teardrops
Will wet the green sod.

Adventures of Paul and Prue

CONTINUED FROM APRIL NUMBER.
The children were so disappointed, they both cried together, "Oh, what bad luck we are having!" Then Paul happened to think and said:

"We are both ungrateful. Here we are thinking of ourselves and not of our poor friend who gave his life for our sake, and besides every difficulty we got into, we were helped out by someone and, if we have patience and courage, it will be the same this time."

Prue picked up the nut which had killed their friend and Paul dug a little grave with a stick and they buried him.

When they had finished, a squirrel as big as a sheep came up and said to Prue.

"Please give me that large hickory nut and I will do anything you ask me."

She replied that she would gladly give it to him if he would tell her where the tall oak tree was.

"I will tell you if you truthfully give your reason for wanting to know."

"Why is it near my home and I want to get back as we have been away for a long time and our parents will be anxious to see us."

"Pardon me, my good girl, for doubting you. That tree is my home and I thought you might wish to do me harm."

"Why is it you want this particular nut so badly?" asked Paul.

"Because it is the biggest one in the world and I wish to plant it so my children will have plenty of food as long as they live."

After some more talk the bargain was made and the children took hold of the squirrel's bushy tail and he led them along.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

Wriggly Snake

This wriggly snake is made in strips of cardboard and thread. It is one of the simplest and most amusing toys you ever saw. Get a shoe box and cut it into a few long strips of uniform width, then make about a dozen pieces in all, each two inches long and one inch wide. Place a thread loop over the first one and tie it tightly at the edge, then place your next strip alongside the first and tie it in the same way. A thread is used at each side of the strips, and when it runs out simply the another piece to it. When you have tied together the twelve blocks in the manner shown by Fig. 2, you will have to make one end piece look like a snake's head and the other like the tail. A little cutting with the shears will effect this and then look out for the wriggly snake is very dangerous looking.

Funny Bugs Cutting Hay

The Funny Bugs are farmers and they're harvesting today. The hair-brush from the dresser is to them a field of hay. A penknife is the scythe they use, their hayrake is a comb.

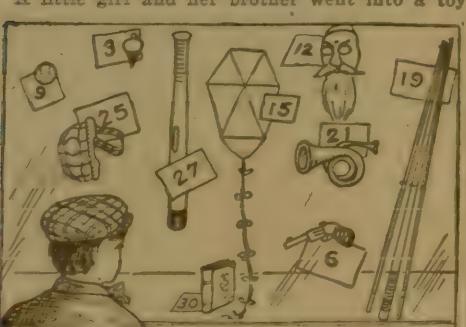


THE MERRY HAYMAKERS.

They have a button cart rigged up to take the harvest home. One fellow's buried to the neck, one's resting from the sun. And two are leaping from the ladder, having lots of fun.

Toy Store Puzzle

A little girl and her brother went into a toy



IT PUZZLED THE CHILDREN.

store and were looking around to see what they would buy.

"Here are the things I have to sell," said the

storekeeper, "and the price is marked plainly on each article."

The children had exactly fifty cents and wanted to spend it all, but they could not select any number of toys that would amount to a half dollar. When they told the man he seemed puzzled for a long while but at last he found three presents that cost all together, just what they had. Can you tell what the three were? It is easy but it may take you a little while to figure it out. When your little friends visit you tell them the story puzzle and get them to think. Below is the answer:

Answer to Toy Store Puzzle

The toys selected were: Mask, 25, fishpole, 19, and gun 6. This makes a total of 50 cents as required.

A Noise Maker

Little girl or little boy.
You can make this noisy toy.
First you get a club that's round,
Then some fish-line must be found.
On the club you cut a groove,
Tie the string so it can move.
Powdered resin then is placed,
Where the round groove has been traced.
Pierce a tin can with an awl,
Thread the string through, that is all.
To use it whirl it swiftly 'round
And note the awful, squawky sound.

There dear little ones, although I am not tired playing with you I have to leave off because my space is filled. Do you like the Funny Bugs and do you ever speak the pieces that appear here? I want to know what you prefer so I can run it. If you have any trouble making any of the things described you have the privilege of writing me for instructions and indeed you are invited to write whether you have questions to ask or not.

UNCLE JOHN.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

than to make your name look like a streak of wobbly lightning that has suddenly burst into a boarding-house steak and got the worst of it. People who make other people spend two or three hours trying to figure out what their names are, ought to be spanked until their back teeth fall out. I am glad you brought to our attention the frightful risks run by those who work in coal mines. A friend of mine recently made a trip from Scranton to Wilkesbarre in Pennsylvania through a coal mining region. "God pity them," said he, "I never thought that even pangs of hunger could make people endure what they do or live as they do. I had to pinch myself sometimes before I could realize I was in the United States. It seemed more like some annex to Hades or Hades itself. At the entrance to this region might well be written: 'Leave hope behind all ye who enter here.' Wretched cabins, puny children, unspeakable poverty, squalor, misery and wretchedness everywhere. I am glad to find that the Episcopal bishop of Pennsylvania, who discovered that the only bright, cheerful spot in all these regions was that well illuminated annex to hell—the corner saloon, has started what he calls lighthouses, cheerful club rooms and meeting places for the miners and their families, where refreshments can be secured at cost, and men and women in a bright and cheery environment can forget the squalor of their homes and the cruel hardships of their lives of laborious toil. I am delighted to say that the U.S. Supreme Court, an institution for which by the way I have never hitherto had any great respect or love, and which also by the way seems to exist for the special purpose of declaring everything that would help the workers unconstitutional, has declared the employer's liability bill constitutional. Hereafter those who are crushed and mangled while engaged in their daily tasks, will get proper compensation for their injuries, and will not be forced to take their cases into court and fight a heart-breaking legal battle with wealthy corporations, a battle, which if finally won leaves the injured worker poorer than when he began, for whatever damages are awarded by the court, rest assured some vampire, parasitical lawyer gets the best part of it. This law will take a cruel burden from the backs of the workers. The loss of life and limb, sustained by the workers, will be assessed against the industries to which the workers belong, and charged up to the public in the articles they use or consume. This is only just and proper. We pension our military heroes even when they return from battle sound in body and limb. It's time that the heroes who are maimed and injured for life in our industrial warfare, should be pensioned by the public that profits by their heroism and self sacrifice. Three cheers for the mass of the people, the toilers, the workers, the men of brawn and toil who produce the national wealth, support the idle rich and carry all the burdens of government on their heavy laden shoulders. I am with them every time, with them to the last ditch.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of relatives and friends together. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are approved by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents a year. Send in the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. This yearly cost makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "G. L. O. G." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly.

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive a button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive your membership certificate for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are a former subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended to six full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

If your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in the name of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

It costs but thirty cents to join and gives you at least a 15 month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was there such a society for little ones. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All these League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the various states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie.

COMFORT

Boys' Repeating Air Rifle FREE

1,000 Shots

WORKS LIKE A WINCHESTER

This is a splendid, strong, and accurate repeating air rifle, shooting 1,000 times with one loading. It is made of the best grade of steel, nickel-plated parts, black walnut stock and looks like a Winchester. It is not a spring gun. It is built to shoot. Has many features of a powder and ball rifle. It is a real gun, every inch of it and a beauty, too. Write today for my big free offer. Send no money, just your name and address, saying you want the repeating air rifle. Address:

PRESS GUN CLUB, 144 W. Ohio St., CHICAGO, ILL.



98 cents

Post Paid

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

Guaranteed 5 Years

To advertise our business, we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail post free. ONLY 98 CENTS. An elegant watch, one of the size, one face, black dial, lever movement, wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this ad. to us with your name & address & 98c, and watch will be sent by return mail postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 98c today. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

Uncle Charlie's Poems Beat the Dutch, and Beat Creation

This wonderful book has received more praise and given more pleasure and delight than any other book of verse ever published in the world's history. It stands alone, unrivaled, unsurpassed. For a club of only four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, you can obtain this superb, lilac silk bound volume, which weighs nearly a pound. It costs you nothing but an hour's easy work. Every copy is autographed by the author, and contains an absorbingly interesting biographical sketch of his life, and also splendid half tone pictures, equal to photographs, in which Uncle Charlie is shown dictating his monthly talks to Maria. The finest gift book, and best spring tonic in the world. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book is a Cracker Jack

This is the most unique, charming and delightful collection of songs ever gotten together. There are twenty-eight songs in this marvelous book and every one is a musical gem. Love songs, coon songs, comic songs, story ballads and sacred songs, something to please every taste. Several of the numbers in this book have been sung in New York musical comedies. Every song is beautiful, every song is a hit. Send in a club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each and this superbly gotten up song book, with complete music for voice and piano and as big as a copy of COMFORT, will be sent to you free of charge. Both books free for a club of six. Work for them today.

Song Writers—Send for Special Publishing Offer. KEITH'S MUSIC HOUSE, Long Branch, N. J.

Money \$ \$ FOR WISE MEN \$ \$ KEY FREE. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

EARN \$8 ADVERTISING OUR WASHING FLUID in your newspaper. SEND 100 STAMPS AND MONEY.

32 PHOTOS Art, Actress, Bathing Girl, etc., 10c. A. KING CO., Andover, Ohio.

Boils Carbuncles and Pimples Permanently cured 75 cts per treatment. For particulars enclose stamp. P. O. Box 4508 WEST PARK STATION, PHILA., PA.

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FITS I CURED MY DAUGHTER. Doctors gave her up. Will send FREE express padded envelope. EXPRESS OFFICE T. LEPOSO, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES," a 72-page treatise sent free upon request: full of valuable and interesting information: tells what to invent and where to sell it. Write today. W. S. Hill, 932 Melrose Blvd., Washington, D. C.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Pay, Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. MIDWEST TOBACCO CO., Box V20, Danville, Va.

WILD WILLIE'S WIERD WHISTLE London, shrill, metallic, piping. Whistle in all crevices. Heard in cities, drivers for cars, etc. Calls for hands to meals. Signals of approach. Simmons help in time of danger. HEAT'S UP FUN FOR BOYS. One blast will make your friends jump a foot in the air. Every man, woman, boy and girl should have one in their pocket. Hand-made of wood. 10 cents each. 3 for 25 cents.

HODGDON'S SONS, 214 East 58th St., New York City.

New Self-Heating Iron

Makes and contains its own heat. Saves its cost every month. Saves miles of walking. Economical, safe, convenient. Used in every room. Another ironed better in half the time. No waiting stopping to change irons. Right size, right shape, right weight. Neat, durable. No tanks, fittings, hose nor wires standing out at sides or back to bother. Cheapest fuel—2 cents ordinary ironing. Price low—only \$4.50. Sent anywhere. Not sold in stores.

AGENTS Make money—quick, sure, easy. All year business. Experience unnecessary. SELLS ITSELF. Every home a prospect. All can afford it. Even two or three sales a day give \$27 to \$40 week profit. Easy sell six to a dozen a day. STANDARD. Send no money. Write today for description, selling plan how to get FREE SAMPLE.

C. Brown Mfg. Co., 183 Brown Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

BEAUTIFUL RIBBONS Five Inches in Width with Soft Wired Edges

The Latest Conception in Hair Ribbons and Artistic Hat Trimmings. Guaranteed All Silk Tafts

The edges of this Ribbon are finished to represent a small silk cord through which a soft, pliable wire is run. The most fashionable hats this season are simply trimmed with large stunning bows, and this ribbon enables the home milliner to give her hats that smart touch so difficult with the ordinary ribbons.

For Children's Hair. This Ribbon makes Ideal Bows. The silk will not crush and the bow is instantly adjusted after being flattened under the hat.

You have only to send us two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and we will mail you free two yards of this lovely ribbon. We have delicate pink, light and dark blue,

black, white, red and green.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

black, white, red and green.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

ITCH-ECZEMA

Four Wheel Chairs in April

143 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Four wheel chairs in April is not bad, but it seems less in comparison with our splendid record for March, and I sincerely hope we can boost it up again for May.

Following are the names of the recipients of the four April chairs with the number of subscriptions which the friends of each have sent in aid of the Wheel-Chair Club.

J. W. Driggers, Union, S. C., 164; Miss Dolcie Mitchell, Clarksville, Tenn., 97; Miss Mary Lyon, Fayetteville, Ga., 92; Travis T. Reed, St. Joseph, Texas, 92.

We have had a hard, cold winter and a late, cold spring which has lengthened out the tiresome winter almost beyond endurance. It has been hard for everybody, but especially so for the poor shut-ins. But at last it is over and real spring weather is here now. All who have the use of their limbs will now get out and luxuriate in the health-giving sunshine and balmy air of May, and enjoy the bright flowers and the cheery songs of the birds. Be thankful for the inestimable blessings of health and a sound body and manifest your gratitude to the Creator by giving a little of your time and strength to helping COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club to provide the means whereby the poor, destitute shut-ins may also get out to enjoy the fresh air and the beauties of nature for which they are longing.

It is pitiful that so many poor cripples are housed in like prisoners this delightful weather because they are too poor to buy a wheel chair.

We still have a long waiting list, but many of them through their own efforts or those of their friends are trying to get a wheel chair by sending subscriptions to the Club, and each month I assign the month's quota of chairs to those that have the largest number of subscriptions to their credit, which, of course, is the only fair way.

While I am soliciting our good readers to get out and work for the Wheel-Chair Club, let me also urge every shut-in that has applied for a COMFORT wheel chair to do something in his or her own behalf. If you can not get subscriptions yourself you have relations and friends who can, and they ought to take as much interest in you as strangers who do not even know your name. It is not reasonable for your friends to sit back and do nothing to earn your chair and expect strangers to do it all for you. Get your friends to start out and get what subscriptions they can toward your chair. You see how other shut-ins are doing it each month, how successful they are and how they get a wheel chair very soon with the aid of the Club. Get your friends to begin at once and make an earnest effort so to get your wheel chair in season to enable you to enjoy the summer out of doors. Write us at once for the subscription blanks and instructions. We will help you all we can.

This month's Roll of Honor is a good one and the following letters of thanks are touching.

Hoping you will all make a special effort for the shut-ins this month,

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Little Sarah Russell Thanks the Big-Hearted COMFORT Family for Her Much Needed Chair

MCALISTER, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I want to thank you for the lovely wheel chair you sent me, and please extend my thanks to all the big-hearted COMFORT family, for it is to their kindness I owe this splendid and much needed gift. May the Lord help all those who have helped me.

Yours gratefully, SARAH RUSSELL.

This Little Boy Will Go to School in His COMFORT Wheel Chair

BIG CEDAR, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my wheel chair safely Jan. 10, and I am so grateful to you and Mr. Gannett and to all who helped me get it. I can go to the table now without the help of anyone, and when the weather is warm I can go to school in my chair. Again thanking you all for your kindness, I am,

GRATEFULLY yours, JIMMIE BANKS.

Loves Her COMFORT Wheel Chair Already

TOPEKA, KANS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
My wheel chair arrived safely yesterday, and I am oh, so pleased with it. It is finer than I expected, so nicely made, and moves so easily. I love it already, and to say I thank you all who helped me to get it, thank you with my whole heart, but poorly expresses my feelings. When summer comes I'll be able to wheel myself out in the yard. May God bless Uncle Charlie, Mr. Gannett, and all who help in the wheel-chair work, and may God bless Mrs. Early who started the club for me.

With thanks and gratitude,
Your friend, MISS MOLLIE WHITE.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. J. W. Driggers, S. C., for J. W. Driggers, 164; Mrs. Luis Mitchell, Tenn., for Miss Dolcie Mitchell, 88; Miss Delta Mitchell, S. C., for own wheel chair, 70; Mrs. Edna Camp, Ala. for Dora Camp, 42; Seima St. Jerna, Ore., for Mary Kyns, 25; Miss Bettie Haywood, Va., for Mr. Cleve Wingato, 21; Mrs. Jennie Putnam, Tex., for Travis T. Reed, 20; Mrs. Abbie Langford, Tex., for Travis T. Reed, 20; Mrs. Mattie Newman, Ga., for Husband, 16; Dease Ellison, Ga., for Miss May Lyon, 15; Clara Ellison, Ga., for Miss May Lyon, 14; Estelle Ellison, Ga., for Miss May Lyon, 14; Loretta Hossey, Ky., for own wheel chair, 14; Olivia Slaton, Ga., for Miss May Lyon, 14; Bertie Wadell, Ga., for Miss May Lyon, 14; Mrs. J. T. Hill, Ga., for Dora Camp, 12; Mrs. Y. Reed, 12; Mrs. Stella Mock, Tex., for Daisy Farrow, 11; Mrs. T. Wabell, Mo., 10; Mrs. S. J. Greer, S. C., for Miss Dolcie Mitchell, 10; Mrs. Sarah Strahm, Pa., 10; Mrs. Ed. Haite, N. Y., 9; Mrs. John Hall, Tenn., for Dolcie Mitchell, 9; Mrs. Wm. Blanks, Tex., for Byron Chapman, 8; Mrs. V. Gilchrist, Can., for Pearl Ryder, 8; Mrs. Andrew Chapman, Tex., for Byron Chapman, 8; Albert Moore, Ala., for Dora Camp, 7; Etta Earle, Okla., for Dennis Long, 7; Miss Mary Ballen, Ala., for Mrs. May Barret, Kans., for Mrs. Alice Hartman, 7; for Dennis Long, 6; Florence E. Younglove, Ga., for Jewel Denney, 6; Mrs. Della Preston, Nebr., for Mrs. Mary Jones, 6; Mrs. Frank N. J., for Jackie Sandmeier, 6; Mrs. V. Jernstrom, Wash., 6; Mrs. S. E. Landrum, Va., for Mrs. M. A. Landrum, 5; Mrs. Frank Salmar, Ky., for Mrs. Anna Glenn, 5; Miss Cora R. Peters, N. Y., 5; Mrs. Sallie Bean, Ala., for Dora Camp, 5; Miss Berendine A. Cushing, Ill., for Hattie Harvel, 5; H. C. Bristol, Miss. S., 5; Mrs. Mel Sandidge, Ill., for Mrs. Nannie Collins, 5; Mrs. D. F. Durbin, Maine, 5; Mayme Hagan, Fla., for own wheel chair, 5; Mrs. for one most needy, 5; R. G. Williams, Miss., for Tonie Jamison, 5; Miss Ella Peiham, Fla., for own wheel chair, 5; M. H. Morrow, N. C., 5; Mrs. Mary Thompson, Mo., 5; Mrs. William E. Thomas, La., 5.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners." —Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Reader, Menominee, Mich.—Wear whatever colors you think you look best in. If you are satisfied with yourself you don't care what other people think. All that is needed is that you must not think you look well in glaring colors like a circus bill. You must learn good taste in dress first, then you can suit yourself about colors.

Pearl, Oak Point, Manitoba.—You are very unattractive. The young man was looking at you that time in order to get up a flirtation. It is a wonder he didn't make it convenient to speak to you. They usually do. As for dancing with young men you do not know, you should not go to public dances if you don't like it. Of course, you may decline their courtesy, but they are privileged to dance with any lady, and they would not understand why you did not dance with them. The fact that they do not talk to you shows that it is merely dancing and not acquaintance. You need social experience.

Eighteen, Captain, N. M.—As your mother cannot go with you to the various meetings of your young friends, you must exert yourself to find someone else as other girls do. You will never get anything in this world if you don't go after it. Get in touch with the other girls, learn how they go around and you do the same, but don't go too much, nor too far. You might have asked the girls if you could join in their singing as your mother wanted you to.

R. C., Shiloh, O.—A woman four foot ten inches tall, should not weigh over one hundred and ten pounds to be average, but she may weigh as much as one hundred and thirty. Your one hundred and forty-six is therefore considerably more than it should be. Those recovering from typhoid usually take on too much flesh, so you will probably come back to normal.

Speaking Heart, Lula, Ga.—Oh, your whole soul craves a sentimental melancholy mingled with a deep and romantic enthusiasm and fervid imagination, does it? Well, you'd better look out for that sort of combination. It is something fierce when it gets hold of a seventeen-year-old Southern girl. We think if you got married and did your own housework you'd be a lot better off.

Blue Bell, Mapleton, Iowa.—As you do not know his name and he does not know your name, don't you think it would be a little more correct if before writing to him you knew a little something about him? Have you met his wife and children?

Perplexed, Norfolk, Va.—A bride, spending two weeks with her husband's people, may wear at breakfast, luncheon and dinner, whatever will make her look sweet and lovely. She isn't much if she has to learn how out of a book.

Dolly, Bangor, Maine.—Sometimes people in meeting on the street speak at the first meeting, and sometimes not. Usually a little nod of recognition or a smile is enough.

Uncertain, Glauster, O.—As you say, a young woman twenty-four years old ought to know her own mind, but as you do not, we advise you not to learn it by marrying. You can learn it that way, but if it turns out wrong, you'll regret it. It is safer to wait till you are sure of it.

Brown Eyes, Altoga, Texas.—For a long time "lucky stones" have been popular with the superstitious and thousands have been sold. In our opinion there is more luck in a plain silver dollar than in any lucky stone it will buy. Try a lucky stone, if you don't think so.

Maud, Curtis, Nebr.—It is quite proper for the principal of a school to act as escort to the assistant, it is also reasonable for a man with marriageable daughters to keep a bulldog if the young men are too plenty. (2) Our advice to a sixteen-year-old girl in love with fifteen-year-old boy is that she should be spanked and sent to bed.

F. B., Audubon, Ia.—Thanks for your suggestions, but you don't know what is behind some of the answers we give that you think are not as polite as they should be. Politeness won't always work.

Blue Eyes, Conway, La.—It is better to meet the caller at the front door than to go out on the porch and take his hat and coat. In summer time the porch would be all right.

Blue Eyes, Charlotte, N. C.—It is quite proper when meeting a young man friend on the high road to stop and talk with him. Why shouldn't it be? (2) Etiquette makes no rules for a man to talk love and marriage to a girl, so he is acting good mannered if he never mentions the subject. The girl can make rules though, if she wants to.

School Girl, Regan, Nebr.—What should a person reply to "please," as, "please get me a drink"? He may not reply at all, but get the drink. He may say: "Certainly," merely to be pleasant.

C. H., West Terre Haute, Ind.—Ask the lady if you may be her escort to church and use your own language. The gentleman may do as he pleases about accepting the lady's invitation to call after church. Our advice is not to accept after ten o'clock unless there is a party of people going in.

Miss C. L. H., Stone Mountain, Ga.—Etiquette does not prescribe forms of address and reply for every occasion in life. It presumes that persons of intelligence may make their own talk. You are a person of intelligence; use it.

South Kid, Wiregass, Ga.—You cannot honorably listen to your brother-in-law and if he had the proper respect for himself, you and his wife would not talk to you as he does. However, it is useless, we have learned, to offer advice in cases of this kind and we leave it to your own sense of honor.

Brown Eyes, Pelahatchee, Miss.—A Southern girl past twenty and asking us how you should ask a young man to call again? Well, we won't tell you. So there. (2) We think it is bad manners and bad taste for a nice girl to write to a young man when she knows he writes to another girl who is not nice. He knows the nice girl likes him well enough to permit that sort of thing, or he wouldn't do it.

Broken Heart, Batesville, Ind.—Etiquette provides no way for a girl to get a young man back again when she got ugly and wouldn't speak to him because he took another girl home from a dance, the girl herself not being at the dance. That sort of thing can only be provided for at Feeble Minded Institutes. We don't know how you can get him back.

Subscriber, Wall, S. Dak.—Meet your late fiance as you would any other acquaintance and be polite to him if not affable. As the engagement was broken through no fault of yours, maybe you two will be one again.

Texas Blonde, Normanna, Texas.—We fear the "large and slightly stand up nose" will have to remain as it is unless you can afford to pay a beauty doctor a large fee to put it in shape. There is no "remedy" for it.

Troubled, Murrayville, Ill.—First cousins may not marry in Illinois, Indiana, Missouri or Michigan, but they may in Kentucky and Wisconsin. They should not be allowed to marry anywhere.

Bluebell, Cotterfield, Nebr.—The lady may keep her gloves on at a masquerade dance if the gloves are in keeping with her costume. Otherwise not. A milkmaid, for instance, in sixteen button gloves would look rather odd, we think.

Girlie, Galena, Ill.—As you and the lady had come to the town together and you were leaving her with

her friends it was their duty to have asked you to lunch with them before you went on to the country. The lady had no voice in the matter, but she should teach her friends better manners for future use.

Red Rose, Stratford, Wis.—Etiquette does not expect the lady to stay away from a dance because "her gentleman" is in mourning, they not being engaged. (2) Post-card etiquette does not demand that they be signed. We think they should be signed, at least, with initials.

Polly, Oakville, Wash.—If a bride marries in her going away suit at home she may do as she pleases about wearing the hat, gloves and jacket, if there is to be a luncheon before train time. Why not wear them all and take off the gloves for the luncheon?

Subscriber, McCarley, Miss.—Of course you shouldn't marry a nice girl like she is. Get one of the modern kind that is "kissy," can't cook or sew, or be useful or anything worth having. Just the same you have our best wishes.

Sweet 16, Polar, Texas.—It is quite the correct thing for the lady having met the strange young man to introduce him to her friends. Why not? (2) A lady may dance two successive dances with the same man, if he dances well.

Dolly, Choska, Okla.—It is proper for the lady to offer an apology to the man if she is at fault. (2) Good form requires that when a caller starts to go home, the lady makes no effort to detain him. Among good friends this rule is not rigid.

Blue Eyes, Whitehall, Mont.—If you will think about other people instead of yourself and will go after them instead of waiting for them to come after you, you will soon find that you are as popular as anybody. Overcome your bashfulness if you want to get along happily.

Sundowner, Parsons, Kans.—The young man who sent his card to you by a friend should have asked the friend, instead, to introduce him. Since he did not know enough, or feared to do that, it is for you to ask the friend to present him. Why did he try the card system when an ordinary introduction could have been made?

Anxious, San Jose, Cal.—"Hand flirtations" are bad form and we do not recognize them. (2) Thank the gentleman for holding the door open. No courtesy extended is too slight to be passed without some recognition, a smile, a bow or a word of thanks.

Puzzled, Orange, Texas.—You are not to follow rules in the small courtesies of society and any answer you may make, usually the brightest and quickest, you can think of is the proper one. Following rules makes you stiff and formal and stupid.

Kind Kid, Red Owl, S. Dak.—A man will sometimes call without being invited, but he should be invited. When he knows you invite men to call, he will understand he is not wanted unless he is invited. (2) It is not proper to ask a man to take you anywhere unless he has given you that privilege, as some men sometimes do.

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RHEUMATISM Don't Suffer Longer. I have found an Herb Remedy that cured me and is curing the worst cases. Being retired from business, I am devoting myself to helping other sufferers. I will send you a copy of the prescription. ABSOLUTELY FREE if you need it. Enclosed 2c. stamp to pay postage. Please don't answer through mere curiosity. Addres, W. G. SUTTON, Chemist, 2651 Orchard Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER. Wise Words to Sufferers From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.

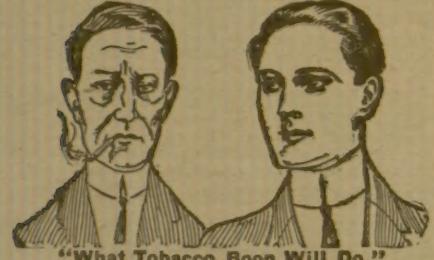
I WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappings.

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FREE Booklet on the Tobacco Habit and its FREE Remedy, also full information about my Home Treatment will be mailed free in plain package to any one. Do not wait—send name and address TODAY.

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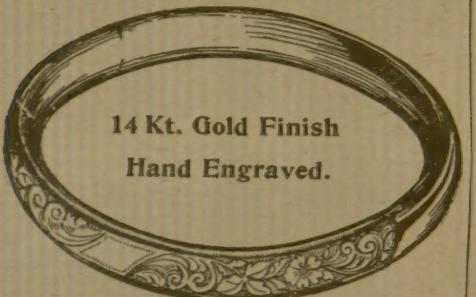
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MADE AT HOME FOR YOURSELF OR THE CHILDREN

From your own patterns and ideas of fine quality
ENGLISH LONG CLOTH.



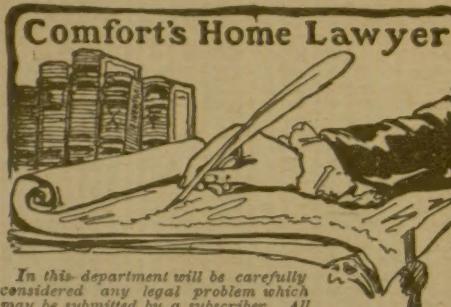
Suggesting some of its practical uses.

Every mother or grown-up daughter appreciates well-fitted stylish undergarments. The children and especially the babies look best dressed in all white. Think of the garments made of white linen or lawn in the outfit of every family, and mother has to make nearly all, if not all, of them by hand.

COMFORT has selected a twelve yard piece of extra fine quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH, of linen fine and sheer in quality and texture which manufactured solely for woman's undergarments. Probably you know just what the material is and just how satisfactory it makes up into Drawers, Corset Covers, Nightgowns, Marguerites or Chemise, or for Baby's underclothes, dresses, etc. In a twelve yard piece there is sufficient material for many different pieces, it is a family supply for a long time. If any of the young ladies of the family are to be married here is an opportunity to obtain the necessary material for the wedding outfit, and it is fine enough and pretty enough for any bride. Each piece is twelve yards long and the material is 36 inches wide.

With every twelve yard piece we will supply free of charge one paper pattern which may be selected from our regular pattern offer, elsewhere in this publication.

CLUB OFFER. We shall send one twelve yard piece of this First quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH for a club of only eight 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each. A remarkable bargain offer. Mem COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upholding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit such cases, which, to far as possible, will be answered in this department. If, however, another than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

D. O. B., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will her real estate, subject to the rights of her husband, would descend direct to her children, and that the children of her husband by a prior or subsequent marriage would have no interest in the property. We do not think her children could convey such property, during their minority, except through a guardian, or by a court proceeding brought for the purpose of selling the real estate of such infants.

Mrs. O. G. B., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a man's children have no interest in his property during his lifetime, and that he can disinherit them by will if he desires to do so, but that if he dies leaving no will his property would go, one third to the widow, if one survives him, and the balance in equal shares to his children, regardless of whether they were all his children by one or more marriages.

Ignorant, Kansas.—We think the children of first cousins, would be second cousins to each other; we do not think marriages between full second cousins are prohibited in any of the states.

Blue Eyes, Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man or woman, leaving no will, the surviving widow or husband takes the whole estate absolutely, where there are no surviving children, or descendants of children.

E. R. C.—We think the Board of Health Records of the place where the marriage you mention took place would give the date and place of such marriage, and the name of the minister or officer performing the ceremony. You should send your full name and address in all communications to this department.

Blue Eyes, Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that money on deposit in a National Bank is legally taxable when properly assessed.

H. W., Tennessee.—Under the laws of Illinois, we are of the opinion that in case of the separation of the parents, the custody of the children is in the discretion of the court before which the separation action is tried. In case of no separation action, we think it would be a question of agreement of the parents, if possible, if not then it is a question to be brought into and disposed of by some court of competent jurisdiction.

H. B., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving no will and leaving a widow, and one child his real estate would go dower of one third for life to his widow and the balance to the child, and that if the child afterwards died leaving no widow, child or descendant, and no brother or sister or descendant of any brother or sister, we think his real estate would go to his mother.

Mrs. I. R. F., Texas.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that all real and personal property owned by the wife at the time of her marriage, together with all acquired thereafter by gift, devise, or descent, as also the increase of all such lands remain her separate property; the husband, during the marriage, has the management of the separate property of his wife. We think you should consult some local attorney as to the matrimonial question you submit.

H. M. A., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that, upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no children or descendants, his widow would receive dower of all his real estate which did not come by descent, devise or deed of gift would go to his widow. We think the usual grounds for breaking a will are that it does not dispose of testator's property in conformity with law, that it was not legally drawn and executed, that it does not express testator's true intent, that testator lacked testamentary capacity or that undue influence was exercised upon testator.

Mrs. T. A. P., Montana.—Under the laws of Missouri we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man his widow is entitled to dower of one third for life in his real estate, but that if the husband die leaving no descendant, and leaving no will, then the widow will take absolutely all personal property which came to the husband in right of the marriage and also one half of the real and personal property of which the husband was owner at the time of his death, provided she makes a written election to take such property subject to the payment of the husband's debts. This election must be in writing, acknowledged as in the case of a deed, and recorded in the county where letters of administration were granted; and that this must be done within twelve months after the grant of such letters; and that if no such election is made, she will take no interest in the personality, and will take only ordinary dower in the realty. We do not think the remarriage of the widow would affect her rights of inheritance in her first husband's estate.

I. McG., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of Arkansas, we are of the opinion that all actions of debt founded on contract or liability, not in writing, must be brought within three years from the time the cause of action accrued; we think the holder of a judgment in one state can sue on the judgment in another state, and upon procuring judgment in such state, proceed to enforce the collection of such judgment, or that in case the judgment debtor removes from the state where judgment was procured against him, such judgment debtor can, upon the return of the judgment debtor to the state where the judgment was procured against him, proceed to enforce the collection of such judgment.

Mrs. H. C. F., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no children or descendants, his widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate, and if married since April 4, 1877, one half of the personal estate, the balance going to his father, mother, brother or sisters and their descendants. We think a will should be prepared by some lawyer or other person familiar with the legal requirements thereof, who should also attend and see that it was legally signed, witnessed and executed. We think that in all ordinary cases where all the property is left to one person, that such person should be named in the will as the executor thereof.

A. and D., Missouri.—We think that a subpoena to testify is not legally enforceable unless at the time of service the witness is paid his legal fee and mileage, but that in case the witness voluntarily appears and testifies he cannot afterwards enforce the payment of such fee. (2) Under the laws of Kansas, we think any child legally adopted under the decree, order, or judgment of some court of competent jurisdiction has the same rights of inheritance as other children, and that a child can be disinherited by will without being mentioned in the will. (3) We think you would only be wasting time and money in trying to establish an interest in an estate settled in England one hundred years or more ago.

C. D. W., West Virginia.—Under the laws of Mary-

WILL GIVE \$5,000 To Women Readers of Comfort

Distinguished Lady Physician Makes Liberal Offer To Our Readers

For twenty years I have been successful as a doctor, making a specialty of the diseases of women. I have treated and cured thousands of women suffering from leucorrhoea or whitish discharges, nervousness, ulceration, foreign growths, irregular and painful periods, ovarian and uterine troubles, change of life, pains in the head, back or thighs, bearing-down feeling, hot flashes, dizziness, despondency and all the diseases and weaknesses common to women, but I know there are thousands of other women who have never heard of my wonderful treatment—women who would like to be cured in the privacy of their own homes, without embarrassing examinations by men doctors who have never felt and cannot understand their pain and suffering—women who fear dangerous and frequently unnecessary operations, I want to prove to these women that my treatment is better than others. I want to prove to a limited number of women, no matter what the disease—no matter how long they may have suffered, that my treatment really and actually does accomplish the wonderful results that have been reported.

I WILL DO THIS FREE. I will send to 5,000 women readers of COMFORT who need treatment for any of the diseases mentioned on the coupon below, a special prescription for her case—not

a prescription for a patent medicine or a "cure all"—not a prescription for some one else, but a special prescription for your particular case—a recipe which will tell you exactly what to take and how to take it—a prescription which has cured hundreds of similar cases—a prescription that I believe will cure you. This prescription is well worth \$1.00. Other specialists with less experience would ask you from \$5.00 to \$25.00. I WILL SEND IT ABSOLUTELY FREE. I will not accept a penny for it. All I ask is that you will tell your friends who cured you.

I am a woman—a wife—a mother—a physician of twenty years experience—a specialist in diseases of women. As a woman and mother I know and can sympathize with your suffering. As a doctor I have studied the diseases of women and I know how to cure them quickly, easily and surely. To prove my ability I will send absolutely free, to the first 5,000 women readers of this paper who write, a special prescription. Fill out the coupon below or write me a letter describing your case fully and freely in your own words. Remember, I am a woman and a physician and I will respect your confidence. By return mail I will send you a special prescription for your case, a letter of advice and my book for women, entitled, "Home Medical Guide," sealed, postage paid and FREE.

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Coupon A-532 For Free Recipe and Book

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Dear Doctor:—Please send me special prescription for my trouble, letter of advice and your 122-page Medical Book for Women, all free and postage paid—without any obligation whatever, on my part.

Name _____

Street or R. F. D. _____

Post Office _____

State _____

Age _____

How long afflicted?

Are you married?

... Constipation	... Bearing Down Feeling	... Stomach Trouble	... Catarrh
... Nervousness	... Painful Periods	... Change of Life	... Piles
... Headache	... Irregular Periods	... Kidney Trouble	... Obesity
... Dizziness	... Leucorrhoea	... Bladder Trouble	... Skin Disease
... Pains in Back	... Whitish Discharge	... Womb Trouble	... Impure Blood
... Female Weakness	... Itching Parts	... Ovarian Trouble	... Rheumatism
	... Hot Flashes		

Make a cross (X) before all diseases you have—two crosses (XX) before the one from which you suffer most. If you wish, describe your case on a separate sheet.

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CATHODOSCOPE Latest pocket novelties. Everybody wants it. Apparently see through finger, cloth or wood. 25c stamps or coin. C. RANO CO., Phila., Pa.

GOITRE

TRIAL TREATMENT Free

To convince you that my home treatment will cure Goitre, I will send you a liberal Trial Treatment Free, which will quickly relieve choking and other alarming symptoms. It will also begin to reduce size of Goitre, thus satisfying you that my method will permanently cure. Read this letter from Mrs. Arthur Bell, Walton, Ind., which is one of hundreds I receive:

"I am happy to write to you that your sample treatment two years ago entirely cured my goitre. I think it wonderful that the treatment cured it so quickly. I have nothing but prayers for you and shall always recommend your wonderful treatment."

Don't delay—write today for my FREE trial treatment. You risk nothing. I convince you that goitre can be cured. Address

Dr. W. T. Bobo, Goitre Specialist,

815 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds.

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXIE REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxien Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxien Tablets the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a

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Women If Sick Or Discouraged

We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results Magnolia Blossom can accomplish. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea (Whites), Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains, or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our Free Box of Magnolia Blossom. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you this simple Home Treatment Free with valuable advice. Address

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Healthy, Happy Children BORN WITHOUT PAIN To Women Who Dread Motherhood

The wretchedness and sorrow of childless parents and the dread of the pains of childbirth, which is so often deterrent and can all be done away. Dr. J. H. Dye's system perfectly cures sterility and assures easy and absolutely painless childbirth. Thousands of grateful parents and happy women testify to the wonderful success of Dr. Dye's treatment. If you will send us your name and address we will mail you a deeply interesting illustrated book, which explains fully how happy healthy children can be born without pain. Address Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 3 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Ask your druggist or send us \$2.00 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Descriptive circular, FREE.

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Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE.

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Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise.

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Alice, No. 646, is an arts-and-craft design, copying hand-tooled work which is very expensive.



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ALICE, No. 278, is the favorite beaded edge pattern, always a popular design and always fashionable.



DORIS, NO. 269.

Doris, No. 269, is the engraved design, with monogram blank. In center space your monogram or initials may be cut.

All three are excellent Neck or Belt Pins. Are two and one-half inches long, with strong, serviceable pin bar. Will wear well for years and so inexpensive we hope every lady reader of COMFORT will send for a set. Club Offer. For only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send a set of three Pins.

You may select one of each pattern shown, or three of a number, or assort your order in any way. Use numbers and we will send just what you select, and guarantee them. Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.

Summer Necklace Novelty

SILVER CHAIN WITH PENDANT

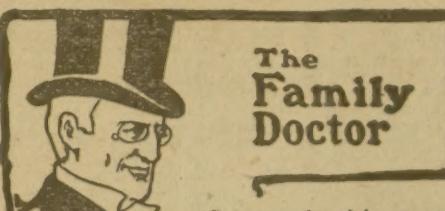
Artistic neck chain of silver with Platinoir Pendant, mounted with ruby or emerald with three brilliants in lower pendant. The most graceful and most fashionable neck ornament for this season. Both silver and gold chains and pendants are in vogue, with silver in the popular lead.

Platinoir Jewelry is the rarest, most costly and most sought for today by those who wear always the correct thing, but its cost is prohibitive for all, but the few very rich.

In this outfit we offer an 18-inch cable link silver chain with Platinoir Pendant, stone set, and to those unfamiliar with the genuine there is no difference except in price. To wear with Summer Dresses, and Shirtwaists there is no equal, for dainty attractiveness, for hot weather.

Club Offer. For a club of but two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we send post-paid one of these Silver Chains with Platinoir Pendants and give you choice of Ruby or Emerald setting. If inconvenient to send a club of two, send 25 cents to extend your own subscription 15 months, and receive a Necklace and Pendant free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given to any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. L. P. P., Kent, Minn.—As long as you are predisposed to indigestion you must exercise care in your eating. Two or three weeks, or months, or even years, of freedom from it is no sign that you will not bring it back if you become careless about eating. The fact that the pain you feel before it is gone is a sign that you are improving in digestion. The soda you take will not injure the stomach, unless you take it to excess. If your stomach affects your sight, that will also improve as your stomach grows stronger. Eat only the most digestible food, drink no tea or coffee, only hot milk, and swallow nothing, except water, that you do not thoroughly chew.

Bangor Woman, Bangor, Maine.—Burning sensations in the stomach are due to various causes, the mucous membrane being very delicate and sensitive and more or less liable to inflammation which produces the fever. In your case there is probably gastric ulcer and it can only be treated by a physician who can examine you. With proper treatment it should not have continued so long.

L. E. E., Binghamton, N. Y.—Certainly we cannot assure you or any other person that continued residence in Arizona, New Mexico or elsewhere will cure you of catarrh. We can only say that the warm dry air of that climate has cured many patients, or has brought great relief. Some patients receive very little benefit. The only way to find out is to try it.

J. E. B., Ft. Cobb, Okla.—Have you ever had a physician examine your children to see if they had hook worm? Their symptoms show that they have. Find out at once and have them treated for it, which can be easily done and they will be as active and bright as you think they should be. (2) Don't worry about your lack of flesh if your health is good and thinness is your only trouble. Some people are born to be thin. Plumpness may be prettier to look at, but what is the good of it if it hurts?

Mrs. C. C., New Era, La.—Hardly think the worms you describe are hook worms. Consult a physician and find out, and whatever they are take his treatment. Head our reply to J. E. B.

H. K., Sheboygan Falls, Wis.—Your son is suffering with a severe case of nasal catarrh which will become serious if he remains in that cold climate as you say he takes cold before he knows it. Read our advice to L. E. E.

Mrs. R. E., Bristol, S. Dak.—The lump on your lip is probably contraction of the muscles from the blister the medicine took away. Lumps in the flesh are common enough and usually harmless. They may be removed sometimes by frequent massage, the rubbing causing them to be absorbed in the circulation. Don't worry about it; worry makes anything worse.

S. S., St. Vincent, Cal.—As long as you take a cold bath every morning, you do not need to take to a bath cabinet to produce perspiration. As your work is too sedentary to do it, put a sweater on and take a slow run of about a mile, once a day. If you are very nervous you should not have your daily bath too cold. Tepid water is more quieting to the nerves.

M. P., Clarinda, Iowa.—Fleshy persons often find puffs about their ankles and sometimes on other parts of the body, but if the general health is good and they give no pain, the best remedy is to forget you have them.

Mrs. H. G., Henderson, Minn.—Your heart pain is due to indigestion, as that is a symptom produced by the gas in the stomach. Read in this column what we say to others about indigestion.

M. M. E., Burke, S. Dak.—For weak and inactive muscles electricity has proved efficacious in many instances and sometimes made complete restoration. Un-

less yours is chronic, we advise that you try electric treatment by a physician and if it helps you, then buy a small battery and treat yourself, as many do. It is also helpful to massage your limbs thoroughly and frequently to assist the circulation. Bear heavy and rub hard with the hands.

Audrey, Marshall, Ill.—An anaemic condition of seven years' standing would indicate that you have been very careless of your manner of eating, the exercise you take, the work you do and the way you live generally. Such a case can only be affected by almost wholly changing your manner of living and about the best way to begin that would be to go to an entirely different climate and part of the country. The bad taste in your mouth and the ringing in your ears are due to your general condition, indigestion and catarrh. That is the only advice we can offer.

F. A. E., Pinedale, Wyo.—So many persons suffer with insomnia and from so many causes that physicians are puzzled to know what to do to correct it, if it can be corrected at all, as in cases of predisposition, it cannot. In your case which is not nearly as bad as you think it is, predisposition has something to do with it, and there are many people who cannot sleep at an altitude of over six thousand feet, as your town is. As you wake at 2 A. M. usually and cannot again go to sleep, we advise that you take a nap early in the evening, then read some unexciting book until 1:30, take a brisk walk of half an hour, follow it with a warm bath and a cup of hot beef tea or some weak stimulant, glass of beer, and go to bed say at 2:15. In that way you should be able to get as much sleep as you need. Or go to bed two hours after supper and when you wake at 2 get up. Or sit up in bed and read. To try to sleep only worries and makes you nervous. The bromide of potassium is all right, if not overdone, but if you try our suggestion, you should discontinue the bromide. A cup of hot beef tea taken during the night is not bad. Tea is not only salutary in itself, but the getting up and preparing effects a change in your blood circulation which benefits the nerves. A warm bath will also often have the same effect. So far your sleeplessness does not appear to seriously affect your bodily health, and as long as it does not, you must not let it affect your mental health. Keep it off your mind, and if by night and day, you can get seven or eight hours' sleep, you will get along much better than thousands of people do who think they are doing quite well, thank you.

G. T. D., Indianapolis, N. C.—Most people do not like the idea of having false teeth, but thousands of persons who have suffered as you have with diseased gums and face ache, have had their natural teeth replaced by false and for the first time began to enjoy life. A set of false teeth properly fitted are much more desirable than natural teeth that always hurt. Ask a dentist what he thinks about making such a change for you, but go to a dentist who knows his business and don't try to save money by going to a cheap one.

Mrs. J. A., Iron River, Mich.—You may improve your cracking nails by scraping them as thin as you can bear and soaking them continuously in sulphuric—not sulphuric-acid lotion, or peroxide of hydrogen might answer. The trouble is due probably to a small parasite. (2) Read our advice to Mrs. M. W.

A. D. I., Finlayson, Minn.—Yours is another case of a mother trying to save doctor's bills at the expense of the child's health. You are letting the little one suffer from several disorders which any home physician could remedy very soon and you have no right to deprive your child of the care it needs. Take her to your local doctor and let him tell you what to do. Other mothers who read COMFORT will please take notice and do likewise with their children. Give the little ones a fair start since you have brought them into a world where health counts for so much.

H. L. E., Sullivan, Mo.—We should not recommend an altitude of seven thousand feet for your husband if his heart is weak. As he is so sensitive to cold and has so much trouble in the Missouri climate, why not get away from your present home to one in Arizona or New Mexico where it is warm and dry and you can make as good, if not a better, living than where you are? Write to Secretary Board of Trade, Tucson, Ariz., for farm literature, prices of land, etc., and begin to get ready to move out there next fall? (2) Take the advice of the friendly doctor you have and trust to him as better than anybody else to advise you.

Minnie, Auburn, N. Y.—A rheumatic condition very often aggravates a sprain and retards its getting well which is the condition in your case unless a bone has been broken in the ankle as sometimes happens. In your town you should have physicians who use the X ray, at least in the city hospital. Have your ankle examined. Sprains often cripple persons for months and the weakness sometimes becomes permanent and manifests itself as rheumatism.

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—in other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German American Institute, 954 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

ASTHMA

Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Maine.

FAT VANISHES

ONE POUND A DAY

NEW DRUGLESS TREATMENT

GET MY FREE BOOK

COMMENCE REDUCING AT ONCE

Thousands of Grateful Patrons Praise My Wondrous Drugless Fat Treatment.

\$5,000.00 IN COLD IF I FAIL

WEIGHT REDUCTION
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REMOVE YOUR FAT
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THIS BOOK FOR
FAT FOLKS ONLY
WHO WISH TO REDUCE
THEIR WEIGHT WITH THIS
GREAT DRUGLESS
TREATMENT

FAT GOES QUICK—NEW WAY

My friends were charitable and called it Obesity; others said I was STOUT, but I know, it was just bulky fat. I was miserable; so are you if too stout. To reduce your weight, you must do as I did. I FOUND THE CAUSE—THE REST WAS EASY. Before I succeeded, I tried everything within, and some things beyond reason. It was maddening, disgusting. All I had to do was remove the cause, and I guarantee, that by my simple treatment, without drugs, medicine, violent exercises, or starvation diet, I reduced my enormous weight permanently, quickly and positively without harm to myself while taking treatment or afterwards, and I guarantee that you can reduce as little or as much fat as you desire, with my treatment just as I did.

TRUE SUCCESS AT LAST. With my safe, sensible and natural treatment quick results are pleasantly obtained without straps, belts, cups, wires, jackets, sweating, electricity, soap, salts, pills, oils, cathartics, drugs or medicines of any description, making it positively the greatest, most eagerly sought treatment the world has ever known.

If you are interested in your own happiness, health and figure, you will let me tell you how to reduce fat "Nature's Way," the true way—**BETTER GET RID OF FAT BEFORE FAT GETS RID OF YOU.** It is astonishing the thousands of grateful letters I am receiving. J. E. Boiselle, Box 422, Great Bend, Kan., lost fifty pounds with my harmless treatment. W. L. Schmitz, Montevideo, Minn., lost 30 pounds. Mamie McNelly, Desloge, Mo., lost 65 pounds with this new treatment. Mrs. Daisy Smith, Los Angeles, lost 164 lbs. safely, and I can send you thousands of names of satisfied patrons.

I publish a book, entitled: "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," which I send free and prepaid so that you may know of my successful treatment and be able to permanently reduce your weight, secretly, without harming yourself. I offer 85,000 in cash if I fail to prove that my great drugless treatment is anything but safe, quick and harmless in fat-reduction. Don't fail to write today for my free book.

MARJORIE HAMILTON, 1662 A, C. B. Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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Don't let the children suffer day and night from Kidney and Bladder weakness when our guaranteed Cure, UR-STOP, gives prompt relief. Trial pkg. FREE. Give age. 8. BOETTOER CHEMICAL CO., Peoria, Ill.

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Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Maine.

You take no chances ordering these Roses
If they fail to grow, we replace them free

6 Hardy, Ever-Blooming Roses Where They Go, They Grow

The roses listed below comprise the best and most beautiful productions of the famous Rosarians of the world and all lands have contributed to this collection. By reason of the past favorable producing season, our grower is enabled to give us the largest, heaviest, well-rooted plants we have ever been able to procure and this collection is six of the finest varieties in cultivation the kind that grow rapidly and vigorously, and bloom most lavishly, producing innumerable chaste beautiful flowers the entire growing season. They are noted for rare beauty of color and delicious fragrance; everyone can grow them as they succeed in any ordinary garden soil and amply repay any little care and attention given.

Not only has careful selection been used in the choosing of these varieties, but equal care is exercised in packing them for shipment and we guarantee all collections to reach you in good healthy condition.

With each package we send complete directions for planting, care and culture.

Description of the SIX ROSES:

MY MARYLAND

WHITE AMERICAN BEAUTY

This brilliant white rose has become renowned as the very highest type of its class and the best snow-white rose ever produced. It has won more prizes in Europe than any variety sent out in years, well deserving to be called the white companion of our national red beauty. It is an extraordinarily strong grower, branching freely and has the vigor and hardiness of an oak. The foliage is large of very heavy texture, but the glory of this plant, however, is its magnificent flowers, immense in size and produced with great freedom on long stiff stems. Indeed a single plant will produce hundreds of massive flowers, which are full, very deep and double and composed of broad, long charmingly veined petals of splendid substance. The color is marvelously white, positively without a suggestion of any tint or shade of color. It is absolutely hardy everywhere and its regal beauty is not excelled by any other rose known.

YELLOW KAISERIN

This charming rose created quite a sensation when introduced, surpassing all others of its color. A description is inadequate to portray the exquisite beauty of the buds and flowers of this variety which are the glory of the plant. It is a robust, rapid grower, very hardy, quickly making a well formed symmetrical bush, which produces most abundantly great quantities of exquisite roses. They are handsomely made, extra large and perfectly double of a rich canary yellow, celebrated for their delicious fragrance and elegance of form and contour.

</

The Parcels Post Bill Still Hangs Fire

The Parcels Post is the most important measure before Congress. It would benefit the people more than any one thing that Congress could give us.

It would bring the producer and consumer together. It would increase business enormously,—help most every line. It would increase the profit of the producer. It would lower the price to the consumer. It would lower the cost of living.

The people have been asking for the Parcels Post for 25 years. Every other civilized country has it.

Why Can't We Have It?

That is what the American People want to know before election. Ask your Congressmen and Senators now.

NOTHING doing, nothing done by Congress on the Parcels Post since my editorial in April *Comfort*, and as it now looks we are not likely to get it at this session.

Undoubtedly Congress will adjourn in June before the two national conventions are held for the nomination of party candidates for President. Meanwhile both parties in Congress are playing politics, devoting their energies largely to the manufacture of campaign material and each trying to score a political advantage in the coming election. Under such conditions the politicians—and there are far too many politicians and too few statesmen in Congress—try to postpone action on important matters in which the people are interested until after election.

The reason is obvious. The question whether these men go back to Congress for another two years or the people send others in their places is to be settled by the election next November. Now the Congressmen that are determined not to give us the Parcels Post at all, or if worst comes to worst so they cannot down the movement will do their utmost to make what we do get a worthless substitute for the *real* Parcels Post—these gentlemen, who mean to fight against what they know the people want and need, and demand and have a right to, are anxious to put the matter off so that it will not come to a vote in Congress at this session, so they will not have to put themselves on record before election. So that in the coming campaign they will not have to explain to the people why they voted against the *real* Parcels Post, for fear that on election day the people may turn them down and send men to Congress in their places that will truly represent the people and do their bidding on the Parcels Post and other matters.

The friends of the Parcels Post in Congress will try to bring it to a vote at this present session, and I certainly hope they will succeed, for it is of the utmost importance for the people to know before election how their Representatives and Senators stand on the Parcels Post proposition.

If we do not get the Parcels Post from this Congress we can surely get it from the next, if the people will only wake up and do their duty at the primaries and caucuses by nominating the right kind of men for Congress by insisting that the candidates pledge their support to the *real* Parcels Post as embodied in the Sulzer bill, and then on election day by voting only for those that do faithfully and unequivocally promise to do their best to put the Sulzer Parcels Post bill through Congress.

What I want to impress on you is this: It is the fault of this Congress if it does not give us the Parcels Post at this present session, but it will be your fault if the *next* Congress refuses to give it to us, because at the coming election you, the people, by your votes will make the *next* Congress, and you have the power to make it what you will. Now is your chance; don't miss it, because the

Parcels Post is the Most Important Measure Before Congress

These candidates for Congress will stump their districts this coming summer and fall, and will talk to you about the tariff and other political stuff that you don't understand and of which they know little if any more than you do. But there is one thing that you can surely understand and make them understand and that is that the Parcels Post would be an immense benefit to every man, woman and child in this country. I have told you why in my previous editorials but I am going to tell you more about it because it is so vital to your interests and I want you to be needed.

High Railroad Freight Rates and outrageous Express Rates

are burdensome taxes on the people, crippling commerce and industry, increasing the cost of production and distribution of all commodities, raising the price that the consumer has to pay and robbing the producer of a large share of his profit. You know this to your sorrow if you have ever dealt with the railroads or express companies, especially the latter. Even if you never patronize the railroads or express companies, still they are taxing you at every turn and on almost everything you buy or sell, although you may not realize it. There is scarcely anything you buy at the store that has not come to the storekeeper by freight or express, and you pay the freight or express rates in the price you pay for the article; that ought to be plain enough. But on nearly every manufactured article there are many freight and express charges figured into the cost of making and marketing the article.

On the other hand, if you have anything to send to market, especially a distant one, just notice how the freight rates, or worse still the express rates, will eat into your profit. I have a stack of letters from *COMFORT* readers complaining of just such experiences. Some say that the transportation charges are so high as to consume their entire profit. Others complain that the express charges on goods that they order are as much or more than the price of the goods. An extreme case is that of a California subscriber who writes that he paid \$9.00 express on a \$3.00 lamp from Chicago.

In the United States, the land of the free and the home of the trust, freight rates are much higher and express rates are enormously higher than in Europe.

Wretched Express Service Kills Business Enterprise

Express rates are so high that they are absolutely prohibitive in many lines of business; that is to say, the express rates eat up all the profits of the business and more too.

But worse still the express companies do not bother to reach the country towns and villages, and so about half the people in the United States, the very ones that need the service the most, have no express facilities at all.

It is a growing complaint, which we hear everywhere, that in going from producer to consumer all kinds of goods pass through the hands of too many middlemen whose expenses and profits add largely to the prices of goods and the cost of doing business. It is a subject that

is receiving much public attention and investigation, and many projects are suggested as a means of bringing the producer and consumer into direct business relations and thus do away with the middlemen and their unnecessary and costly service so far as possible.

To illustrate let me tell you of a recent occurrence. A farmer sold his eggs for 17 cents a dozen to a dealer who went through the country collecting. Among the eggs the farmer hid a note in which he stated the price he got, and asked whoever bought the eggs for his own use to write and tell the farmer how much he had to pay the storekeeper for them. In a few days the farmer received a letter from a city man saying that he had bought the eggs at the store for 50 cents a dozen. How many hands those eggs went through, or what the transportation cost was, we do not know, but there was a difference of 33 cents between the price the farmer received and the price the city man paid for a dozen of those eggs. In other words it cost almost exactly twice as much to market those eggs as it did to produce them.

Certainly there is something radically wrong about our laws or system and administration of government, and a serious lack of transportation facilities, that make such a business condition possible. The farmer who had all the trouble and expense of producing the eggs received one third of the price the city man paid for them. The one did not receive enough, while the other paid too much.

Now if the farmer and the city man could have got together, could have got into direct correspondence and made that deal between themselves without the intervention of the middlemen they could have divided that 33 cents a dozen middlemen's profit or cost of marketing greatly to their mutual advantage. But under present condition it is practically impossible to do away with the middlemen simply because there are no express facilities between the country and the city, no means by which the farmer can ship small lots of produce direct to his customers, and it will not pay him to drive into the city every day or two to market his produce. His time and his horse are needed on the farm. And so he has to sell to the middlemen that come round.

The Parcels Post is What is Needed

The Parcels Post as proposed by the Sulzer bill, and especially the local rural service that it provides for at one cent for one pound, 5 cents for 11 pounds and 19 cents for 25 pounds, would solve the problem satisfactorily. The farmer could have his regular customers in town and ship them eggs, butter, dressed poultry and fresh vegetables and fruit by Parcels Post in small lots as needed.

Any farmer living on a rural delivery route running out from a city or large town could thus resell his produce with little trouble and trifling expense, receiving his orders by telephone or by post-card. He could also have his own needs supplied in the same way from the village or city store on his route.

There are fifty-three million people living on farms and in the small towns, and about forty million living in the large towns and cities in the United States.

It is estimated that the rural service of the Parcels Post would save the farmers alone over one hundred million dollars a year in their own time and the wear and tear of their teams by not being obliged to drive to market to buy and sell.

How much more it would profit the farmers by enabling them to market their produce direct and without going through the hands of the middlemen, and how much it would save the town and city folks in the cost of living, is impossible to estimate but undoubtedly would mount up into the hundreds of millions.

The Cost to the Government Would be Insignificant

compared with the value of the service to the people even if it did not pay its own way at the start; but there is good reason to believe it would be self sustaining from the beginning, because the government already has all the expense of maintaining the rural delivery routes, and the rural delivery wagons, which average to carry only 25 pounds at a load, could without any more expense just as well carry 500 pounds each trip and the extra postage would be just that much clear gain. On a few routes heavier wagons and a pair of horses might have to be put on, but the extra postage would make up the difference in expense.

So much for the proposed local rural service, which would be a new departure, a new institution so far as this country is concerned.

The General Parcels Post

In the establishment of the general Parcels Post as proposed by the Sulzer bill there would be nothing radically new except the change in rate and in the weight limit. The present fourth class postage rate on merchandise packages is one cent an ounce or 16 cents a pound, and the weight of the package is limited to 4 pounds. At this rate you can now mail a four pound package

to any place in the United States. To create the general Parcels Post all the Sulzer bill proposes to do is to cut this rate in two and raise the weight limit of the package to eleven pounds, so that you may be permitted to send a package of any weight up to eleven pounds anywhere in the United States for one cent for each two ounces or eight cents a pound.

Nothing very strange or mysterious about those two changes, is there? The government is already carrying eleven pound packages from any place in the United States to Europe or Japan for 12 cents a pound, and until 1874 our government actually gave us a rate of 8 cents a pound. All we ask is that Congress restore the old rate of 8 cents a pound, one cent for each two ounces, and make the weight limit of the package in the United States for our own citizens eleven pounds the same as it is for foreigners, Japs, Italians and others that want to send a package from any port of the United States to Europe or Japan. Does this seem to be an unreasonable demand? Even then we shall be paying four to eight times as much as the Parcels Post rates of European countries, as explained in my April editorial.

Sulzer Bill Rates and Weights Only for a Starter

I realize that for the general Parcels Post 8 cents a pound is too high, and 11 pounds weight limit is too small; but it will do for a starter and is all we will ask to begin with because there is such a determined and powerful opposition fighting to prevent us from getting anything at all. We will not be satisfied with, nor consent to any less favorable rates and weight limits than these and the local rural rates and weight limits of the Sulzer bill, as above explained.

Various Parcels Post Bills Before Congress

Besides the Sulzer bill nearly a score of other Parcels Post bills of various kinds are now before Congress for its consideration. Some of them are fairly good, some are inadequate in their scope and others are excessively high in their rates and too low in their weight limits. Two or three of them are nearly the same as the Sulzer bill and would serve the same purpose. In fact Mr. Sulzer himself introduced two Parcels Post bills which differ in some quite important respects, but the one that our petitions ask for is the best and most liberal; it is the same that I have described and explained in this and in my previous editorials; it was prepared by the Postal Progress League after years of careful study of the needs of this country and thorough investigation of the Parcels Post systems of Europe. This is the bill I always mean when I speak of the "Sulzer Parcels Post bill." If anybody tries to be smart by asking you which of the two Sulzer Parcels Post bills you mean, you can reply that it is the one introduced by Mr. Sulzer on April 4, 1911, and numbered "H. R. 14" on the files of Congress; and if you have kept in mind what I have told you about it you will also be able to explain its principal and important features and give good and sufficient reasons why you favor it, and why Congress ought to give it to us at once.

You may also be asked by your Congressman or by some other person why you insist on the Sulzer bill; why some other one of the various Parcels Post bills would not do. The answer is very simple, but the reason is very important. Most of them are entirely unsatisfactory. Two or three of them, as I have said, are nearly the same as the Sulzer bill, and of course would do very well if we could be sure of getting either one of the good ones. But the only safe way is to just hang to the Sulzer bill, H. R. 14, and insist on having that; insist on your Congressmen promising to vote for that, and then there is no mistake and no way of dodging the question, no promising one thing and meaning something else.

You know what the Sulzer bill, H. R. 14 is, and you know it is all right and just what you want; the minute you get away from that there is likely to be trouble because you do not know, and it is too difficult a task to try to study out the various points of the twenty other Parcels Post bills.

Another very strong reason is that in the hard fight that is being made it is absolutely necessary that the friends of the real Parcels Post should unite solidly on one and the same Parcels Post bill and not divide up and scatter their support between three or four different bills. If we do divide up on different bills we shall fall easy victims to the express trust and shall either get no Parcels Post at all or only a worthless substitute for the real thing. You will find it a shrewd trick of our enemies, and especially of those who pretend to favor the Parcels Post but are really opposed to it to try to divide us up between different bills. Don't get caught in that trap.

Senator Gardner's Government Express Bill

Hon. Obadiah Gardner, Maine's farmer U. S. Senator, is doing great work for the Parcels Post both in and out of Congress.

In order to make the proposed Parcels Post more efficient, extend its scope and usefulness, and provide the government with better facilities for putting it in immediate operation, he has introduced a bill in the Senate requiring the Post Office Department to take over all the real estate, offices, delivery wagons and other property of the express companies used in their business and pay the companies the fair value thereof.

This would put the express companies out of business, and the government through its Post Office establishment would do the entire express business of the country. The government has a right to do so by paying a fair price for the property, and no doubt it would be a great benefit to the people and to the business interests of the nation.

There are several other bills before Congress aiming at the same result as that of Senator Gardner. The Maine State Grange has recently voted in favor of supporting Senator Gardner's Government Express bill.

Keep Up the Fight

along the lines I have explained to you. Write to your Congressmen and Senators at once, urging and insisting that they take hold and pass the Sulzer Parcels Post bill, H. R. 14, at this present session of Congress. Ask them to write you whether or not they will do it; and if they are opposed to the Sulzer bill make them say so. If they are in favor of it they will be only too glad to write and tell you so; but if they dodge

or do not promise squarely you may as well count them on the other side of the fence.

If you write them a flood of letters at once we may get the *real* Parcels Post at this present session, but even if we fail in that one important result will have been accomplished; you will find out where your Congressmen stand on this subject, and you will know how to act on election day so as to make sure of getting the Parcels Post from the next Congress.

Again I thank you most heartily for your support of this great cause, and especially for the many kind letters I have received from you expressing your appreciation of *COMFORT*'s efforts in this and other movements in favor of the people's rights. I have enjoyed reading your good letters and I am much interested in the descriptions that many of you give of your families, your homes and your business.

Some have written me about their success in circulating the petitions, others about what their Congressmen and Senators say in reply to their letters. These also are very interesting and I would like to hear from others.

W. H. GANNETT.

A Tragic Bit of Colonial History

By Maria Buckout

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On the Hillsborough river, in Volusia county, Florida, are the ruins of an early settlement which was the scene of one of the most tragic episodes in our colonial history; in fact, so shocking is the story that it would not be credited without the historical evidence of its truth.

It was in 1763 that Florida was ceded to Great Britain, and immediately that government took vigorous measures to encourage settlement. Dr. Andrew Turnbull ingratiated himself into the confidence of "Lord Hillsborough, President of the Lord Commissioners of Trade and Plantations," securing for colonizing purposes a grant of sixty thousand acres of land, in this locality where nature had been so lavish with her gifts. As soon as a clear title was obtained he purchased a sailing vessel, and with the rank of captain, sailed for the Mediterranean to secure colonists desirable for that latitude. He had named his prospective El Dorado, New Smyrna, out of compliment to his wife, who was a native of Smyrna, Asia Minor.

He visited the Balearic and Grecian Islands, where he made dazzling representations to the people of the wealth which awaited their coming to his land of promise. He was neither the first nor the last adventurer to trade successfully upon the wondrous climate and remarkable productions of our sunny peninsula. Old and young of both sexes were invited, and people of varying vocations and abilities urged, on the plea that all kinds of employment would be required in building up this great colonial enterprise. For this reason he could afford to offer terms of the most flattering character.

He contracted to transport them free of cost, feed and clothe them for six months, then if any were dissatisfied they should be returned to their homes, free of expense. Each one who desired to stay should receive fifty acres of land, with an additional twenty-five acres to every child born thereafter. Such inducements were not to be resisted, and in a few months fifteen hundred men, women and children from the Mediterranean islands, mostly Minorans, embarked with Captain Turnbull for the long voyage across the unknown water. Among the number were men and women of noble or patrician birth, who turned away from their own pleasant homeland and cast their lot with others not so fortunate, all unsuspecting of the scheme of the wily adventurer.

The passage consumed months; many feeble ones and children died on the way, and at times great discouragement prevailed. But when they were actually landed on the Florida coast, where the fruits and the flowers, the palms, the vines and all the luxuriant vegetation promised much for the new home, hope and courage returned; with so much of natural beauty about, it seemed as if all must be as represented, and with revived spirits they moved southward, forgetting, "That the trail of the serpent was left on the fairest of Eden's flowers."

Arriving at New Smyrna, sixty miles south of St. Augustine, they were surprised that no preparations had been made for their comfort, not even a shelter. But the crafty Captain gave plausible reasons for this, saying that owing to the mischievous bands of Indians roaming about, it was impossible to do work until some people were permanently located.

With their own hands they built the palmetto huts in which they lived and soon began their unaccustomed work; the task before them was to transform the great, untilled plantation into cultivated fields of indigo and sugar-cane. Too soon they realized that they were in the power of an unprincipled master and they were his slaves, white slaves, reduced to the level of the negro, and forced to work in the fields for many hours daily, under brutal overseers. They were destined of every comfort, food inferior in quantity and quality was doled out to them, and it is said, that many died for lack of proper nutriment. No land was ceded to them, there were neither profits nor wages, and yet Turnbull's income was princely, as time passed on and the great plantation came under cultivation.

Their situation is indescribable; strangers, remote from any civilization, without means of communication, thousands of miles from their homes, penniless and helpless. Men and women alike were whipped on the slightest provocation; our sympathies must be enlisted at the thought of those beautiful Minorcan women lashed to the stake and publicly beaten for failure to complete an assigned task, resenting an indignity, or infringement of an unknown rule.

For nine years all attempts to escape were frustrated; Florida was only settled on the eastern coast, and any form of oppression might exist without the knowledge of the English officials. At last, the day of release from thralldom came; after months of secret planning, one night the entire colony left the plantation, and with only the stars to guide, wandered for days through the almost impassable swamps, and at last, six hundred of the original fifteen hundred reached St. Augustine. They appealed for protection to the English authorities, who, shocked at their horrible story, gave the fullest protection and aid. Turnbull, followed them closely and sued for his "rights." Governor Tonyn shielded his victims from the master's rage, a special court was convened for the trial, Attorney-General Younge appeared for the Minorcans and they were pronounced, legally and morally free. There is no record of any punishment meted out to the author of their years of misery; mention is simply made, "that the project was a failure, and Dr. Turnbull, adhering to the popular side in the revolution, forfeited his grants to the government and removed to Charleston, S. C."

Broken in health, humiliated, and discouraged by their frightful experiences, the released prisoners settled about St. Augustine, where their blood mingled with that of the best families in Florida, perpetuating an unusual style of beauty. Old residents say, that although generations have come and gone, one may still see occasionally among their descendants a woman who retains the regular, classic features, the fine, expressive eyes and other characteristics of the islanders of the Mediterranean. One sad feature